

XIUCHEN
SHUIE

晶石狂人

方想 著

剑者，先入死地，于死地求生，
有若冥兵，挟必死之念，
全力一击，无不破！

修真世界¹



修真世界 点击量过亿

唐家三少
匪我思存
我吃西红柿
夏茗悠
蝴蝶蓝
辰东
乐小米
十四阙
猫腻
天蚕土豆
明晓溪
江南
联袂推荐
修炼·升级
热血·成长
悬疑·搞笑
弱肉强食的世界
一个失去记忆的
『问题少年』
引爆最炫修真风！

Chapter One “Little Art of Cloud and Rain”

“Don’t forget!”

“Even in death, you must not forget!”

.....

A strange yet familiar voice seemed to come from deep in the clouds. Again and again, echoing, layering, relentless.

Who?

Must not forget?

Must not forget what?

He suddenly woke. Just as usual, his entire body was soaked, the clothing sticking to the skin uncomfortably. He sat up, the stars and dark sky above his head reminding him that there was still a long time before morning. A gust of wind blew over, whooshing icily.

This dream again!

Habitually blowing out a long breath.

It was still early, he laid back down going back to sleep.

—

Before he could walk to the gate of the mountain, Zuo Mo heard someone yelling from far away. “Mo ge,^[1] remember to water the fields for me. We made an agreement at the beginning of this month. This year’s harvest is depending on you.”

When he looked over, it was a fifty-something year old man, dark and thin. He was poking around in the field. If he didn’t look closely,

he wouldn't see there was a person there.

The old man's nickname was Old Black. His real name was unknown. He was the oldest among the outer sect disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect.^[2]

Zuo Mo wiped at the sweat on his forehead, replying, "Won't forget. Don't worry, tomorrow, it's your turn!"

Zuo Mo's body was thin like a stalk of bamboo. The purple robe of the outer sect disciples loosely draped on his body. In contrast to the slipperiness of his speech was his wooden face that looked like a zombie, dark and gloomy.

Zuo Mo's zombie face was his trademark characteristic. In the beginning, everyone avoided him, but gradually they discovered that other than his face, his temper and personality were both extremely good at which point more people interacted with him. After these two years, he was the most popular among the outer sect disciples.

Old Black's face lit up in joy, his mouth hurriedly complimenting, "Good good good! Mo *ge*, your specialty, I, Old Black, has never seen anything else like it."

Zuo Mo's [The Little Art of Cloud and Rain] was special. He was the only one in the outer sect disciples to have mastered the third level of [The Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. It was with this that he almost had a monopoly on the contracts of rain-making for all the *ling*^[3] fields of the sect.

[The Little Art of Cloud and Rain] wasn't a complicated spell,^[4] everyone knew how to do it. Its main use was creating rain for the *ling* fields. One only needed three to five days to learn the first level. The second level, it could be easily accomplished in one or two years. But starting from the third level, it required the ability of comprehension from each individual. In all of the outer sect disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect, only Zuo Mo had successfully comprehended it.

After [The Little Art of Cloud and Rain] reached the third level, its effectiveness increased dramatically and could drastically increase

the production of *ling* grains and *ling* vegetables. Because of that, after he achieved the third level, his position in the sect rose. His name went from Little Zombie Mo to Mo *ge*.

Zuo Mo waved his hand to bid farewell to Old Black.

Zuo Mo bared his teeth and shifted the bag on his back. His shoulders ached. On his back was three hundred catties of *ling* grain which almost broke his thin and weak shoulders.

A thin and weak zombie carried a cloth bag on his back that was many times larger than his body. He moved with difficulty along the mountain path.

Lugging three hundred catties of *ling* grain, he wheezed his way down to the entrance to the mountain. Just as he passed the mountain gate, he threw the cloth bag on his shoulders to the ground as his entire body collapsed to the ground, his breath racing.

After resting for a short period and he recovered some energy, he stood up and carefully took out a grass yellow paper crane from his bosom.

The paper crane was the size of a palm, folded from yellow grass paper. Drawn on it in cinnabar, were seals.

As he channeled in *ling* power, the paper crane began to enlarge. It grew slightly larger than a real crane. Thin stalks of bamboo made up the skeleton and a layer of yellow grass paper was pasted on top. Drawn over the entire body were seals that curved like tadpoles. It was evident that the craftsmanship of the crane wasn't very good. Many places that were pasted together were frayed. The quality of the yellow paper was very low as fragments of grass could be seen throughout on the paper.

Zuo Mo lifted the cloth bag onto the back of the paper crane, from the ground.

Inside the mountain, the outer sect disciples were restricted from flying. During these two years, Zuo Mo had cursed this rule inside

countless times.

Clumsily climbing onto the back of the paper crane, the sound of creaking and groaning could be heard as the bamboo rods of the paper crane bent. He paused in his motions. After a while, seeing that the paper crane showed no indication of collapsing, he exhaled in relief.

“Lil’ Yellow,^[5] Lil’ Yellow, you can’t break down at this time.”

Zuo Mo patted the head of the paper crane as it swayed and left the ground.

The creaking of the bamboo and paper sounded once again. It was as though the paper crane was drunk. The flight path was strange, suddenly high, suddenly low, suddenly left before turning right. It wheezed as it followed the mountain road forward.

Zuo Mo had a very steady seat. He was very experienced. This was the lowest quality of flying paper cranes. Its maximum load wasn’t even four hundred catties. The weight right now was extremely dangerous. But this “impotent” paper crane was something that all other outer sect disciples were envious of.

In the outer sect disciples, he was the first one to have a mount. Of course, as to whether a flying paper crane truly counted as a mount wasn’t in the limits of Zuo Mo’s consideration.

In the midst of the creaking and crying, after swerving for ten hours, when Zuo Mo’s zombie face was slightly pale, Dong Fu could be seen far away on the horizon.

In the midst of the clouds, Dong Fu faded in and out.

Once upon a time, Dong Fu *zhenren*^[6] broke off the peak with one sword strike and used the newly formed plateau as the foundation for his base, creating Dong Fu. After five hundred years, Dong Fu had developed into one of the thirteen primary towns of Sky Moon *Jie*. Three thousand *jie* of the *xiuzhe*,^[7] Sky Moon *Jie* couldn’t even be ranked. It was only a minor *jie*, its history just one thousand and five hundred something years. One thousand and five hundred years ago, Tian Yue^[8] *xianren*^[9] found and took control of this *jie*. She used

her own name to name it Sky Moon *jie*. Tian Yue *xianren* was one of Kun Lun and so Sky Moon *Jie* logically became one of the *jie* that were governed by the realm of Kun Lun.^[10]

After that, some other *zhenren* came to Sky Moon *Jie* to start their own sects and it gradually developed into the present day situation.

The paper crane creaked and groaned as it struggled to fly to the base of Dong Fu Mountain. During the journey, he was able to hear the laughter of other people. A thin zombie, sitting on a similarly thin, drunken paper crane. The scene caused many people to laugh.

Zuo Mo sat in a dignified manner, his expression was natural as though he was the perfect zombie. In reality, on the inside, he was drooling at the other flying mounts that flew over his head – those were true mounts!

This one with the grey body and red beak was a red beaked goose. The back of the goose was wide and soft, sitting on it, one would feel almost no shaking, it was called the greatest experience. The lump under that *xiuzhe*'s feet was Lucky Magic Cloud, travelling on a cloud was so free and outstanding. The silver hovering on the back of that *xiuzhe* was Thunder Wings, the lightning sparked and flew at high speeds like lightning, do you want to experience speed

He could recite the slogans smoothly, but he was only able to recite the advertisements.

The thing that shocked everyone the most was a Thousand Wings Boat that slowly sailed above his head. The entire boat was like a mountain as it flew across his head. Zuo Mo only felt his eyes become dark and when he raised his head, the light of the *jinzhi*^[11] at the base of the black bottom were barely detectable.

The greatest crime of all *xiuzhe* was extravagance!

Zuo Mo couldn't help swearing inside, but when he saw the other *xiuzhe* scatter sorrily, his mood instantly became better.

After flying for another two hours, *xiuzhe* and crane finally reached the base of Dong Fu Mountain. With Lil' Yellow's impotent flying

ability that stuck to right above the ground, flying up Dong Fu was just wishful thinking.

He climbed down from the paper crane and loaded off the bag. When he took down the paper crane, cracks could be seen on the surface. Zuo Mo sighed with grief inside. Did he have to buy a new one? This thought made his flesh hurt deeply.

Narrowing his eyes to look at Dong Fu that was over the clouds, and the winding and countless stone steps, and then a look at the bag beside his feet, Zuo Mo's legs started trembling.

"Brother, do you need help?" A shadow came across Zuo Mo's eyes.

A man whose half-naked body was steely muscled came over.

"How much?" Zuo Mo asked alertly. His eyes scanned around the surroundings. Receiving encouragement from his look, a few other men sitting at the side stood up.

Noticing that others of his own profession seemed to want to come over, the man's heart tightened and he hurriedly stated, "Three first grade."

Three first grade meant three pieces of first-grade *jingshi*.^[12]

Zuo Mo exclaimed in shock, "Kill me!" And followed decisively, "Just two. If you're willing, then do it. If not, never mind." At this time, if he made out a shocked expression, he would have had both sound and look. The ploy was hopeless for Zuo Mo, because his zombie face didn't move and the atmosphere instantly became weird.

"Too fake!" The strongman jerked his mouth, but seeing the other people that were restless in the surroundings, he gritted his teeth and crisply nodded, "Fine!"

Finishing, his hand that was as big as a fan reached for the cloth bag on the ground. Zuo Mo shouted, "Wait!"

"What?"

"Make a contract first." Zuo Mo took out a jade scroll.

“Just two, what contract does it need?” The strong man muttered disapprovingly.

“For safety. Otherwise, with my body, if you run, I can’t catch up with you.” Zuo Mo’s face was still expressionless, and his voice was still carrying a smile.

Helplessly, the strong man could only sign a contract with Zuo Mo. Seeing this, the other people finally left.

Finishing the contract, the man picked up the bag on the ground. The three hundred catties seemed weightless in his arms.

Halfway up the mountain, Zuo Mo struggled to crawl up the mountain, his entire body soaked in sweat. The brawny man said with a face full of disdain, “Your endurance really sucks.” Then he urged, “Can’t you be faster? I still want to complete two more job orders today! At this speed, it’ll be lucky if we get there before dark.”

Zuo Mo felt as though he was a fish out of the water. He felt he was suffocating. He put his butt on the stone stairs and panted roughly, one breath disconnected from the next, “II can’t.....”

The man instantly panicked, “It can’t be like this. Are you trying to ruin my business?”

Zuo Mo’s eyes rolled and he stated expressionlessly, “You can see it. I really don’t have any more energy.”

The man furiously ranted, “Taking your business, I really lost a lot today.” Finishing, he grabbed Zuo Mo with one hand and put him under his arm, lengthening his stride and started to jog up the stone stairs.

“You guys who cultivate your body, are really admirable.” Zuo Mo who was taking advantage said heartlessly.

“What’s admirable? Just eating based on physical strength. Right now, I’m at the fifth level of *lianqi*.^[13] Once I get to *zhuji*,^[14] I can take more orders. These days, it’s hard to make a living!” The muscled man couldn’t help but sigh.

“Yeah! Living isn’t easy!” Zuo Mo felt sorrow in his heart. He suddenly remembered that Thousand Wing Boat he saw on the road and couldn’t help but ask, “Hey, what was with that Thousand Wing Boat? I have never seen it before.”

“That’s the moving palace of Chi Ye *zhenren*. You have to be careful and not provoke him.” The man gave a friendly reminder, “If you see women dressed in white with a veil, you have to respectfully stay away. They are all concubines of Chi Ye *zhenren* and have terrible tempers. Many people have offended them and they didn’t have good endings!”

The man’s strength was astonishing. One hand holding the three hundred catty bag, the other hand Zuo Mo as he spoke without showing any sign of exhaustion.

“That’s true. For us little people, to offend them is to seek death.” Zuo Mo agreed.

The strides of the man were very big and his speed much faster than Xiao Huang. It only took him an hour to finish climbing up the winding stone stairs.

Zuo Mo crisply paid him two first-grade *jingshi*. The man took the *jingshi* before turning to rush down the mountain.

“Living isn’t easy!” Zuo Mo looked at the back of the man and expressionlessly concluded.

Zuo Mo was very familiar with Dong Fu. He took up the bag, and after a few turns he found his destination.

This was a store that specialized in purchasing *ling* grains. It was a small storefront. Outside the door, there hanged a small flag. On it were two words, *Ling* Grains. The seal arrangement on the flag guaranteed that the two words could be seen from far away even at night.

Three hundred catties of second-grade *ling* grain, to this kind of store, it was just a small piece of business. The storekeeper didn’t even bother to come out to give a greeting, only sending a shop

assistant.

“Thirty pieces of second-grade *jingshi*.”

The shop assistant had no intentions of bargaining. Zuo Mo also knew he didn't have any room to bargain and very crisply nodded.

This price was slightly low but it was the same at any other store unless he could bring ten thousand catties or more of *ling* grain at one time. Then he would have the right to bargain on the price. Taking away the portion that needed to be given up to the sect, three hundred catties of *ling* grain was the result of his year of hard effort.

Thirty pieces of second-grade *jingshi*, for him, was a large sum of money.

Having thirty pieces of second-grade *jingshi* as he walked on the street, Zuo Mo felt that all the passer-by's eyes were like daggers.

The streets of Dong Fu were wide. In the sky, many houses of different colors and shapes floated. These were also stores, but that was the high-end district. Without a high-grade mount any *xiuzhe* who could not fly on a sword couldn't enter, even if they wanted to. Some high-end stores were small islands floating in the sky, with grass and flowers blooming, and music streaming out.

That was a place that Zuo Mo wouldn't even dream about. He always only looked at what was in his bowl.

Notes

1. 哥 (ge): brother, could be used as a suffix onto a person's name. Or as “Hey, bro!”
2. 无空剑门: Wu 无 is none空 is empty/air/sky.
3. 灵: meaning spirit.
4. 法术 (fa jue): spells are a general term.
5. 小黄 (Xiao Huang): literally little yellow. Little is a common prefix used in Chinese for nicknames

6. 真人 (zhen ren): spiritual master in Daoist usage.
7. 天月界: 天月 (tian yue) is sky moon界(jie) is scope, boundary and in taxonomic terms, kingdom. In many xuan huan novels, jie is another word for planet or world as in 世界 (shijie)
8. 修者: those who cultivate
9. 仙人: it usually means Daoist immortal in common usage. Used here as title of respect and power similar to “General” or “Governor.”
10. 境(jing): means border, place, boundary, territory. In this novel, jing is a collection of jie which are under the jurisdiction of one power, a realm.
11. 禁制 (jinzhi): restriction. An energy construct in this world.
12. 晶石(jingshi): crystal rock. A kind of currency.
13. 炼气 (lianqi): literally refine energy. The first major stage for a xiuzhe.
14. 基期 (zhuji): literally build foundation. The second major stage for a xiuzhe.

Chapter Two “Jade Scroll”

Blurred like a fantasy with lights floating, Dong Fu was just as beautiful at night as it was in daytime.

The lanterns on the two sides of the street gave off bright and gentle light. From the sky, there were the barks and squeals of the *ling* beasts, and the lights from flying talismans were more dazzling than a meteor shower. The cool night air didn't thin the crowds but made it busier. The merchants were all brimming with energy and the shop workers in each store wore uniforms as they stood on either side of the door. One person holding a copper bell, while the other held a Bagua mirror.

The worker holding the copper bell sent out a spell and a clear voice spread out from the copper bell, “This store sells talismans, all kinds of talismans at great prices. Whether or not you are a *lianqi* apprentice, or a skilled *jindan*,^[1] this store can fulfill your needs.....”

Engraved on the copper bell was a Clear Sound Incantation. The voice was mild and moderate, and wasn't harsh on the ears. Even if it was heard for a long time, the listener wouldn't be bothered.

The worker with the Bagua mirror cooperated beautifully and had made out a spell at the same time. The Bagua mirror flashed and above his head, holograms of different illusions began to flash, each illusion moving in realistic patterns. As the sound of the bell changed, the holograms changed as well in unison. This was a mirage spell, producing illusions and tricking others to believing it was real.

Stores lined both sides of the street and it was a frequent sight that the workers from stores opposite one another would glare at each other. Each pair of workers swung the bells rapidly with the lights of the Bagua mirror flashing.

This scene was occurring all along the street.

“Fifth-grade Secret Paradise. Has one *ling* spring, five hundred *ping*,^[2] full of *ling* energy. No matter for raising animals or planting *ling*

grains or grasses, we guarantee you have a good harvest! Two million fifth-grade *jingshi*. Don't miss it, this deal it won't come again!"

"This store is selling all kinds of high-grade *ling* herbs. With a thousand year history, our store's quality is guaranteed! All of the medicine in our store has been inspected by high-level medicine professors in the Tian Xin School of Medicine! Please don't worry!"

"Do you want to get into Yi Zi Hui Sword Sect? This training center takes in students all year round, providing training on all kinds of beginner spells, with personal lessons by experienced sword *xu*^[3] of Yi Zi Hui Sword Sect. Guaranteed to pass the first time! Why are you hesitating? Come try! Those who register now will receive fifteen percent off!"

This was the city with no night, the primary town Dong Fu!

Zuo Mo wasn't unfamiliar with this prosperous primary town, but he wasn't used to it. He didn't come often. If he hadn't brought a flying paper crane, it was hard to even make a trip to Dong Fu.

Even the most beautiful street would have an intersection. Zuo Mo stared dazedly. He was lost.

Damn it, lost again!

He hit his head in frustration.

Helplessly, Zuo Mo walked to a banyan tree and lifted his face. On the branches, he saw many small red birds. The little birds were entirely red and had long crimson tails. When they flew, it was like there was a stream of fire behind them so they were called Flaming Birds.

They were intelligent and psychic. They could understand human speech and were good at learning. Many cities used them as road signs and direction. However, it wasn't a free service.

Zuo Mo bore the pain as he threw one piece of first-grade *jingshi*. A

flaming bird spread its wings and swooped down from the tree, accurately catching the *jingshi* and swallowed it into its stomach.

“Free Market.” Zuo Mo shouted.

The flaming bird flew a few circles around his head, and began leading the way.

Zuo Mo hurried to keep up with the bird. The flaming bird didn't fly very quickly. The long tail feathers threw off red light that glowed brightly in the night.

The red light spread out in the air and quickly disappeared. As he passed through the lantern-lit streets, listening to the calls of peddling, and looking at the holograms changing at the two sides of the street, Zuo Mo became silent and began thinking about how he felt when he had opened his eyes two years ago..

He sighed in his heart and a slightly sorrowful mood pervaded.

The clear call of the flaming bird startled him awake. When he saw the free market not far away, his mood lifted. The flaming bird circled a few times around and turned to leave with a trail of red glowing dots behind. Zuo Mo waved his hand at the leaving flaming bird.

The Free Market was the most common place for low-level *xiuzhe*. It was called the Free Market because anyone could put up a stall and sell things. They only had to buy a Mini-Room, and pay some fees before they could freely sell. The price of a Mini-Room was much lower than a store front. Usually when the mini-room was collapsed, it was only palm-sized and easy to transport. Many *xiuzhe* would buy one to carry around. Then they didn't have to worry about where to sleep when they went out.

Buying here was much cheaper than normal stores but one had to spend time searching.

The free market was like a gigantic *weiqi* board, divided into squares. Each square could hold ten Mini-Rooms which were arranged in two back to back rows of five.

Zuo Mo quickly found his goal.

“Oh, Mo ge, you came!” The store owner was a male about twenty seven or twenty eight. He had a pointy head, his two eyes moving rapidly. His name was Fu Jin. His potential was average and he didn’t have much interest in cultivation. Right now, he only was on the third level of *lianqi*, so he had decided to start a business. He was skilled at managing and had a variety of suppliers. He basically had everything, no matter if it was low-level talismans or some spells. He could get all of them.

Zuo Mo didn’t waste words, “Did what I want arrive yet?”

“Of course, of course!” Fu Jin patted his thin chest and laughed, “What Mo ge wants, I don’t dare not to do my best!”

Finishing his greeting, Fu Jin started to dig through a little pouch at his waist. Zuo Mo looked with red eyes at the small cloth pouch at Fu Jin’s waist. The little cloth bag might be nondescript, but it was a third-grade Thousand Treasure Pouch.

But very quickly, Zuo Mo’s eyes were attracted to the small object held in Fu Jin’s hands. A piece of blue-green jade, about one finger wide and two knuckles long. It was a jade scroll.

“But Mo ge, don’t blame me for not reminding you. This *ling* plant jade scroll has five kinds of elemental spells. However, not many can learn all of them.” Fu Jin said seriously, “With Mo ge’s third level abilities at [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], why don’t you buy a water spell jade scroll? Don’t be irritated at my chattiness, but I’ve seen a lot over the years and understand that one well trained ability is enough to overcome all.”

Zuo Mo solemnly responded, “Many thanks, Fu ge.”

Fu Jin was looking out for him. He understood that.

Seeing Zuo Mo still resolute, Fu Jin didn’t continue. He handed the jade scroll to him, “Already said the price, twenty pieces of second-grade *jingshi*.”

Zuo Mo straightforwardly handed over the *jingshi*.

Twenty pieces of second-grade *jingshi* was a significant piece of business. Fu Jin's mood improved and he smiled, teasing, "If Mo ge can learn all of it then you will become a *ling* plant farmer. At that time, don't forget to help out this brother then!"

Zuo Mo also chuckled and raised his hands together expressionlessly, "Thanks, Fu ge for the words. To become a *ling* plant farmer, one has to learn three different types of elemental spells at the third level. It isn't that easy."

The two finished their transaction happily.

The majority of the *jingshi* was spent but Zuo Mo didn't feel any heartache. He carefully put the jade scroll next to his skin. This was a treasure.

Even though travelling at night was difficult, Zuo Mo prepared to return to the mountain after purchasing the jade scroll, if he stayed overnight at Dong Fu then he would need to spend money again.

Without the weight of the *ling* grains Lil' Yellow became lighter and nimbler as it carried Zuo Mo, and continued to wheeze as it flew in the direction of Wu Kong Mountain.

When he returned to his residence at Wu Kong Mountain, it was deep in the night.

Zuo Mo laid on his roof under the stars, with his entire body aching. His fingers grasped the jade scroll. Holding the jade scroll in front of his eyes, his eyes narrowed, and he was unspeakably content.

At this Sword River prefecture, there were many people that farmed. In Wu Kong Sword Sect, about seventy percent of the outer sect disciples would choose to farm when they chose their tasks. The sect would also give out some methods of farming. [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] was one of them, but these were the most basic spells. Wu Kong Sword Sect was a sect for sword *xiu*. They had many sword arts, but the number of spells they had on any other arts were pitiful.

Farming was a deep and vast topic. Zuo Mo, who had continued as

an outer sect disciple for two years, had a deep understanding of this.

The jade scroll included five types of five element spells. They were all spells relating to farming. One of those included was [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. When he saw this, the stone in his heart landed. Worth it! The elaboration included in the scroll about [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] was more comprehensive and profound than what he knew.

Fu Jin wasn't wrong. Being a master at one thing was more realistic but Zuo Mo had his own plans.

If he could learn all five kinds of the five element spells and if three kinds reached the third level, he could become a *ling* plant farmer. If [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] hadn't broke into the third level, then he wouldn't have had the idea. Now that he could comprehend the third level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], that should mean that he had a bit of a talent in spells that belonged to the five elements.

If he had given up all the *ling* grains to exchange for contribution points from the sect, then he could have received a decent sword manual.

He didn't do that. What did he need a sword manual for? To chop wood?

In comparison, farming spells were more useful to him. Even if he didn't learn all of them, the more he learned, the more abilities he had. The sect didn't have much, but uncultivated *ling* fields were everywhere. With enough *ling* fields, he could grow more *ling* grains, and get more *jingshi*.

Thinking and thinking, Zuo Mo's head became clearer and his drowsiness disappeared.

He sat up and reached out with his palm to touch his face. The muscles on his face were solid and hard like wood. This was why he never displayed any expressions.

He didn't care about beauty. He cared about another matter.

The faint starlight fell in the yard, giving out a slight silver shimmer. Like the night mist which rose, sorrow rose in the eyes of the expressionless Zuo Mo.

Two years ago, when the head of Wu Kong Sword Sect was returning to the sect, he had found an unconscious Zuo Mo and brought him back to the sect. When Zuo Mo woke up, he found that his memory was blank. In the following two years, he made many attempts but couldn't recall any of his memories from two years ago.

What was even stranger was his face. Frozen like a stone, Zuo Mo could not make any expressions. The sect leader said it possibly could be a rare kind of affliction. Because of this face, he wasn't accepted by the other disciples at the beginning and had received quite a few wrongs.

But he didn't dislike this face of his. It was one of the only two links he could find to his past. Maybe one day, this wooden face could remind him.

Who am I.....where is my home.....

The other link was the dream that always appeared. Whose voice was that? And what must he not forget?

But he forgot everything!

Sighing in his heart, he shook his head as though he was shaking all those thoughts from his head. He carelessly took up the sound tablet beside him and input *ling* power in.

The sound tablet was one of the most popular talismans in this *xiu* world. It was made up of a base and a round jade tablet. There were seal arrangements and it could receive sound transmissions from large scale seal arrangements. Zuo Mo's sound tablet was one of the most basic models. A base made out of cedar wood holding a jade tablet the size of a palm. After channeling in *ling* power, the surface of the jade tablet shone and flickered through a multitude of colors and a melodious voice came out.

“ Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie* once again breaks out in fierce conflict.

Twelve *xiuzhe* camps simultaneously suffered large scale attacks from *yaomo*^[4] with serious casualties.”

“Zhou Ding Sword Sect has found another new *jie*. The exploration has already found large amounts of *ling* veins. According to those familiar with the matter, there are more than fifteen sects that have sent out high-level *xiuzhe* at the same time. Additionally, as there are a high amount of aboriginals on this *jie*, industry *xiuzhe* predict that this could cause the price of *xu* slaves on the market to drastically decrease.....”

“After slaying the famous high level Master Xi Mo Da of the *yao* race, the Western Shang Sword Sect of Western Shang *Jie* has forged the life feather into a flying sword. Today, the flying sword has finally come out of the forge. It is rumoured the energy of the sword when it came out expanded ten miles. High level experts from forging sects estimate this Gold Feather Sword has reached an astounding seventh-grade~ The Western Shang Sword Sect has a new weapon!”

.....

Under the stars, Zuo Mo listened silently. When he had just woken up, this rough sound tablet had helped him gradually understand this world.

Since then, he developed the habit of listening to the sound tablet everyday.

When his mood was bad or jittery, he would open the sound tablet and listen silently. His mood would then calm down.

In the dark sea of the night, the stars shone and a zombie quietly sat on top of the roof and listened to the sound tablet, spellbound.

Notes

1. 金丹(jindan): the fourth major stage of cultivation.

2. 坪: one ping is 3.3 square meters.
3. 修: shortened form for xiuzhe
4. 妖魔: yao and mo are two different things. Yao could be considered equivalent to spirits, and mo to demons. They are put together as yaomo because they are both enemies of xiuzhe but they are not one entity.

Chapter Three “The Little Yard”

Making rain for fifty *mu*^[1] was a significant amount of work for even someone like Zuo Mo who had the cultivation of *lianqi* seventh level.

Wiping the sweat on his forehead, Zuo Mo expressionlessly said, “Alright, this is killing me.”

Old Black cheerfully gave a thumbs up, “Mo ge’s [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] is just as rumoured!” Finishing, he squatted down with a face full of joy to check the growth of the *ling* grain.

Zuo Mo calmly accepted the flattery. Old Black’s *ling* grain had been sturdily planted. Based on his observations, this year’s harvest would be good. Adding on the rain he made, it would easily increase the harvest by twenty something percent. For payment, Zuo Mo would take ten percent was a large sum.

For some reason, when Zuo Mo saw the devoutness and joy that Old Black had when he stared at the *ling* grains, he himself wasn’t happy.

Old Black had been an outer sect disciple at Wu Kong Sword Sect for twenty years. His cultivation was low and he had planted *ling* grains in the sect for twenty years.

The rent for the *ling* fields could be paid using *ling* grains. Each year, one had to give *ling* grains to the sect and receive contribution points before they were given continual qualifications to stay and be an outer sect disciple in the sect. If one wanted to learn new spells, then they need to keep contributing to the sect.

Roughly calculating, the amount that a farmer would be left with was pitiful. The *ling* grains were a harvest that Old Black was reluctant to eat.

It wasn’t easy being an outer sect disciple. Zuo Mo knew that better than anyone.

Even under these conditions here were still countless people trying to get into a small sect like the Wu Kong Sword Sect t. Even if it was hard, they could learn something. When they left the sect, they could find a good job. To someone like Old Black who didn't have any savings, it was a very steady job.

Zuo Mo's days were much better. He was an outer sect disciple, but he had been taken in by the sect leader. No one dared to bully him. His innate skill and comprehension were high. After comprehending the third level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] by himself, his days became increasingly comfortable.

Zuo Mo had no great ambitions. There were no clues to his history and birth. Other than living more comfortable days, he didn't have any other wishes.

After the completing the job, he slowly walked back to his own residence.

There was only Wu Kong Sword Sect on Wu Kong Mountain. There was plenty of space. The entire western peak was sectioned off as the residential area of the outer sect disciples. How extravagantly one wanted to live, outer sect disciples could decide and construct yards for themselves. Most people would choose the yards that former outer sect disciples had left. Even if people hadn't lived in them for a long time, often all that was needed was a good cleaning.

Zuo Mo's yard took up a great amount of space. He might be thin and weak but he liked large things so at the beginning, he had picked the biggest yard on the western peak. It was a seventh entry compound. Half a *mu* of fish pond, about five *mu* of *ling* fields. The *shixiong*^[2] that had built this yard definitely would have been a fanatic about farming. There were no fake mountains, no flowerbeds and courtyard, no other decorations. This *shixiong* had changed it all to *ling* fields.

Other people had no interest in a yard without any sense of beauty, appeal, and incomplete seal formations, but Zuo Mo liked it.

He didn't raise anything in the fish pond. Just using the pond to bathe

in the summer was a refreshing luxury. *Ling* fields were good. Zuo Mo had calculated well. If you rented *ling* fields from the sect, you had to pay rent. Zuo Mo didn't have to pay rent on the *ling* fields in this yard. There was also a cold spring in the yard.

There were considerations in building a residence. Normally, it was best to build on top of a *ling* vein. Living constantly in places thick with *ling* energy would increase the speed of cultivation. That was the reason Secret Paradises with *ling* veins were so expensive. There weren't many places with *ling* veins at all, so how would it be given to the outer sect disciples like him?

But who could have thought that under this neglected yard, there was a *ling* vein!

When he had moved in, Zuo Mo had searched everywhere for a place to meditate. He found a secluded room. When he pushed open the door, a rotten smell had rushed at him. There were many meditation mats lying on the ground which all had decayed and rotted. There was only one mat that had kept its shape.

After Zuo Mo put in tremendous effort into cleaning up the seclusion room, only the one mat had been left.

When Zuo Mo sat on the mat for the first time, he froze in shock.

In the location of the mat, the *ling* energy was much thicker than anywhere else!

Zuo Mo, whose heart had been beating frantically, had first thought it was due to the mat. Quickly after, he found the real reason – under the mat there was a small side branch of *ling* vein! This section of *ling* veins was extremely small. It couldn't be detected even one step away from the mat.

At this time, he finally understood why that nameless *shixiong* had built such a large yard. It was most likely to disguise this little section of *ling* vein.

This nameless *shixiong* quickly became Zuo Mo's idol.

To be able to find this little section of *ling* vein on the gigantic western peak and to clear an area for *ling* fields by himself. With such ability, this *shixiong* didn't seem like an outer sect disciple.

After finding the secret of the *ling* vein, Zuo Mo became even more low-key. He knew the logic of not showing off one's wealth. If this bit of *ling* vein was found out by anyone else, there would be plots against him. At best, it would be taken away by the sect.

Zuo Mo prepared and placed thirty something mats on the floor of the seclusion room. In addition, there were seventy or so mats piled in the corners. The colors of the mats varied, and the shapes were all different. All of them were woven by him. This strange habit of Little Zombie Mo, weaving mats, was known throughout the outer sect. Some people, when they wanted to find him to ask for help, they would go out and buy some exquisite mats as gifts. This caused the number of mats to increase and fill the entire seclusion room.

But normally, Zuo Mo persisted in meditating on the old mat that had been preserved. To not rot after such a long period of time, this mat might have a special attribute. Thoughts of that unfathomable nameless *shixiong*, lead him to be careful with anything that had been preserved in the room. He wouldn't dare to underestimate anything.

The only thing that Zuo Mo was somewhat regretful about was the *ling* fields had been fallow for too long. The grade of the field had dropped, and had become first-grade *ling* fields. It had taken countless efforts from Zuo Mo for the vitality to revive. But to once again reach second-grade, it needed time.

All five *mu* of the *ling* fields were planted with *ling* grains. The *ling* grains were waist-high, the leaf edges saw-toothed and very sharp. If not careful, it was easy to be cut. The *ling* grains had been seeded out at the same time so the height was extremely regular. It was a patch of green, extremely delightful.

At night, it seemed very gloomy.

To prevent from thievery, Zuo Mo put down *jinzhi* all around the yard.

These low level *jinzhi* didn't have any attack power but if they were set off, they made a loud fuss.

The entire yard was worn down and rotten. Spider webs were everywhere. All the furniture was broken and rotting. The seal arrangements inside the rooms didn't work due to years of neglect. No one competed for the yard with him.

None of this affected Zuo Mo. He liked sleeping on the roof at night. He meditated in the seclusion room. All the other rooms were kept empty or as storage holding some normal food. For formations, he had someone carve a light seal formation for illumination during the nights. He was too thrifty to spend money on anything else.

Sitting on the prayer mat, the thick *ling* energy in the surroundings made him so comfortable he almost groaned. Controlled his emotions he refocused and circulated the *ling* power in his body.

The core scripture he used in his cultivation was [Ten Principle Scripture]. It was a widely circulated second-grade scripture. Its attribute was steadiness and mildness. Basically, there was no worry of accidentally cultivating incorrectly and becoming insane. The majority of the outer sect disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect picked it as their main scripture to cultivate. If they wanted to reach *zhuji*, then the chances of success were very low. Disciples who had greater ambitions needed to use more contribution points of the sect to exchange for higher level scriptures.

It was as though Zuo Mo entered a void. The *ling* power slowly moved through fixed paths. After one complete round, the body felt a fraction lighter.

With his cultivation of *lianqi* seventh level, he could persist in three circuits each time. He could feel as he inhaled and exhaled, that a portion of the *ling* energy inhaled would merge into the *ling* power that was moving inside the body. The thicker the *ling* energy in the surroundings, the more he could inhale each time. In these two years, this section of *ling* vein was of crucial importance for him going from the third level of *lianqi* to level seven.

After making three complete circuits, his mind retreated from the

void.

His entire body felt rejuvenated. The exhaustion of before was all gone.

He casually ate something to fill his stomach. Before entering *zhuji*, *xuizhe* still needed normal food. Normal food couldn't contribute *ling* power but it was still essential to *xuizhe* who were still in the stage of *liangqi*. Thankfully, the price of normal food was cheap and no one needed to worry about starvation.

He took out the jade stick he had brought yesterday. The jade stick was made from good jade, verdant and glistening. Holding it in his grasp, the material felt cold and heavy.

Floating in his head were mountains of *ling* grains and him laying contentedly on top of it all.

—Such a desirable life!

In this gloomy room, a thin male with a wooden zombie face gave out a stream of snickers that would raise the hair of anyone present.

After finishing dreaming, Zuo Mo focused attentively on examining the jade stick in his hand.

Channeling in *ling* power to the jade stick, many words instantly floated into his mind.

The jade stick had five kinds of spells, [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], [Art of Earth Energy], [Art of Aged Gold], [Art of Flora], [Art of Crimson Flame]. Other than [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], Zuo Mo had never learned any of the other four.

Being able to learn new spells, Zuo Mo was extremely happy. He couldn't help taking a deep breath.

He could guess that from now on he needed to focus most of his attention on the remaining four spells.

The first one he tried was [Art of Aged Gold]. In the five elements, the primary use of the gold element was destruction and killing. Most of the spells related to the gold energy were related to killing. *Ling*

grains had many natural enemies that were extremely troublesome, such as many kinds of aphids. They would burrow into the stalks of *ling* grains, even hollowing out the stalk. Average planters had no way of dealing with them.

The [Art of Aged Gold] was a sufficient method to deal with these pests. It would let the power of gold element permeate inside the *ling* plants and kill the pests inside the *ling* plant stalks. This was the spell that Zuo Mo needed the most presently. Other than the contracts he had signed with the other disciples, he himself had rented fifty *mu* of *ling* fields.

The harvest from these fifty *mu* of *ling* fields made up a significant amount of his income each year.

He read through [Art of Aged Gold] word by word, not daring to miss a word. The number of spells he had learned were pitifully few. Learning a completely new spell, he instantly felt it was a challenge.

After two hours, he made no progress. No matter how he tried, he could not form the aged gold energy that was mentioned in [Art of Aged Gold].

All the spells in [Art of Aged Gold] were made using the aged gold energy. Being unable to form the aged gold energy, he couldn't learn any of the spells in [Art of Aged Gold].

The zombie face was wooden but that pair of spirited eyes showed a few hints of fierceness.

Notes

1. 亩: measurement of area. Approximately one fifteenth of a hectare.
2. 师兄(shixiong): senior male fellow student or apprentice

Chapter Four “Absurdity”

The light of the sunrise cut through the darkness, the red sun was slowly rising. As the light streamed into the seclusion room through the windows, his thin fingers suddenly emitted a gold colour!

Zuo Mo brought his index finger in front of his reddened eyes.

There seemed to be a golden layer around his index finger. The expressionless Zuo Mo's eyes were filled with delight. As the beam of sunlight changed direction and left his finger, and revealed the original appearance. A layer of light gold energy was wrapped around Zuo Mo's index finger.

It was the aged gold energy!

Just at this time, a melodious bell rang five times, *clang clang clang clang clang*. The sound echoed through the mountains.

The gold light on the finger shook and the aged gold energy suddenly collapsed.

With a dishevelled appearance, Zuo Mo jumped up from the ground. Damn it! It was already morning. Disregarding his hunger, he ran outside like the wind.

At this time, if one was observing Wu Kong Mountain, then they would see hundreds of figures running out of their yards and heading to the same location.

Zuo Mo once again cursed the rule that outer sect members were not allowed to fly inside the mountain boundaries, his feet moved frantically as he sprinted.

The Hall of Hearing Principles was located at the Cow Horn Peak of Wu Kong Mountain. This mountain peak was named due to its shape.

When Zuo Mo ran into the Hall of Hearing Principles, there were already many people sitting down. He randomly found a mat to sit and gasped for air.

At the front, a young man was sitting. He was about twenty years old, his face was like jade, and his eyes like stars. He was in a dark blue plain robe. Among the dozens of people in the room, he appeared as a crane among chickens.

It was Xu Yi, the third ranked disciple among the inner sect. Usually, he was responsible for teaching the outer sect disciple. He was the disciple of Xin Yan *Shishu*. He was the most talented at forging among the inner sect disciples. In addition, he had a vast knowledge regarding a variety of miscellaneous topics.

Ding!

On the table, a bell made from jade rang, the sound rose and spreading out. Zuo Mo felt his mind jump and become refreshed, the tiredness from staying up all night was disappearing.

Xu Yi *Shixiong*'s Green Water Jade Bell Set was one of the talismans that Zuo Mo coveted the most. The rack was made of red copper, and seven green bells were arranged in order of largest to smallest. Carved on each bell were countless miniscule seal characters. They glowed with a green light and it was lovely.

Each bell had a different effect. The effect of bell that had just been struck was [Great Clear Sound Incantation]

Zuo M could only just be envious. This set of green jade bells had taken Xu Yi *Shixiong* a tremendous amount of time and energy to forge. Even the other *shixiong* didn't have a set.

Xu Yue *Shixiong* was well loved by the outer sect disciples. Would any other *shixiong* use [Great Clear Sound Incantation] to help disciples clear their minds?

Xu Yi swept his sleeves out and the doors of the Hall of Hearing Principles were loudly closed.

Zuo Mo's attention was on the desk in front of *Shixiong*. Other than

that set of green jade bells, there were also a variety of knick-knacks.

Forging? Zuo Mo instantly rejoiced inside. He had entered Wu Kong Sword Sect for two years but never heard Third *Shixiong* talk about forging.

Every so often, Third *Shixiong* would teach some of the methods of cultivation. It was one of the benefits for outer sect disciples. Many people entered the sect just in order to learn these cultivation methods so when they left the Wu Kong Sword Sect, they could find a good job.

Others, unlike Zuo Mo, couldn't find many jobs. Zuo Mo only had a cultivation of seventh level *lianqi*, but with his third level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], he could find a decent job in a farm or medicine garden. Sky Moon *Jie* didn't have many exports but due to the good climate and abundant *ling* energy, there were many farms and medicine gardens.

Scriptures increase *ling* power and cultivation. What was needed was the resources and accumulation. *Ling* veins, *ling* medicine, *jingshi*, they could all increase cultivation. If they were not available, then you could only slowly cultivate over time.

Spells were the usage of *ling* power. What was needed to learn spells were lessons and personal comprehension. There were geniuses who could comprehend the spell arts on their own, but for normal people receiving lessons was more effective.

In some large sects, before disciples achieved *zhuji*, they were restricted from learning spell arts. That was because they believed cultivation was fundamental.

For many *xiuzhe*, the great pat of enlightenment was just a dream. *Ling* veins, *ling* medicine, and *jingshi*, none of these were things they could even wish for. So, in comparison, learning spells was more realistic. One could find a good job and receive a decent income with spells. Other than guaranteeing a livelihood, they could provide for their descendants so that they wouldn't find it as difficult

to cultivate.

“You have all spent a period of time at this sect. I know how much effort and hardship you have all endured, but you have to keep cultivating and not neglect it. It will help make it easier to find a living in the future. Your efforts will not be wasted. Cultivate through scriptures, so I won’t speak too much on this. There isn’t anything more to say about it. If your scores at the sect assessment are excellent this year, I naturally will pass on high-level scriptures to you.

Today, I am going to be speaking of is how to forge two talismans. The first is *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe, the second is Needle and Thread Sucking pouch.

The *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe is an essential talisman for you in the take care of the *ling* fields. It can excite the *ling* energy inside the *ling* fields and help the *ling* plants absorb *ling* energy. The Needle and Thread Sucking pouch is used to take in the sap of the *ling* plants. Remember, you must quickly hand over the sap of the *ling* plants that are sucked out, otherwise when the *ling* energy in the sap will dissipate. This will not earn a single contribution point.

Pay close attention. I’ll only say these things once

Xu Yi *Shixiong* spoke plainly, the vigor in his words that made people trust his lecture.

Zuo Mo listened extremely carefully. This was the first time he touched the topic of forging. He was afraid to miss a single word.

When Xu Yi *Shixiong* finished his lecture, six hours had passed. Zuo Mo hadn’t ate all night and concentrated for six hours. Zuo Mo’s front chest was touching his back. Quickly returning to his yard, he searched for something to fill his stomach.

Before he could wipe his mouth, a sword light suddenly came from the sky, landing in the yard. The *jinzhi* around the yard didn’t have any strength to resist before exploding.

A man with an icy expression appeared in front of Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo swallowed the words that had reached his mouth back into his stomach. His heart beat wildly. Why had this death god come?

Before he could make a bow, he heard the other snort, "You are Zuo Mo?"

"Zuo Mo greets Luo Li *Shixiong*!" Zuo Mo's voice was respectful as he made a deep bow. Luo Li *Shixiong* might be ranked fourth among the inner sect disciples but he had the deepest cultivation among this generation of disciples. His personality was cold and he was fanatical about cultivation. His innate talents were outstanding and among the second generation, he was the only disciple that managed to achieve [Empty Sword]. He was widely acknowledged as the person most likely, in the past two hundred years, to achieve the sect's lost technique, [Void Sword]. [Void Sword] was the sect's greatest sword art.

Luo Li was famous equally for his innate talents and his moody temper. He was responsible for supervising a mine for the sect. According to rumors, if the *xiu* slaves who mined there were even the least bit noncompliant, he would kill them with one stroke.

Luo Li was too lazy to talk to Zuo Mo and he appeared suddenly behind Zuo Mo, and flew off, holding Zuo Mo by his collar.

Zuo Mo might have called himself the first one among the outer sect disciples to have a mount, but it was the first time he experienced such flying speed. He only felt the sky and earth were rotating, the oncoming wind made his face hurt and he couldn't even open his eyes.

When his feet touched the ground, Zuo Mo almost collapsed.

"So it really is a zombie face."

Zuo Mo, who had just recovered from dizziness, heard this and instantly formed a negative opinion of the speaker.

A young female dressed in green, examined Zuo Mo with interest. Her chin was pointed and her cheekbones slightly high. There was a smile on her face but her eyes lacked warmth.

Her gaze made Zuo Mo very uncomfortable, but he didn't dare to show any discontent. He respectfully gave a bow, "Greetings to Hao *Shijie*!"^[1]

Hao Min *Shijie* and Luo Li *Shixiong* were the disciples of Yan Le *Shishu*.^[2] Supposedly, Luo Li *Shixiong* was infatuated with her. That rumor seem to be true.

"I heard your [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] is at the third level?" Hao Min pierced Zuo Mo with a stare and asked.

"Yes!"

"Very good." Hao Min said, satisfied, "I'm going out for a period of time. During this time, the medicine fields will be in your care."

Zuo Mo was given no time to speak as she threw a jade pendant at him and coldly stated, "This is the jade pendant and go to the medicine fields. Water the field once a day until I return. During this time, you must take care of the medicine fields."

Her tone instantly became severe, "My temper isn't very good. We'll put the ugly words first. If something goes wrong with the medicine fields, then I won't forgive you when I return!"

Finishing, she didn't even look at Zuo Mo. Turning to look at Luo Li she wrapped her arm around his arm, her smile like a flower, and her voice gentle as water, "*Shixiong*, let's go."

A few hints of warmth floated on Luo Li's face. He looked carelessly at Zuo Mo, snorted coldly and the two flew into the air.

Zuo Mo held the jade pendent, frozen to the spot as he watched the two disappear into the sky.

When a person meets misfortune, even drinking water would get stuck in the teeth. He had never thought he would be this unfortunate.

The outer sect disciples didn't like Hao Min *Shijie*. She was ruthless and selfish. Being ordered about by her didn't result in any benefits. Her temper was nasty and she was fickle as Luo Li *Shixiong*. If one

wasn't careful, it would result in beatings and a scolding.

From beginning to end, the two never even asked for his opinion.

Zuo Mo screamed inside.

From when he opened his eyes two years ago until now, he only interacted with the *ling* grains. He had never taken care of medicine fields before. Even worse, with his cultivation, he could only do the third level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] once every day.

Thinking about the contracts he had signed with the other *shixiong*, his mouth was bitter.

There were three places in Wu Kong Sword Sect for medicine fields. The one that Hao Min *shijie* was responsible was in Cold Mist Valley. He held the jade pendant, his heart jumping as he walked in the direction of Cold Mist Valley.

Cold Mist Valley was between two mountain peaks and had mist swirling about all year around. The temperature was lower than anywhere else on Wu Kong Mountain and that was how it got its name. It was one of the important areas of the sect. Outer sect disciples had no permission to enter. If Zuo Mo's [Little Art of Rain and Cloud] had reached the third level, Hao Min definitely wouldn't have picked him.

On the road, there were old trees and grass everywhere. The smell of the forest emanated from all around him and he was surrounded by life. Sometimes small animals like rabbits and squirrels passed by joyfully jumping. Zuo Mo had no interest in admiring scenery. His heart beat frantically as he held the jade pendant and furtively made his way, while his two legs trembled.

Everywhere on this road were *jinzhi*. They were in the open or in the shadows. Some strong *jinzhi* occasionally would release a suffocating and terrifying aura. With his seventh level *lianqi* abilities, if he accidentally attracted the *jinzhi*, not a drop of him would remain.

If it wasn't that he naturally had a zombie face, his face definitely

would be pasty white and bloodless.

Notes

1. 师姐(shijie): senior female student
2. 师叔 (shishu): senior uncle. Male of a sect's older generation.

Chapter Five “Cold Mist Valley”

Using the jade pendant in his hands, Zuo Mo safely reached the entrance to Cold Mist Valley.

The entrance was shrouded in mist, a white curtain of nothing.

Zuo Mo hesitated for a while, and not finding any other roads, he could only stride towards the white mist.

As he approached, as if it recognized him, the white mist parted to reveal a small path. His mind relaxed and he let out a breath. He admired the techniques that the sect had. If one day he could do the same, it would be so refreshing.

His thoughts couldn't help but wander away.

Following the path he walked half a mile, his field of view suddenly widened.

About five *mu* of the valley was filled with various kinds of *ling* medicine. Their colors varied and their shapes were strange. It was as though a colourful carpet had been laid out on the valley. Several dozen rainbow Sparrow-Tailed butterflies flew around. Black-banded Yellow honeybees formed troops and flew to and fro.

There was a silvery waterfall ran down from a cliff to the bottom of the valley, the flowing water roared like thunder. With great force water smashed into a deep pond creating a countless water drops, which formed a fine mist.

Taking a deep breath, Zuo Mo felt unspeakably comfortable. The moisture and the fragrance of all the kinds of *ling* herbs blended together. He suddenly felt that taking care of the *ling* fields wasn't as bad as he had thought.

Remembering that Hao Min *shijie* warned that he had to water the *ling* medicine once every day, Zuo Mo hurried and activated [Little Art of Cloud and Rain].

Moisture began to condense from the surroundings, and was visible to the naked eye. It gradually formed a cloud which floated above the medicine fields. The spell on Zuo Mo's hands rapidly changed and after a series of dazzling movements, the cloud released a fine drizzle into the medicine fields.

This little rain lasted for an hour before the cloud dissipated. Zuo Mo gave a breath of relief. It was very humid here and made it much easier to do [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. He couldn't help but start to calculate. The situation was better than he had hoped for. If he toiled hard enough, he could barely finish what had been set out in the contracts.

What he had to pray for was that nothing would happen to the medicine fields, and that they would remain safe and compete until Hao Min *shijie* came back.

Nothing could be solved by him.

If he had any fantasies before, he understood the cruel reality now. He was very sensitive to the density of *ling* energy. The *ling* energy of Cold Mist Valley was very plentiful. To have ploughed medicine fields in such a good location, the grade of the *ling* herbs that were produced wouldn't be low.

If something really happened on his watch, he would

He shuddered.

Even though the path in the mist was layered in *jinzhi*, there weren't any in the valley. Zuo Mo went around the entire valley. The pond was so deep the bottom couldn't be seen. The coldness of the water pierced straight into the bones. The roaring of the waterfall was thunderous, and echoed throughout the valley.

He crouched in the *ling* fields, inspecting the *ling* herbs one by one. He needed to etch the characteristics of each *ling* herb into his memory. He had only grown *ling* grains before and had no knowledge of *ling* herbs, so he could only use this brute method. Right now, he didn't hope for receiving any rewards, and only hoped that nothing would go wrong.

Any *ling* herb here, even by selling himself, it would be enough to repay its loss.

He could guarantee he had never focused so hard before.

It was only when the sky began turning dark did he drag his exhausted body back to his yard. When he saw the mess surrounding the yard, the *jinzhi* that had been ripped to shreds, he wanted to cry.

At this time, he didn't have the energy to reconstruct the *jinzhi*. He was so tired that he wanted to die. He didn't have the strength to even raise his eyelids.

Returning to the seclusion room, he only managed to channel a drop of *ling* power into the sound tablet before dropping down on the mat and falling asleep.

He woke up in the sound of the sound tablet's broadcast.

"The twenty third [Sword Test Conference] has finished its qualification rounds. Up until now, four thousand two hundred and fifty three sword *xiu* have received qualifications for the competition. This year's [Sword Test Conference] has plenty of rewards. The top one hundred will receive a fourth-grade flying sword. The top ten will receive a fifth-grade flying sword. The prize for the winner has been confirmed as [Arrowpoint], a seventh-grade flying sword. According to those familiar with the competition, this is the highest grade prize in the history of the [Sword Test Conference]. This has caused the interest of many major sect disciples including those from Wu Shuang Sword Sect, Suo Luo Sword Sect... .."

"Good thing, good thing. I want, I want. No chance, no chance."

Zuo Mo carelessly climbed up from the mat, and hummed a strange tune.

Walking out of the seclusion room, he started to reconstruct the *jinzhi*. As to the walls, he would have to wait and rebuild them at a later time.

He could see broken bricks everywhere and began to clean the

surroundings. Otherwise, he didn't even have space to set up the *jinzhi*. With his seventh level *lianqi* sill, there were many restrictions for him to set up a *jinzhi*.

Humming a small tune, he cleaned up the broken and ruined walls. This yard had been built long ago and the walls were already in a decrepit state. Now, it was completely destroyed by Luo Li *shixiong*. Recalling the strong and intimidating Luo Li *shixiong* as he landed from the sky, Zuo Mo felt his heart palpitate even now.

Ah, Zuo Mo suddenly stopped walking and bent down to pick up something.

It was a little pink paper crane, much smaller than Zuo Mo's yellow paper crane, and very well made. This was Little Thousand crane, used for passing letters and speech. This was a plaything. It's speed wasn't as fast as sending letters with flying swords, especially over long distances. Using it wasn't very convenient so most of the users were *xiuzhe* that were lower than *jindan*.

How did it arrive at his place?

Zuo Mo rudely unfolded the pink Little Thousand crane and suddenly understood. It was a Wishing Little Thousand crane.

Very long ago, when the *xiuzhe* started to break through the void and search for new *jie*, they frequently would encounter dangers and become trapped. These trapped *xiuzhe* found that they couldn't break free, so they would write their wishes and pleas for help on the Little Thousand Crane and send it away. Since there weren't any imprints, no one knew where the Little Thousand Cranes would end up, but the life of a *xiuzhe* was long. If they were lucky, they could survive for a long period of time.

After the first time a Wishing Little Thousand crane was successful in helping rescue a trapped *xiuzhe*, the Wishing Little Thousand crane became fashionable in the *xiuzhe* world. As time progressed, this became a game for female *xiuzhe* to expel their feelings. They would write their emotions on the wishing Little Paper Cranes and send them out. They would also imprint the crane so the one who

picked it up could sent the Wishing Little Thousand crane back to owners hands.

What could make a young girl's heart beat faster than a fate that couldn't be calculated and was too wonderful for words?

Zuo Mo couldn't understand it. In his heart, there were only *jingshi*, *ling* grains, and cultivation. Romance, this kind of luxury, he didn't have any of it.

Unfolding the Little Thousand Crane revealed a few rows of beautiful writing.

"Hoping so much

To carry a bag

Go out alone to roam

At a place where there was no one else

Sing

Soak in the sun"

Sentimental nonsense. Zuo Mo snorted coldly inside and responded with the criticism he thought most accurate. It was such a pity to waste such good paper. He didn't know what paper it was made out of, but it was at least third-grade quality.

To use third-grade paper to make a Little Thousand Crane was a waste that would raise people's hairs.

Once the paper was used this way, it couldn't be used again. Such a pity, Zuo Mo thought.

He was preparing to crumple the pink paper into a ball when he suddenly stopped. Expressionlessly, he tilted his head. Thinking, he started to run into his room.

Rushing into the room, he looked around and found what he wanted.

Fresh and thick cinnabar and a weasel bristle brush.

Taking up the brush, dipping deep into the cinnabar, his wrist flowing as he wrote out a word.

– “Dumbass.”

Smugly looking at the bright red colour that stretched across the pink paper, Zuo Mo roared with laughter.

His life was nerve-wracking and full. It was extremely hard and he didn't have any time to be depressed. He knew very well the difficulty of life. Everyone was putting their lives on the line in order to survive, for their families, and for their descendants, Like Old Black, even if work was hard and exhausting Zuo Mo didn't dislike this kind of life. He felt the opposite. This was life.

Sentimental nonsense. Only people who had idle lives and no ambitions would have that. Zuo Mo looked down on those people.

In a cheerful mood, he hummed a tune as he folded the paper again into a Little Thousand Crane.

“Who's a dumbass, who's a dumbass. You're a dumbass, you're a dumbass.....”

Using the imprint that was on the Wishing Little Thousand crane Zuo Mo channeled *ling* power into the Wishing Little Thousand crane, and threw it up in the air.

The pink Little Thousand Crane flapped its tiny wings and disappeared into the sky.

Zuo Mo's mood became exceptionally well. He exuberantly cleaned the yard, his steps lighter than usual.

When the *jinzhi* were finished, it was past noon. He got something to eat before going back to the seclusion room to meditate.

Normal outer sect disciples rarely would spend such a long time on meditation. Compared to learning the spell arts, meditation and cultivation practice wasn't profitable.

However, Zuo Mo persisted in spending four hours each day on meditation. After he found the *ling* vein in the seclusion room, he had spent even more time each day in mediation. The cultivation was the foundation; that was a rationale all *xiuzhe* understood.. What he cultivated with was the most basic scripture but he had the benefit of the *ling* vein so the results were still outstanding.

Just how rigid the ranks were in the cultivation world, he had a very deep understanding. If he could achieve *zhujj*, even if he was an outer sect disciple, Hao Min and Luo Li wouldn't dare to treat him so poorly. *Zhujj* was a division line. It would directly decide the quality of your life.

To receive a beautiful life. The only way was to continuously increase your own power.

Once he sat down, he began mediating.

Six hours had passed before he opened his eyes again.

His eyes were filled with joy. *Lianqi* eight level!

Persisting in cultivating, the reward finally came. He made it to the eighth level!

The cultivation of eighth level *liangqi*, in all of the outer sect disciple of the entire Wu Kong Sword Sect, it definitely could enter the top three.

He spread out his fingers and started to activate a spell. A layer of aged gold energy appeared around his finger. Once his cultivation increased a level, it was much easier activate a spell. An excited Zuo Mo started to activate [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]

He instantly felt the difference. The speed at which the moisture condensed was much faster, and raindrops fell like they wouldn't stop. He took the time to savor the new experiences.

Remembering the medicine fields, he stood up and rushed out of his yard.

Running to Cold Mist Valley in one go, not taking the time to recover, he started to activate [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. Only when everything had been watered did the stone in his heart land on the ground.

Chapter Six “Highly Dangerous”

“*Shixiong* has come.” Fei Yun enthusiastically gave a greeting. He was wearing the light yellow robes of the Everything Pavilion disciples. It was just the front had been rolled up and tucked at the waist.

Zuo Mo’s voice was friendly, “You’re on duty today?”

“*Shixiong* has to look after me.” Fei Yun chuckled. He was aware that this zombie face was a large account among all the outer sect disciples. Most of his sales came from this person.

Wu Kong Sword Sect was far from Dong Fu, and it was exceedingly troublesome to make a round trip. The Everything Pavilion had been set up to ease the purchase of items for everyone. There wasn’t much higher-level inventory sold at the Everything Pavilion, but for outer sect disciples, it could fulfill most of their needs. Even if the prices were slightly higher than in Dong Fu, it was much more convenient, and everyone had become used to buying what they needed here.

Even for Zuo Mo who owned a flying paper crane, it was troublesome to go to Dong Fu.

The two were familiar, and he wasn’t overly courteous, “Anything good lately?”

“There’s a few first-grade talismans but I’m afraid it isn’t what *Shixiong* wishes for.” Fei Yun smiled as he answered. Upon familiarity, he had experienced Zuo Mo’s shrewdness. He rarely would buy something that he didn’t need.

“I’ll take a look.” Zuo Mo didn’t refuse.

Fei Yun took out some talismans. Zuo Mo flipped through them one by one.

An orange colored bangle carved from a single piece of fire jade

could increase the ability to control flames. Zuo Mo put it to one side. This bangle was useful for those who made medicine. He didn't need it, and the price of ten pieces of second-grade *jingshi* was too expensive and not useful enough.

The following few items, he put them down as well.

Only when he saw a yellow copper ring did he examine it for a long time.

"*Shixiong* is interested in this ring?" Fei Yun saw hope and started his sales pitch, "[Golden Sword Ring], first-grade gold element talisman. Only need to channel gold *ling* power until it is full and then it can release three sword strikes. The power is astounding and overwhelmingly strong. The best part is, the price is great! Just five pieces of second-grade *jingshi*. A talisman for five pieces of second-grade *jingshi*, it's a deal you won't find anywhere else."

Fei Yun ran on, talking up the [Golden Sword Ring]

Zuo Mo didn't speak. He adjusted his energy and channeled *ling* power towards the ring. Previously, he couldn't use the ring, but now that he had learned [Aged Gold Energy] and could turn his *ling* power into gold *ling* energy, he could use the ring.

Fei Yun saw the potential for business and quickly closed his mouth to avoid distracting Zuo Mo.

The *ling* power continued to pour into the ring, the dark yellow copper ring started to glow. Zuo Mo was shocked. No wonder it was a talisman. The majority of the *ling* power in his body had been used and it had barely managed to fill one third of the ring.

His thoughts focused, he brought together his fingers and pointed at the ground.

Hua!

A gold colored sword strike came out and hit the stone ground. Crack! Fragments of stone sprayed and an extremely thin and deep hole was left in the stone.

The sword strike was so penetrating!

Xiuzhe under the stage of *zhuji* would have difficulty blocking it. The power behind this talisman was enough. The only flaw was that it could only store three sword strikes. But thinking about it, if it didn't have this flaw, would the price for the talisman be so low?

Fei Yun came over. "How does *shixiong* feel?"

Zuo Mo was satisfied inside but nothing showed on his face, "I'll buy it."

Fei Yun cheered, "*Shixiong* has good eyes!"

Zuo Mo handed over a list filled with materials. "Do you have these?"

Fei Yun took the list and scanned it. He said, shocked, "*Shixiong* wants to make a [*Ling* Fragmenting Hoe]? Why waste the effort? I have a pretty good quality product. If *shixiong* wants it, I'll give *Shixiong* a reasonable price."

"I want to make one. It's a kind of comprehension," Zuo Mo replied.

Fei Yun paused and then said solemnly, "*Shixiong*'s words are reasonable. This one is in awe. I have all of these materials. *Shixiong*, just wait for a moment."

Coming out of the Everything Pavilion, Zuo Mo had spent most of his *jingshi*. Buying the [Golden Sword Ring] wasn't an impulse. When he had achieved the eighth level of *lianqi* last night, he decided to buy a defensive talisman. To progress from *liangqi* level three to level eight in two years, with such speed, it would astound people.

Based on what he believed, he had good talent but not to such a terrifying degree. The biggest credit should be that section of *ling* vein!

His cultivation of *lianqi* level eight couldn't be concealed from others. If it was noticed by the eyes of those with knowledge, all kinds of conclusions would form. The existence of the *ling* vein could not become public.

The common saying was right. It is easy to avoid robbery in the daylight, but hard to defend against arrows from the dark shadows. He was not afraid of thieves stealing, but was afraid of a thief plotting. If the news that he achieved level eight of *lianqi* spread, there would be many that would be thinking about him.

He resolved to decrease the time he spent out in the following days. He would stay home studying the jade scroll. He had just started on [Art of Aged Gold]. Not to mention the third level, he was still very far from reaching the second level. He also knew that paper couldn't enclose a flame for long. He couldn't hide the fact that he achieved level eight *lianqi* for long.

This [Golden Sword Ring] was to prevent accidents from occurring.

He had never seen an incident of killing and robbery for treasures but he had heard of many incidents. Caution wasn't a bad thing.

Forging the [*Ling* Exciting Hoe] was one of his ideas from long ago. When he had first discovered that there was a thing called forging, he was filled with interest for this strange art. He had never had the chance to learn until Xu Yi *Shixiong* taught them how to make [*Ling* Fragmenting Hoe] and [Thousand Threads and Needles Pouch], now he could try to start forging.

He brought the materials needed but he didn't start forging immediately. He just broke into the eight level and his status wasn't stable. Another way of saying it was that he wasn't familiar with the *ling* power he had now. He focused the majority of his time on practicing [Art of Aged Gold]. Other than going to the medicine fields once a day, he basically stayed home the entire time. When he made rain for others, he didn't use all his effort. Just like before, he would show an exhausted appearance after each time.

—

After a few days, no one had managed to notice that he reached the eighth level of *lianqi*.

Zuo Mo's heart finally settled down. Sometimes he would think, were his fears groundless? But out of prudence, he would spend some time each day using the [Golden Sword Ring], and would always make sure that the *ling* energy in the ring was full.

Thankfully, everything was calm and no accidents happened.

He squatted in the *ling* fields of the yard, his right hand on a stalk of *ling* grain, his eyes closed. The faint gold of [Aged Gold Energy] quietly slipped inside. He could feel the [Aged Gold Energy] effortlessly travelling through the body of the *ling* grain.

Suddenly, a series of fluctuations came from the [Aged Gold Energy]. Zuo Mo's mind roused. He found his goal!

It was a crowd of aphids.

The calm [Aged Gold Energy] was like a shark that smelled blood, furiously rushing at the target. Through the information that the [Aged Gold Energy] passed along, Zuo Mo could clearly feel the tyrannical state of the aphids and the intense rejection it had towards the [Aged Gold Energy].

His consciousness meeting another consciousness. Zuo Mo, who had never been attacked, lost control of the [Aged Gold Energy].

Forcing himself to calm down, he didn't retreat from the furious and tyrannical consciousness of the aphids. A cold light flashed through his eyes. He pressed the [Aged Gold Energy] forward. Already raring to go, the [Aged Gold Energy] leapt towards the aphids!

[Aged Gold Energy] was like numerous grains of tiny sand. They surrounded the aphids and continuously cut tiny wounds on the aphids.

These half-clear aphids might be hard to distinguish with the naked eye, their consciousness was extremely small but they could merge the consciousness of numerous aphids together to form a mind thousands of times larger than an individual mind. Their spirits were filled with brutality, destruction and ruin!

Other than that, they kept on secreting a colloidal solution to heal

their wounded body.

This was a great and fierce battle!

Zuo Mo hadn't thought a trial run of [Aged Gold Energy] would turn out like this!

He completely forgot this was a trial run. His mind was immersed in this battle, immersed in that lump of [Aged Gold Energy]. He put all his effort to sustain the [Aged Gold Energy] and attacked the aphids again and again.

No one else would be as reckless as him, putting their consciousness on the [Aged Gold Energy]. It was just too dangerous.

He had never been in battle, and his consciousness was extremely fragile. Just one slip, and it was easy for his consciousness to be scattered by an even stronger consciousness. Any other person might become insane from doing so. But the brutal consciousness from the merging of the aphids didn't overcome Zuo Mo's consciousness but aroused the viciousness in Zuo Mo's bones. He was like a provoked lion, crazily leaping at the enemy!

In the natural world, the weaker were afraid of the stronger.

When Zuo Mo's consciousness became even more crazy and fierce, the aphids with their low intelligence instinctively felt fear.

The battle which had been deadlocked quickly leaned towards Zuo Mo.

The [Aged Gold Energy] continued to tear. One by one, the aphids were torn to shreds. Everywhere it passed, it would only leave behind a heap of the powder of the aphids. It was actually very strange. The [Aged Gold Energy] that was extremely damaging to the aphids were gentle and harmless to the *ling* grains.

When the very last aphid was killed, Zuo Mo finally came out of the desperate killing state. It was like he had been taken out of the water. His entire body was soaked in sweat. He panted heavily, his eyes like an wild animal, glaring viciously.

After a while, the viciousness in his eyes finally left. He couldn't carry on and sat down on the ground.

At this time, he felt the fear come on.

"No wonder there aren't many *ling* plant farmers. If they aren't careful, they would die easily!" As he panted, Zuo Mo patted his chest. Before, he had assumed that farming was a safe profession. But he didn't think it would be so dangerous!

He didn't have any energy left so he sat in the *ling* fields before he struggled up and moved to the seclusion room.

He needed to replenish *ling* power. All the *ling* power in his body had been completely wrung out, without a drop remaining.

He didn't know if it was that he was exhausted but he very quickly entered a meditative state.

Chapter Seven “Ye’ll Wait For You”

[1]

Waking up from his meditation, Zuo Mo’s mind and body were both refreshed, his body was light and felt extremely comfortable.

Coming out of the seclusion room, he picked up the sound tablet and jumped onto the roof.

Stretching out his fingers, he willed his mind and the light gold of [Aged Gold Energy] appeared effortlessly. Zuo Mo was gleeful. He didn’t go through all that trouble for nothing. His control of [Aged Gold Energy] had dramatically increased.

The [Aged Gold Energy] around his finger suddenly twisted quickly and stopped. The specks of tiny golden sand shone like stars, and was captivating against the dark sky.

An idea suddenly crossed his mind. Was [Aged Gold Energy] actually an offensive spell?

That minor yet exceptionally vicious fight had lead him to conceive this idea.

From what he understood about *ling* plant farmers, they were traditionally a non-fighting profession. He had never heard of any *ling* plant farmer that also excelled at fighting. Also, he wasn’t the only one in the sect that knew [Aged Gold Energy]. Everyone had different talents. If Zuo Mo could learn the third level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], then naturally there were people good at the other arts.

Of the outer sect disciples, there was a *shixiong* who achieved the second level of [Aged Gold Energy]. It wasn’t just [Aged Gold Energy], others were practiced in the [Art of Flora], the [Art of Earth Energy], and the [Art of Crimson Flame]; it was just that they had

not reached a high level.

Was he wrong about [Aged Gold Energy]?

The question circled in his head and wouldn't disappear.

But very quickly, he didn't want to think about the question. He picked up the sound tablet, and channeled some *ling* power and placed it down next to him.

His head rested on his arms as he looked at the vast sky, and his heart slowly calmed. The night wind blew gently, cold, and was unspeakably pleasant. Hearing the news that continuously streamed out of the sound tablet, Zuo Mo peacefully fell asleep.

The next day, he went to water the medicine fields and made another contract to water fields for a *shixiong* before going back to his own yard.

Passing by the *ling* fields, looking at the neat rows of *ling* grains, he suddenly thought of his suspicion from last night.

Hesitating for a second, he decided to try once.

His hand touched a *ling* grain, and the [Aged Gold Energy] soundlessly permeating the stalk. Just like yesterday, Zuo Mo's consciousness was connected to the [Aged Gold Energy].

Very quickly, the [Aged Gold Energy] found a patch of aphids. Zuo Mo instantly became nervous. Due to the brutality of yesterday's fight, he still felt trepidation.

However, today's situation was beyond his expectations. The [Aged Gold Energy] didn't encounter any resistance. All the aphids were ground to dust in less than fifteen minutes. The entire process was completed in one go without any resistance.

Why was it like this?

He was puzzled. He put his hand on another stalk of *ling* grain. The same situation occurred. Was it that stalk of *ling* grain yesterday was different? He shook his head. There were no differences between the two stalks today and the one from yesterday.

Where was it different?

He ran to the spot of the stalk of *ling* grain from yesterday and checked again. There truly weren't any differences. However, he found that this stalk of *ling* grain's growth was much better than yesterday, the leaves were greener. The powdered remains of the aphids had become nourishment. Based on his two years of farming experience, he estimated that the production of this stalk of *ling* grain would definitely be greater than before.

Zuo Mo was gleeful. The question of whether [Aged Gold Energy] should be considered offensive or not was dismissed.

What benefit was more realistic than increasing production? *Ling* grains were *jingshi*, *jingshi* were talismans, spells... ..

Zuo Mo put all of his effort into the large task of clearing pests from his *ling* fields. Five *mu* of *ling* fields, he wasn't going to let go of one stalk.

—

Ten entire days. Other than going to the medicine fields and *ling* fields to make rain, all his time was spent on the *ling* grains in his yard. He used [Aged Gold Energy] on one stalk after another. When he had exhausted all of his *ling* power, he ran to the seclusion room to recover and then returned to his task, repeating it over and over. After a while, his mind was almost numb, mechanically using [Aged Gold Energy].

After the last stalk of *ling* grain was scanned by the [Aged Gold Energy], he looked at the organized *ling* fields. The growth was amazing, the *ling* grains were all green and plump. A strong feeling of accomplishment rose in his heart.

He wasn't the only one who knew [Aged Gold Energy] but no one would be as extreme as him and inspect the *ling* grains one stalk by one. The amount of work required was daunting! They would only use [Aged Gold Energy] whenever they found a sickness in the *ling*

grains.

If it wasn't for the *ling* vein in the seclusion room, Zuo Mo wouldn't dare to do it.

Ten days of continuous toiling. Whether in body or mind, Zuo Mo was extremely exhausted.

He only wanted to do one thing now, and that was to go back to his room and get a good sleep.

Just as he prepared to start walking inside, a pink Little Thousand Crane flew at him straight from far away, stopping right in front of him.

"Whoa!" Zuo Mo felt that it seemed familiar. After thinking for a long time, he finally remembered that the Wishing Little Thousand crane he had picked up ten days ago when he was cleaning the yard was also pink.

That wasn't right. A Wishing Little Thousand Crane couldn't localize. For a Little Thousand crane to find its target, it needed an imprint to guide it. Previously, the Little Thousand Crane had its owner's imprint so if *ling* power was put in, it would fly to its owner, but he hadn't left any imprint on it!

Any kind of imprint would contain *ling* power. To avoid the other finding him, when Zuo Mo wrote the words, he didn't dare to use any *ling* power at all.

The first time it flew to him was due to luck, but if it can find him a second time, that couldn't be explained by luck.

Such a strange event!

Examining the fine Wishing Little Thousand crane floating in front of him, he hesitated. But Zuo Mo still reached out and took it.

Holding the small crane, he went into the seclusion room.

Sitting on the mat, he started to unfold this Little Thousand Crane.

Spreading out the pink paper, there were only two characters, still

the same graceful writing of before.

When the two words entered his vision, an unforeseen event occurred!

A kind of icy cold energy surrounded Zuo Mo, the sense of extreme danger made the hair on his entire body straighten! It was like a sharp flying sword was aimed right at his throat. The chill from the blade easily pierced into the skin and quickly spread through his body.

Damn it, he couldn't move!

On the zombie face was a pair of terrified eyes. Zuo Mo's entire body was frozen by this cold presence, he couldn't even move a finger!

The other party's retribution? A punishment? A joke?

He didn't have time to think about all that. He was like a trapped beast, the only instinct left was to fight! He fought with his life, trying to take back control of his body. He channeled the *ling* power inside. No effect. His body wouldn't move. He froze in his spot.

The icy energy continued to increase. It was like a ruthless beast, mercilessly nearing Zuo Mo, opening its gaping maw. It seemed to be certain that Zuo Mo didn't have the ability to resist.

Zuo Mo was like a strange candle wax figure. That expressionless face was so still it was funny.

Only the eyes, a pair of eyes filled with terror, full of helplessness, full of rage; that conflicted with his thin and weak body and still face!

His efforts were to no avail. That icy energy that terrified him pushed him to desperate straits and didn't leave any room to retreat.

The unwillingness and wrath inside his heart suddenly lit up.

Go to hell!

Furiously casting [Aged Gold Energy], all of his *ling* power, along with all of his consciousness slammed at the icy presence!

This was his only solution.

His only experience that could be considered a battle was the first time he used [Aged Gold Energy] on the *ling* grain. He still remembered the brutal energy at the time and the rush it gave his consciousness. But that consciousness produced from the merging of thousands of aphids was as weak as an infant compared to this icy energy.

Zuo Mo, at this moment, was like a madman that had raised his sickle and charged at a fully armored enemy.

[Aged Gold Energy] was like a ball of light gold mist. Once it appeared, it aroused the attack of the icy energy.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo seemed to see countless flying swords with bright tails screaming as they flew at him! The sword strikes were biting cold, crisscrossing like tree branches in a forest that he couldn't avoid!

His clear pupils transformed into a roaring sea of flames. The edges of his eyes had widened to the limits and cracked, blood running down his face. On that stiff expressionless face, the blood drew two bright streaks.

He didn't feel it.

The *ling* power under his crazy revolutions started to spin out of control. He didn't stop and continued to speed up his revolutions.

Under this change, the [Aged Gold Energy] seemed to become frenzied. It didn't retreat and leapt at that icy energy.

If someone walked into Zuo Mo's room at this time, they would see a strange sight. A faint gold ball of light was twisting furiously as though an invisible force was relentlessly corroding it and was reducing its size.

The faint golden cloud became even more frenzied but closely protected Zuo Mo.

The battle continued to escalate. The [Aged Gold Energy] didn't

retreat and faced the icy energy that threw out the sword strikes. Like facing the consciousness of the aphids, the [Aged Gold Energy] attacked this energy as if it was an extremely large consciousness from a gigantic aphid!

Zuo Mo had no attention to spare for the [Aged Gold Energy]. There was only one thought in his mind – faster, faster!

The *ling* power was already revolving at a shocking speed. He had never tried to make his *ling* power revolve so fast. He didn't dare. But at this time, Zuo Mo, whose eyes were red from battle, only resented that the *ling* power couldn't move faster. He continued to speed up his revolutions!

Zuo Mo's head roared as though something had broken. His consciousness suddenly became shaky.

The *ling* power rampaged like wild horses, completely free of control. The [Aged Gold Energy] furiously turned and twisted like water boiling. The shape of the [Aged Gold Energy] cloud was extremely unstable. If *xiuzhe* of higher cultivation saw this scene, they would instantly pale. Loss of control of *ling* power would lead to the explosion of the body and ultimately death!

Suddenly, a warm stream of energy came from Zuo Mo's heart and entered his channels.

The violent *ling* power suddenly came under control. The speed of revolutions didn't decrease and even increased. The strong shaking of the [Aged Gold Energy] disappeared without warning and had calmed down.

What would amaze others was that icy energy had seemed to detect this strangeness and retreated for the first time.

The peaceful [Aged Gold Energy] ball once again transformed. It quickly shrunk towards its core. The cold energy had transformed as well.

One transformed into a faintly gold seven segmented awl shaped liked a pagoda; while the other a water-blue crescent shaped flying

sword with a small hanging bell!

Floating silently opposite one another. But in the blink of an eye, both started to move.

One awl, one sword, turned to one gold and one blue stream of light and accurately collided together.

Ping!

A clear note like breaking glass. A scattered ball of light exploded in the air. It was like a firework of blue and gold mixing and appeared extremely beautiful.

—

An unknown amount of time later, Zuo Mo dazedly opened his eyes. His entire body stung, his skin seemed to have cracked. He couldn't help but groan. This groan made his dizzy mind wake up.

He could move!

That damned energy had disappeared!

He first froze and then a kind of unnameable carefreeness formed. He wanted to laugh but before his mouth could move, the muscles pulled at the wound, and it turned into a screech. Even though he didn't know what had just happened, but without a doubt, he had won!

He was still holding the pink paper in his hand. On it were written two words.

“Bad Person!”

The writing was still graceful and the tone of speech implied the writer wasn't very old but Zuo Mo, who was on his last legs, couldn't help feel a tinge of disgust.

Such a vicious woman! She wanted his life!

The other must have put a spiritual attack on the words. To use the

words to release such a terrifying attack, it wasn't someone he could face. Zuo Mo was very clear about that. The head of the sect and the other elders, he didn't know if they could do it. But even among the inner sect disciples, there definitely wasn't anyone who could reach such power.

That meant, the vicious woman's power surpassed all of his sect's *shixiong*.

But having arrived at death's door once, he wasn't that scared, not even if the other's strength surpassed him greatly.

He had heard that some strong *xiuzhe* were arrogant and indifferent to low-level *xiuzhe* but had never thought the other person would desire to kill because of a word!

Ge was naïve!

Zuo Mo took a deep breath. The wound that was pulled was extremely painful. He struggled to stand up and bared his teeth as he moved to the desk.

He used the same bright and thick cinnabar, and the same weasel bristle brush. Zuo Mo dabbed viciously a few times.

His entire right hand seemed to have been broken in quite a few pieces. Just the pain from a slight movement ached into the bones. He gritted his teeth and moved the brush. A few drops of red cinnabar dripped from the brush and landed on the pink paper, looking like blood.

Due to pain, Zuo Mo unconsciously sucked in a breath. His right hand holding the brush, he gravely left four crooked words on the pink paper.

"Ye'll wait for you!"

Throwing the brush in his hand down, he took a few looks and then gave a strange laugh. His right hand didn't move according to his wishes so it took an hour before he managed to fold the pink paper into a paper crane.

It was a pity. The writing this time wasn't as good-looking as last time. Zuo Mo was slightly regretful.

As he gasped for breath, he channeled his last bit of *ling* power into the paper crane.

Watching as the pink Little Thousand Crane disappeared into the horizon, he cursed the vicious woman countless times inside.

When he finished all this, he couldn't persevere any longer. Dried up, his eyes became dull and like a block of wood, he collapsed to the ground and fainted.

Notes

1. 爷(ye): means grandfather. At the same time, it can be a way of referring to oneself in third person, usually in an egotistical manner.

Chapter Eight “Changes”

Thin and pale jade-like hands gently pinched a pink piece of paper.

“Haha, so he did pay. No wonder he’s in such a bad mood. I just wanted to scare you. Who told you to be a smart-aleck and try to resist?”

Her face was oval, her skin as smooth and white as porcelain, and with azure eyes like a sapphire which held a hint of mischief. A high nose, a small red mouth. She wore a silvery white top and shorts made from Silver Moon wool. She appeared furry and cute. A daringly exposed stomach and legs which were full of youth. She was like a perfect statue carved from ivory. There were no flaws. A bright red string tied up her hair, adding a hint of allure. On her wrist there was a pair of sky-blue bracelets, with bells attached to them. Her movements would be trailed by a stream of clear chimes.

“But, really such an interesting person.”

“A person you find interesting, then they must be really interesting.” Behind her came a respectful voice.

A bronze skinned *xiuzhe* with a sandalwood coronet on his head, appearing about forty years old. If anyone saw this person, they would be shocked that the famous Chi Ye *zhenren* would be so respectful to a little girl.

She had already perceived that someone was behind her and wasn’t surprised. She giggled, “Yes, such an interesting person. He cannot be over *zhuji* middle level in cultivation, but he could fight through Xian’er’s [Heart Demon Curse] at twenty percent power. He is very strong.”

“Oh.” Chi Ye *zhenren*’s expression changed. “Really full of potential.” He then muttered, “How about taking him into the sect ...”

Xian’er turned her face towards the window, her eyes deep and distant, “On the road of cultivation, other than innate talent luck is

even more important. Of the disciples in the sect, there are thousands who have innate talent. Not mentioning the absolute power, but becoming *jindan*, how many people are there?"

She suddenly stuck out her tongue, naughtily stating, "Rather than that, he should be left to relieve Xian'er's boredom."

Chi Ye *zhenren* chuckled, and with a few hints of indulgement, "Whatever you want! Since you are so interested in him, why don't we stay here a few days longer?"

Xian'er tilted her head, her blue eyes blinking. She mused and then shook her head. "The task is important. We've stayed here long enough. Haha, Xian'er left an imprint on his body. He can't escape Xian'er's grasp!"

Chi Ye *zhenren* saw Xian'er's adorable manner and couldn't help roaring in laughter.

—

Zuo Mo slowly woke up, his body sore. He couldn't help but groan.

Thinking about yesterday, it was like a dream. But the wounds covering his entire body were a constant reminder that the furious battle wasn't a dream. Even now, he couldn't quite believe that he defeated that icy energy. He knew there was a length of time when he was dizzy, and it was during that time that he had won.

But what happened at that time?

He had no idea.

After searching his mind and thinking for a while, he didn't have any leads and pushed the question aside. As to whether the other party would take revenge, Zuo Mo was too lazy to think about it.

Ge is very busy!

He counted it out on his fingers and knew that he had many things to do today. Not just making rain for the medicine fields, he still had to

make rain for one of the *shixiong*. That was an additional one hundred *mu* of *ling* fields. The *ling* herbs in the medicine fields, he didn't care about how good their state was. But that one hundred *mu* that he had to water, that was a contract signed long ago, and he couldn't get out of it.

Gritting his teeth and climbing up, Zuo Mo felt that his skeleton would fall apart anytime.

Walking at a turtle's speed, he moved to Cold Mist Valley. Looking at the medicine fields over the valley, he cursed the "adulterous couple" of Hao Min and Luo Li countless times.

Cursing was only cursing, but he still had to do it.

Just like normal, he started [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], but the following events made Zuo Mo dumbstruck.

The white mist crazily flowed towards him. In the blink of an eye, it had formed into a ball of clouds. Before the dazed Zuo Mo could react, the cloud quickly expanded and in a short amount of time, completely covered the entire valley.

Bewildered Zuo Mo dazedly reached out into the middle of the white cloud, and strands of cold energy flew through his hands, it was like a dream.

He suddenly shook and woke up. This wasn't the third level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]!

His expression became serious.

What had happened? He suddenly had a suspicion that the icy energy yesterday had changed many things. He calmed his mind, closed his eyes, and spread out his arms in the middle of the cloud.

Very quickly, he detected the peculiarity. The cloud ball made of countless streams of moisture was exceptionally lively. They were like a crowd of little creatures that had been woken up.

The cloud this time had an additional and special energy. It was like the green grass that just sprouted, but also like sunlight. Zuo Mo

found it difficult to describe. He liked this energy very much because it was extremely comfortable.

He couldn't help but cheer up.

He had planted *ling* grains for two years. Even though he didn't know what this lively energy was, but it definitely would be beneficial for the growth of the *ling* grains.

His mind moved and the cloud started to rain. Among the raindrops that were like silver threads, the lively energy contained in the raindrops was even thicker than the moisture in the cloud.

He didn't know if it was just his delusion but he saw some of the leaves of *ling* herbs spread out as though they were very happy.

A delusion?

Everything that happened yesterday seemed like a dream. What was happening today was even more dream-like.

Was this the fourth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]? He wasn't sure. The jade scroll he had bought about [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] only described the third level. It had contained information on many aspects that he had never thought about. He envied the disciples of the larger sects. No matter what spell, it required self-comprehension after it reached a certain level. But learning from the experiences of the people that had studied it before them would greatly decrease the detours that they had to take.

He had no one to ask. It was not just the head and all the elders, even the inner sect *shixiong*, it wasn't easy to ask any of them for help. He doubted that any *shixiong* in the inner sect would put the time and effort into a low-level, non-combat spell like [Little Art of Cloud and Rain].

Wu Kong Sword Sect was a sect that cultivated the sword. It was primarily made of sword *xiu*. If it wasn't for the fact that they needed *ling* grains, they wouldn't have accepted outer sect disciples like him. In all the *xiuzhe*, sword *xiu* were renowned for their attack power. They only cultivated sword scriptures. What they believed

was that one sword defeats all.

The five elements made up their own system. It was hard to learn them. Most of the people who cultivated the five elements were roaming *xiu*. So among the roaming *xiu*, the majority were *ling* plant farmers.

After making the rain, he went to the *shixiong* whom he had the contract with.

After activating [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] twice, the seriously injured Zuo Mo wavered, and frightened the *shixiong* he was working for into rushing him back to rest.

After finishing all his tasks for the day, Zuo Mo was tired in mind and body but still persisted in meditation after returning to the yard. The bitter experience yesterday made him deeply understand a reality. In the eyes of the strong *xiuzhe*, low level *xiuzhe* were like grass.

He didn't know if it was that his body needed to recover but the time he spent in meditation was twice as long as usual.

His body was like a starving animal, furiously sucking up the *ling* energy in the surroundings. The little section of *ling* vein under the mat played a crucial role, continuously providing *ling* energy. The *ling* energy that Zuo Mo absorbed wasn't stored in his channels like usual but permeated everywhere into his body.

It had to be said here that Zuo Mo's innate talents were very exceptional. [Ten Principle Scripture] wasn't a high-level scripture. But he deeply knew the importance of "calm and right" so the effect of his cultivation was pretty good.

After revolving the *ling* power for six circuits, Zuo Mo achieved the record of the most circuits in one sitting since he began cultivating.

When he came out of meditation, he was amazed to find the wounds on his body had recovered greatly.

He inspected his cultivation. It had increased but not greatly. It still steadily stayed at the eighth level of *lianqi*. For some reason, he wasn't disappointed but sighed in relief. If something was strange,

then it would be considered the as the devil's work. There were too many strange things that occurred in these past two days. It seriously taxed his psychological state.

Thinking about yesterday, his mind moved and he released [Art of Aged Gold].

And then, it was the devil.

The aged gold energy happily revolved around his finger, like a golden sand twister, flashing in front of his eyes. The faint gold of the energy was now a true gold, carrying the special lustre that belonged to the metal gold. The gold light flashed entrancingly.

Numerous bits of information poured into his mind; he had never thought of it before and never read it anywhere, but as the aged gold energy circled around his fingers, the information completed itself in his mind.

[Art of Aged Gold] was truly a kind of offensive art.

Zuo Mo had only guessed at it before, but now he was certain.

The specialty of [Art of Aged Gold] revealed itself at the second level. Based on the descriptions in the jade scroll, he was certain that he achieved the second level of [Art of Aged Gold].

In one night, [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] went to the fourth level, [Art of Aged Gold] increased to the second level and made him, a daring person, feel his heart beat frantically. He felt it wasn't steady.

The increase in power seemed to be an illusion but the high that came with it was real. He didn't dare hope for this to happen again. Even if he was very stubborn and wrote those words yesterday.

Safety first!

—

After his body recovered, his routine quickly recovered as well. The evil pink Little Thousand crane didn't appear again. Zuo Mo was very

comforted.

On the table, there were a variety of materials, the dark red of the flame metal, an ingot of bronze, about seven feet of pine wood... ..

This was a complete set of materials he had bought from Fei Yun to forge a [*Ling* Fragmenting Hoe].

Forging was one of the major crafts that every *xiuzhe* had to learn. Everyone would know a little bit. It was these lessons the outer sect disciples looked forward to most. For outer sect disciples, a *xiuzhe* that was good at forging could easily find a steady job.

While for inner sect disciples, especially sword sects, there were only a few that were good at forging.

Sword *xiu* habitually used their sword to conquer the world and would use the sword to receive what they wanted or needed.

In his sect only the disciples of Master Xin Yan were talented in forging. Xu Yi *shixiong* was Xin Yan's best disciple. But for Master Xin Yan among his generation, or Xu Yi *shixiong* in the second generation, their status wasn't very high.

But that didn't have anything to do with Zuo Mo.

At this time, he was excited. The first attempt at forging in his life was about to begin.

Chapter Nine “Forging”

Xu Yi *Shixiong* had explained forging in great detail. The *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe was the simplest of all talismans. Calling it a talisman was a bit of an exaggeration. It couldn't even qualify as first-grade. There were still endless problems for Zuo Mo since he had no experience in forging.

For example, the copper ingot had to be hammered into the shape of a hoe. This was a great test of Zuo Mo's abilities. Thankfully, the copper was soft and after hammering for four hours, he managed to form a hoe blade.

After that was carving formations into the copper hoe. The formation for the *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe was very simple, [Thunder] of the eight basic formations. Any *xiuzhe* would be familiar with it. He was familiar with the formation, but there were concerns about how to carve it.

Zuo Mo held the carving knife in his right hand as he cautiously carved out the [Thunder] formation. He had never used a carving knife before and frequently made mistakes. Once a mistake was made, it required erasing everything and starting from the beginning.

After seven or eight attempts, Zuo Mo finally managed to finish carving the formation.

Looking at the formation carved on the surface of the copper hoe, Zuo Mo's heart was filled with a sense of achievement. His cultivation was too low right now so he could only use the carving knife, the most basic tool. If his cultivation was higher, he could use his heart fire to forge, and shaping would occur according to his thoughts. Similarly, due to his low cultivation, the simplest formation filled the entire hoe. If he had higher cultivation then he could manipulate a flying sword and carve layers of *jinzhi* and destroy the heavens and become omnipotent!

But for Zuo Mo right now, this was his limit.

He grimaced as he took out a second-grade *jingshi* and inlaid it in the center of the formation.

The copper hoe suddenly lit up, a wave of light rippling through the body of the hoe. The scarred hoe suddenly became as smooth as in the beginning. By now, Zuo Mo finally took a breath of relief. This *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe was half completed. At this step, it was still successful.

The copper hoe was too soft and easily bent out of shape, and would destroy the structure of the formation. So the next step was to use fire metal ore to reinforce the structure and increase its hardness. Holding the crimson fire metal ore on his hand, he could clearly feel the warmth that was emitted from it.

Putting the fire metal ore on the copper hoe, Zuo Mo thought back to the forging methods that Xu Yi *Shixiong* had taught. The crux of this step was to turn the fire metal ore to liquid and let it permeate into the copper hoe. If he had a heart fire, it would be extremely easy to complete this step, but for Zuo Mo had to rely on a few special spells.

The *ling* power in Zuo Mo's body revolved, his hands moving like flowers blooming. The *ling* power changed as it followed the path of his fingers, his hands enveloped in a layer of red light.

"Go!"

His two hands flipped and the red light left, hitting the copper hoe and the fire metal ore.

The fire metal ore became entirely red, the crimson liquid metal began seeping into the copper hoe. The copper hoe was like a sponge. When the liquid metal touched it, it was absorbed, not a drop left. The color of the copper hoe quietly changed, and a few hints of dark red appeared in the copper hoe.

He picked up the hoe blade. The hoe was heavier than before. He reached with a finger to gently tap it. The sound was clear. He could clearly feel the quality had increased a few levels and was exceptionally strong.

Taking the prepared pinewood shaft and attaching it into the hoe, this *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe was complete.

Joyfully, Zuo Mo immediately rushed into the *ling* fields in the yard to try out the power of this *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe.

After digging down, the hoe shuddered slightly. From the head came a strong vibration. Zuo Mo bent down to inspect the field, a happy expression on his face.

The *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe was definitely an essential talisman for farming!

The *ling* energy of the soil where the hoe had struck was clearly different from the surroundings. The *ling* energy in the surroundings was unevenly distributed, in tangles or blocks. In the spot he had just hoed, the *ling* energy had all been broken up and spread evenly around. Like this kind of free *ling* energy, the *ling* grains found it easiest to absorb!

Good thing!

Zuo Mo instantly became motivated and the hoe flew. In one session, he hoed all five *mu* of *ling* fields in the yard!

Holding the *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe, breathing like a bull, his face was pale. He had been too excited, he forgot that the weight of this *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe wasn't light. With his little body, it took a lot of strength.

Even half-dead, he still couldn't disguise the glee in his heart. To successfully make a talisman on the first try, it was hard to describe the kind of exhilaration.

Five *mu* of *ling* fields. He used [Art of Aged Gold] to kill pests, used the fourth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] to water, and used *Ling* Fragmenting Hoe to loosen the *ling* energy in the soil. In the entire sect, no one had taken such meticulous care with the *ling* grains. He was very curious how much the harvest of these five *mu* of *ling* fields would increase this year.

With his cultivation of *lianqi* eighth level, he was at ease controlling the *ling* energy. If the production of these five *mu* increased a lot, he could use these fine and attentive methods to raise the fifty *mu* of *ling* fields that he had rented from the sect. Then he would rise and become the wealthiest among all the outer sect disciples!

This made his heart beat fast. Nothing was more real than *ling* grains and *jingshi*!

Successfully forging on his first try gave Zuo Mo great encouragement. The unluckiness of the past while seemed to sweep away. He started to familiarize himself with the other three arts, especially [Art of Flora]. The uses of the three arts were completely different. [Art of Crimson Flame] was used to activate seeds, to speed up germination. It also concentrated the essence of the sun and was most suitable for *yang*-type^[1]*ling* plants. [Art of Earth Energy] could concentrate the energy of the earth and was especially suitable for the growth of some *yin*-type^[2]*ling* plants.

The [Art of Flora] and the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] were similar, not *yin* or *yang*, but the [Art of Flora] was more dominating than the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. It extracted the essence of other plants to nourish the growth of the *ling* grains. The basic quality of [Art of Flora] was robbery. Robbing the essence of other plants to nourish itself.

He had to be extremely careful when using it. Even though Wu Kong Mountain was covered in trees, but if he wasn't careful, it was easy for one of the old trees to wither and die.

Zuo Mo was alert and cautious every time he used the [Art of Flora], afraid of ruining the ancient trees in the mountains. It wasn't easy for ancient trees to grow and live. They all had endured for thousands of years before they could become their present shape. There wasn't an explicit rule in the sect, but if he caused large sections of ancient trees to die, then what was waiting for him wasn't anything good.

The sunlight streamed into the woods through the trees, forming a scattering of light and shade. The climate of Wu Kong Mountain was beautiful, dry and delightful. Cold winds blew through the trees

without any hint of humidity. The surroundings were all quiet. This place was very far out of the way, with the exception of Zuo Mo no one else would come here.

Zuo Mo calmed down and started to revolve his *ling* energy, his hands moving rapidly. It was the, still unfamiliar, [Art of Flora].

After the stiffness at the beginning, the movements of his hands quickly became smoother. The fingers flickered like a flower continuously blooming. Each time his fingers flickered out, there was a faint wave of *ling* energy in the air that rippled out.

Following the *ling* energy ripples, thin threads of green light flew out of the trees and converged at Zuo Mo's hands.

After a short while, the green light became even brighter and Zuo Mo stopped the spell. A green bead rolled in his palm. This bead was concentrated from the essence of the plants. He put the bead away and inspected the ancient trees around him. The glow of the leaves was much dimmer and some leaves showed signs of withering.

Zuo Mo took out a jade scroll from his bosom. Recorded in the jade scroll was the general geography of Wu Kong Mountain. It had taken him a lot of time to make it.

Finding the present position in the Wu Kong Mountain depicted in the jade scroll, he made a mark. Next time, he had to change places. This location needed a length of time to recover.

Even Zuo Mo was shocked at the dominance of [Art of Flora]. This was only the first level and it easily stole the vitality of the trees. If it reached any higher levels, what would it look like?

Carefully putting the plant essence bead into his bosom, he prepared to leave.

Within six hours this plant essence bead needed to be released to the *ling* grains, using the special methods of the [Art of Flora], otherwise it would dissolve.

Coming out of the woods, he followed the mountain trail, heading for

his own yard.

Suddenly, he heard the sound of a woman crying.

Woman?

He didn't stop but as he walked forward, the sobbing became even clearer.

Most of the female disciples in the sect were at the stables and responsible for raising *ling* beasts. Zuo Mo hadn't had many interactions with them. He didn't want to cause trouble and prepared to make a detour.

Suddenly, as he heard the female disciple sob, she muttered, "Woo, woo, Mama"

Zuo Mo's steps stopped. A certain soft place in his heart was viciously jabbed.

Mama... ..

That strange familiarity rose again in his heart.

Damn it! He cursed inside. He disliked this feeling. Each time this feeling of strange familiarity appeared, it was like his heart was blocked and he was unspeakably uncomfortable. Cursing was cursing, but the thoughts in his head uncontrollably turned.

Who am I? Where is my home? Who's my mama... ..

He was slightly irritated while his feet unconsciously walked towards the crying.

After he went forward a few steps, he saw a female disciple curled behind a rock. Her apple-shaped face was covered in tears, and appeared extremely pitiful. She was curled into a ball like a cat, her shoulders occasionally jerking.

"Why are you crying? It's so bothersome!" Zuo Mo scolded ill-temperedly, sitting down on his butt.

The other was like a frightened cat, shrinking back. When she saw the outer sect uniform on Zuo Mo's body, the fear in her eyes

retreated. In a weeping tone, she timidly said, "Sorry, *Shixiong*... .."

Hearing the other's timid voice, Zuo Mo was even more irritated, "Screw sorry. Your crying is none of my business. It's so irritating." He noticed that his own attitude was overly vile and tried to suppress the vexation inside, and asked impatiently, "Speak, what is wrong?"

"Nothing" The other's voice was like a mosquito.

The fire in Zuo Mo's heart rose. He raised his volume and interrupted impatiently, "I told you to say it!"

The little girl was clearly frightened by him. This wooden-faced *shixiong* was so scary! Her crying instantly subsided and she instinctively answered, "There isn't enough of the Green Sword grass for A Bao and the others to eat."

"Who is A Bao?" Zuo Mo glanced at her and asked.

"A Bao... .. A Bao is A Bao. He needs to eat Green Sword grass every day. Hoo, hoo, there isn't enough Green Sword grass... .." As she narrated, she started to cry again.

"Shut up!" Zuo Mo's furious shout definitely wasn't friendly. The young girl jumped, her body instinctively shrinking back, a fearful expression on her face. Her sobs instantly stopped.

Looking at this muddle-headed little girl, Zuo Mo rubbed his forehead in pain. Even though he hadn't been in the stables, but at least he knew the basic protocols. The amount of *ling* grass the *ling* animals needed to eat wouldn't vary too greatly. The sect had special *ling* fields set aside for growing *ling* grasses.

Compared to raising *ling* grains, *ling* grasses were much easier to grow. So it was taken care of by the female disciples who took care of the animals.

Did something happen to the *ling* grasses?

"What happened? Be more detailed."

Notes

1. 阳: masculine, positive.
2. 阴: feminine, negative, shady

Chapter Ten “Weeds”

This strange *shixiong* that had appeared out of nowhere, this little girl clearly was a bit afraid him and narrated faithfully, “There’s a strange grass growing in the *ling* fields. Xiao Guo tried really really hard but it still grew and grew so fast. The Green Sword grass is so pitiful, and it grew slower and slower”

Seeing the lower and lower tone of the little girl and the increasingly askew mouth, Zuo Mo interrupted in the nick of time, “Stop!”

The little girl was shocked again. She raised her head with her large misty eyes as she stared in puzzlement at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo stood and patted the dirt off his behind, “Let’s go.”

The little girl’s face was full of question marks. After a while, she timidly asked, “Where?”

The timid expression on the other’s face always made Zuo Mo mad. The mood that had just calmed instantly became agitated again. He said extremely impatiently, “Shuddap! Go where I tell you!”

Have to stay collected, have to be collected. It was too meaningless to argue with a little girl. Zuo Mo told himself.

He softened his voice, trying to make himself look calm, “Let’s go look at your *ling* fields.”

Wu Kong Sword Sect might be a small sect but even a small sparrow had all of its organs. The stables were at the Eastern Peak of Wu Kong Mountain. Most of the outer sect female disciples lived here.

This was the first time Zuo Mo stepped onto the Eastern Peak. The scenery as he passed made him awed. Compared to the levelness of the Western Peak, the Eastern Peak was steeper, the view better. Adding on that most female disciples lived here, the mountain paths were filled with flowers and grasses. Walking through it

relaxed his mind.

The Western Peak and Eastern Peak were very distant from each other. It was extremely rare for male outer sect disciples to come to the Eastern Peak.

In the woods, a small white house came into view. The little girl's composure settled and she timidly looked at Zuo Mo, pointing at the house, informing, "*Shixiong*, that's Xiao Guo's house."

Zuo Mo was too lazy to speak and headed straight for the small house.

When he walked in he found that there was a patch of grass beside the little cottage. And there was a golden-horned ox whose body appeared to be made from metal lazily soaking in the sun.

"A Bao, A Bao!" When Xiao Guo saw the copper ox, she happily yelled and ran over without a care.

A Bao... ..

Zuo Mo looked at the body of the copper ox that was filled with strength and thought of the adorable name and became speechless.

Then he saw the copper ox intimately use its head to gently bump at Xiao Guo and occasionally reach out to lick Xiao Guo's hand with its tongue.

That large tongue covered in saliva made Zuo Mo disgusted.

"Where's the *ling* field?" He had to interrupt. Otherwise he was suspicious that this person and ox would just keep playing.

In the *ling* field, Zuo Mo carefully examined the plant in front of his eyes.

This was a grass that he had never seen before. Just this one thing was enough for him to become serious. One had to know, he had grown *ling* grain for two years. All the grasses that showed up normally in the *ling* fields, he was very familiar with. But he was certain he had never seen this grass before.

After he inspected the *ling* fields, his heart became even heavier.

“When was it when you started to find them?”

“About three months ago. Xiao Guo would weed every day, but they grow more and more” Xiao Guo’s mouth twisted and the tears looked like they were going to brim over.

Zuo Mo expressionlessly looked at her.

Xiao Guo cowered back a step, her crying instantly disappearing. This *shixiong* was too scary!

Zuo Mo took back his gaze. He was shocked inside. The reproductive ability of this weed was very strong.

“What about the others?”

“Many of the elder sisters’ *ling* fields are like this. The sisters couldn’t find any solutions.” She suddenly muttered, “*Shixiong*, could you help the sisters?”

Zuo Mo was too lazy to respond to her and started to ponder how to deal with this kind of weed. Farming meant confronting many problems. Getting rid of weeds was one of the most frequent problems. If a furiously growing weed appeared in the *ling* fields, the problem would become extremely serious.

Just simply weeding clearly couldn’t solve the problem. At this time in the *ling* fields, it was the weeds that were flourishing, and the Green Sword grass was rare.

Zuo Mo’s gaze suddenly landed on the stalk of the weed near the ground. On that stalk, there was a ring of tumor-like growth. His heart moved and he inspected some other stalks of weed. He found that they too had bumps in the same places.

When he saw that, he had a general idea. The little girl didn’t understand. Weeding was just cutting down the portion of the plant above the ground, but this weed was special in that once it was wounded, it would grow even faster. If at the very beginning, proper procedures were taken such as uprooting it completely, nothing like

the present situation would have occurred.

But the problem was very serious now. There were patches and patches of weeds. They definitely would have left many seeds in the soil. That was the most troublesome part. If the seeds couldn't be completely cleaned, then the trouble would continue.

It really had strong vitality! Zuo Mo couldn't help but praise it inside.

—

Li Ying Feng's elegant brows furrowed. Her eyes were sharp and there wasn't any of the nimbleness usually present on her face which was full of worry. She didn't wear the long dress and gauze clothing that normal female disciples like to wear but a set of tight short-sleeved male battle robes. There was no allure but instead there was an unnameable handsomeness!

"*Shijie*, we can't continue like this!" A yellow-clad female disciple beside her couldn't help saying, "Based on this situation, in two months, we won't be able to replenish the Green Sword grass."

A crowd of female disciples circled around her and started to chatter and discuss.

"Stop quarrelling!" Li Ying Feng's brows rose and she lectured icily.

She had the highest cultivation among the female outer sect disciples. Normally, she was widely respected by everyone. After the shout, the sound instantly stopped.

Li Ying Feng's heart was also full of worry. The weeds were growing increasingly fast and the living space of the *ling* grasses was becoming smaller and smaller. If the *ling* grasses couldn't be supplied, these *ling* animals wouldn't have anything to eat. At that time the sect's punishment wouldn't be lacking.

Her cultivation was at the ninth level of *lianqi*, one step away from *zhuji*. Supposedly, the elders of the sect had already started to pay attention to her. Once she succeeded at entering *zhuji*, she would

certainly be taken as an inner sect disciple.

For such a big slip-up to occur at such a crucial time, she didn't have the appetite or desire for sleep these days.

"*Shijie, Shijie.*" A female disciple panted as she ran over, "Xiao Guo came to Eastern Peak with a male disciple. Xiao Guo seemed to have cried."

Instantly, they all exploded.

"He dares to bully Xiao Guo!"

"Humph. I want to see who dares to do so. Sisters, we can't let him off!"

"Right!"

"Definitely!"

.....

Li Ying Feng was slightly angry. Xiao Guo deeply received their care and affection. Usually, everyone treated her as a little sister. Hearing a man had made Xiao Guo cry, she unhesitatingly started first for Xiao Guo's residence in a bold and domineering manner.

Seeing the situation, the others quickly followed.

—

While Zuo Mo was searching for a way to solve the matter of the weeds with their tenacious vitality, Li Ying Feng marched over, leading a crowd of female disciples.

When Li Ying Feng, who had only half-believed it, saw the tear marks on Xiao Guo's face, her anger rose up inside.

In a quick dash she rushed in front of Zuo Mo.

"Who are you?" Li Ying Feng asked frigidly.

And then she saw the other expressionlessly answer, "Zuo Mo."

The cold expression on Li Ying Feng's face became even heavier. Among the outer sect disciples, she was the Eldest *Shijie*. In front of her, everyone else was *shidi* and *shimei*. She had never seen someone so discourteous. Immediately, without another word, she pointed with her fingers at Zuo Mo.

The blood instantly drained from Xiao Guo's face but before she could speak, she heard a ripping sound.

An extremely thin green sword energy shot at Zuo Mo,

Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly shrunk. Before he could think, he quickly raised his right hand and at the same time, he retreated abruptly.

A golden sword energy flashed.

Li Ying Feng saw the gold colored sword energy and her expression couldn't help changing.

The two sword energies met in the air.

Ding!

A blinding light made everyone unconsciously want to close their eyes, green and gold light scattering everywhere.

The two faced each other.

Zuo Mo stared fixedly at the other with wide eyes as an unspeakable anger began to rise up. Being attacked by someone out of the blue and it was such a dangerous attack! If at that moment he hadn't avoided it, there definitely would be a hole in his body.

The shock that Li Ying Feng received was much stronger than Zuo Mo. She was the most accomplished outer sect disciple of Wu Kong Sword Sect. This was the [Wood Spirit Sword Art]. Other than her, no one could use it. It was only when her gaze spotted on the ring on Zuo Mo's right hand that she understood.

A term jumped into her head – talisman!

This didn't make her underestimate the other. Things like *Ling*

Fragmenting Hoe could only be considered as a tool, but even the lowest grade talisman came at a great cost for an outer sect disciple. This only expressed that he had some wealth.

What really shocked her was the other's reaction. The speed of reaction was directly linked to the level of cultivation. Even the best talismans needed cultivation as the foundation. The speed of the other's reaction was outside her expectations.

This unfamiliar *shidi*'s cultivation definitely wasn't lower than *lianqi* eighth level!

A cultivation of *lianqi* eighth level was within the top three of the outer sect disciples. According to her knowledge of the outer sect disciples, other than her, only Wei Sheng, who was the present sword servant of Luo Li *Shixiong*, was above the eighth level of *lianqi*. She didn't know this unfamiliar male who should have achieved *lianqi* eighth level recently.

In Wu Kong Sword Sect, achieving eighth level of *lianqi* definitely wasn't a minor event, but she hadn't heard anything. Then there was only one possibility, that this expressionless male in front of her had concealed this event!

As to why the other would conceal a matter that would elevate him dramatically, she couldn't guess.

This person was very shrewd!

Looking at the expressionless Zuo Mo, she was slightly regretful of her previous action.

"*Shijie, Shijie!* Why did you act against *Shixiong*?" Xiao Guo suddenly rushed between the two, her face pale and frantic.

Li Ying Feng instantly realized something wasn't right. She couldn't help ask, "Xiao Guo, didn't he bully you?"

"Bully?" Xiao Guo paused and then shook her head, "He didn't! *Shixiong* is helping Xiao Guo look at the *ling* fields. *Shijie, Shixiong* might look scary but he's a very good person....."

When Zuo Mo heard this, he generally understood what had gone on and couldn't even gasp at his bad luck. Calming down, he admired the strength of the woman in front of him.

Suddenly remembering the rumors he heard normally, he couldn't help ask, "Are you Li Ying Feng *Shijie*?"

"I am Li Ying Feng!" Li Ying Feng answered, her expression apologetic as she bowed, "Just now, I was rash and almost made a big mistake. I'm apologizing to *Shidi* for it here!"

The other's generous and sincere attitude aroused good feelings in Zuo Mo who hurriedly responded, "Just a misunderstanding, *Shijie* doesn't have to take it seriously!"

Li Ying Feng didn't pretend and asked solemnly, "Has *Shidi* found something?"

Chapter Eleven “The Money Grubbing Zombie”

Before the two dealt blows, if Li Ying Feng still had suspicions, then now her suspicions greatly lessened. No matter what, with a cultivation of *lianqi* eighth level, it was at the top of the outer sect disciples. And this *shidi* should be like the other *shidi* and chosen to grow *ling* grains.

Zuo Mo nodded: “The vitality of this kind of weed is extremely high. If I’m not wrong, it isn’t good to cut it. The wounds would provoke it to grow more. That is to say, chopping makes it grow faster.”

The female disciples started to chitter and chatter as they discussed.

Li Ying Feng suddenly understood: “So that’s why! No wonder it grew more and more vigorously. If it was uprooted, would that solve it?”

Zuo Mo mused: “If that was done at the beginning, there wouldn’t have been any problems. But right now, there probably are many seeds in the soil. It isn’t easy to uproot it.”

“Does *shidi* have any good suggestions?”

“I need to go back and think.” Zuo Mo said.

Li Ying Feng took out a small pouch and handed it to Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo received it with puzzlement. When he opened it for a look, he was dumbstruck. There were five pieces of second-grade *jingshi* inside the bag.

“Having offended *shidi* today, I really am regretful. These pieces of *jingshi* are to help for *shidi*’s shock. *Shidi*, don’t blame it for being just this much.” Li Ying Feng said as she stared at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo was wildly happy inside but his mouth went: “*Shijie* is really

too polite.” The motion of the hand shoving the bag into his bosom, however, was extremely natural.

Xiao Guo jerked her mouth, staring in shock at Zuo Mo. The other female disciples had looks of disdain – this guy was too greedy!

A rock landed in Li Ying Feng’s heart. She didn’t want to end up at odds with such a *shidi* of great potential due to today’s misunderstanding. Five pieces of second-grade *jingshi* wasn’t a small sum, but to her whose family was wealthy, it wasn’t too much. To use such a price to solve a misunderstanding, from her perspective, it was a great bargain.

“*Shijie*, don’t worry too much. The matter of the weed can be put on *shidi*.” It might have been the reason of the five pieces of *jingshi* but the female disciples all felt that this horrid zombie male in front of them instantly had a fighting spirit.

Li Ying Feng raised her hands together, smiling and accepting: “Then I’ll trouble *shidi*.”

She didn’t have high hopes inside. If Zuo Mo really had a solution, he wouldn’t say something like going back to think.

Zuo Mo had never expected that he would pay attention to a minor matter today and receive five pieces of second-grade *jingshi* for free. On one hand, he was moved at how good Li Ying Feng was at relationship. On the other, he was moved at the extravagance of her spending. Most of the *jingshi* on his hands had been spend. He didn’t have many left. Just as his funds were becoming tight, wealth came flying. The unexpected surprise had him floating on air.

As to the disdainful stares of the female disciples, he disregarded it as air.

Humming a small tune carrying a few stalks of weeds, he cheerfully left the Eastern Peak.

“This guy’s skin is so thick. My eyes are sore from glaring but he didn’t even turn red!”

“Look at his move when he took *shijie*’s pouch, the vulgarity!”

“Really makes one disgusted... ..”

.....

Xiao Guo pouted and muttered: “*Shixiong* is a very good person.....” As she spoke, she felt that it wasn’t reliable either and her voice became lower, instantly drowning in the ruckus of discussion.

“Alright!” Li Ying Feng frowned and hollered. The surrounding voices instantly stopped.

She looked at the thin figure that disappeared on the mountain path who she didn’t know what he was thinking. She didn’t reveal Zuo Mo’s real cultivation to these gossiping women. If the other purposefully concealed it, and she spilled it, she would make a strong enemy. That wasn’t very intelligent.

Zuo Mo hurried back to the small yard. After a long time, the plant essence bead would lose effectiveness.

Solemnly standing in the *ling* fields in the yard, a green bead floated in front of him, adorably rolling. The two hands held together in front, the ten fingers rapidly moving. The *ling* energy ripples once again spreading out in the air.

The plant essence bead gradually dissolved, forming a pulled of green water. As Zuo Mo’s ten fingers flowed and moved quickly, and as the speed increased, the tips of his fingers started to glow. Each time he quickly stroked, a glowing stroke would add onto a profound and cryptic design. The green water became thousands of green strands that waved in the air.

“Go!” Zuo Mo gently ordered.

The green hairs dissolved into the *ling* fields like a nymph spreading flowers.

Zuo Mo released a breath and let go of the *ling* energy at his fingertips.

Based on the difficulty of the art, [Art of Flora] was the most difficult

among the five kinds of arts. Not just that the finger motions were extremely complicated, the movements of the *ling* energy had to be much more accurate than the other four arts.

To practice finger motions, he left out four hours each day. It was extremely dull to only practise finger motions. Other than not making a mistake, flow and rhythm were the most important.

His skeleton-like fingers had practised to the point they would break, to the point that he wanted to throw up.

However, he still persisted. The first level of [Art of Flora] wasn't difficult for him. As to the second level, he had no hopes in the near future.

Cultivating the scripture, practicing the finger motions, caring for the *ling* and medicine fields. His life was extremely full. And now he had to add on examining how to get rid of weeds.

Li Ying Feng didn't have any hopes but Zuo Mo didn't just only say it. He decided to find the solution to the problem.

It really was a troublesome problem. In the beginning, he had concerned himself with another's business, it was because he was moved by Xiao Guo's helpless "mama". The change came with Li Ying Feng's five pieces of second-grade *jingshi*.

Zuo Mo had lots of faults but there was one good quality, that was, if he decided on something, he would put his all in. As to whether it was because of that "mama" or the five pieces of second-grade *jingshi* from Li Ying Feng, that wasn't important, was what he thought.

In reality, he only had just two years of experience in growing crops. His knowledge of *ling* grasses and grains were pitiful.

He knew it wasn't easy but he wasn't afraid.

At the Eastern Peak, Li Ying Feng was listening to a female disciple narrate.

"We went to check at Dong Fu. The price of the *ling* grasses have

been continually rose recently. Like green sword grass. A while ago, it was five pieces of first-grade *jingshi* a picul, now it's risen to eight pieces. The prices of the other *ling* grasses grew even more. They are saying that the conflict at Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie* has escalated so the prices are increasing everywhere."

When the female disciple was saying this, she was on the verge of tears. The other female disciples' faces were also bleak.

Li Ying Feng's heart stuttered. On her face, she pretended to be calm. Eight first-grade *jingshi* for a picul. The amount of *ling* grass that the stables needed everyday was astonishing. Even if her family was wealthy, she couldn't endure such squandering.

These few days, she tried to uproot these weeds but the growth of the *ling* grasses didn't seem to recover at all and were still withered. In the *ling* fields, the weeds appeared again with astounding speed. If the situation continued, they would quickly face a situation where they had no supply of *ling* grass.

"*Shijie*, the money-grubber from last time came again!" A female disciple said, full of disdain.

"He still has the face to come?"

"You forgot, when did he have something like face?"

"That's so true!"

.....

Xiao Guo pouted, her adorable apple face wrinkling into a ball as she stared in discontent at the *shijie*.

Li Ying Feng's eyes lit up instead and she almost rushed away. Her experience surpassed all the other *shimei* greatly. If Zuo Mo didn't have any news, it was normal. But coming to the Eastern Peak, it made Li Ying Feng think about the words that Zuo Mo had said before he left.

Was it.....

When Li Ying Feng saw Zuo Mo, she was shocked.

Zuo Mo's hair was a mess, his eyes filled with blood, his sockets deep in his face. A strange odor came from his body. He seemed like a beggar.

Other than Li Ying Feng and Xiao Guo, the other female disciples had a face full of disdain as they stood far away.

"I found a solution." Zuo Mo's simple words let Li Ying Feng and Xiao Guo enter into rapture.

Disregarding the disdainful and suspicious gazes of the other female disciples, Zuo Mo headed straight into the *ling* fields.

He didn't waste any words. Reaching out with a pair of skeleton-like hands, he rapidly started a spell.

Li Ying Feng stared with large eyes, afraid to miss anything. The familiarity of Zuo Mo's finger movements and the ease with which he controlled the *ling* energy made her even more certain this *shidi* hid away deeply.

The glowing fingertips drew an unnamed formation diagram.

"Go!"

A dry voice, harsh and dissonant.

The glowing formation entered the *ling* field soundlessly.

"That's all? But nothing changed!" A female disciple shrieked.

That was like a fuse. Instantly, the other female disciples that disliked Zuo Mo found a target.

"Che, just drawing a few characters and want to fool us? Too naïve!"

"Please, be more professional when conning people!"

.....

"All of you shut up!" Li Ying Feng roared angrily. All the voices choked off. They found that at some unknown time, *shijie*'s

expression had become peerlessly ugly. Her face was icy. They instantly sank into cold terror.

“This kind of weed is *yang*-type. I researched it. Most of the *ling* grasses you plant belong to *yin*. You could use [Art of Earth Energy] to concentrate the *yin* of the earth energy. It would nourish the *ling* grasses and can suppress the weeds. Half the work, twice the effect.”

Finishing, Zuo Mo raised his hands towards Li Ying Feng and then left.

Returning to the yard, Zuo Mo dropped into slumber.

Thinking that he had finished what he had wanted to do, he was content. After not sleeping or resting for these days, he already ran out of energy.

When he woke up, it was the next day. The morning sunlight made his mood light. He idly ate a few things and just like normal, he started his classes for the day.

The training of his finger motions were one of his prioritized studies at present. Before this, he rarely had practiced finger movements. The finger movements of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] had been very simple.

But of it, he had suffered greatly at the [Art of Flora]’s complicated finger motions. Up until now even though he persisted in practicing everyday, he could only just manage to complete the spell. It was far from familiarity. He didn’t dare to relax on the practice of [Art of Aged Gold]. He had just gotten to the second level and needed time to consolidate and stabilize it.

Roughly calculating, he had learned all five kinds of arts once and had his own conclusions.

The five kinds of arts had their own emphasis. [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] emphasized the manipulation of *ling* energy, [Art of Flora] finger movements, [Art of Aged Gold] used consciousness, [Art of Earth Energy] emphasized communication and interaction, [Art of Crimson Flame]’s crux was the calmness of mind and endurance.

At this time, Zuo Mo found an unique pattern. It looked as though the five kinds of arts were not related but in reality, they supported each other. His strongest was [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], which aided him greatly for learning the other four arts. And the complicated finger movement practice of [Art of Flora] greatly increased the skill of his finger movement so he was even more skilled at doing [Little Art of Cloud and Rain.]

After patrolling the *ling* fields under his name, he then made rain for the medicine fields in Cold Mist Valley. He didn't have any news of Hao Min *shijie*, and didn't know where the two people had gone to be free. But he didn't have any grudges towards this unpaid job now. The only thing he hated was that there was a distance between Cold Mist Valley and his residence and he had to spend a significant amount of time on the road every day.

When he came back from Cold Mist Valley, he was shocked to find two people waiting outside the doorway to his little yard.

Chapter Twelve “[Art of Flora]”

Li Ying Feng took Xiao Guo along with her as she guarded his door.

Seeing Zuo Mo, Li Ying Feng visibly released a breath. Xiao Guo's apple face revealed an bashful expression.

Zuo Mo was slightly surprised. Why did these two come? His mouth smiled and said: “*Shijie* has the time to come to my humble abode today. Such a surprise! Please come in!”

Finishing, he swung out his sleeve. Underneath, he sent out a spell and the door to the yard soundlessly opened.

Li Ying Feng didn't decline, frankly responding: “Coming without an invitation, we've disturbed you!”

Xiao Guo tightly followed behind Li Ying Feng but her little face was still timid.

Zuo Mo muttered inside, *ge* doesn't have much interest in silly little girls.

Entering the yard, Li Ying Feng saw the lush *ling* grains in the yard and her eyes lit up. She couldn't help complimenting: “*Shixiong* is really skilled at farming. This *ling* grains' growth is the envy of others and a bountiful harvest is just around the corner!”

“*Shijie* is too complimentary.” Zuo Mo casually responded. Inside, he started to ponder the reason that Li Ying Feng had come today. Towards this *shijie* that he hadn't had many interactions with in the past, he felt admiration. Regardless of anything else, just her cultivation of *lianqi* ninth level, it was enough to be top dog of the heap in the outer sect disciples. And her frank and honest conduct was very become to Zuo Mo's temper.

The three people sat down under a tree next to the pond. The water in the pond ripples. Occasionally, one could see a few fish darting by. When Zuo Mo first moved into the yard, the pond was dry to the

bottom. All the water presently in the pond had been slowly accumulated from him practicing [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. He remembered it very clearly because when the pond became full, his [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] coincidentally reached the third level.

As to those fish, they were captured randomly when he passed by some mountain streams.

Li Ying Feng took the initiative to speak of her purpose in coming: "Coming today, one is to thank *shidi*. The method that *shidi* said, we have used and to great effect. One really needs mastery in a field. Such a troublesome problem, it really needed someone like *shidi* who specialized in farming to solve."

"Yes, yes! It was really effective! Everyone is so happy!" Xiao Guo hurried to agree. But when she saw Zuo Mo's face turn towards her, she instantly fell silent, her body retreating towards Li Ying Feng.

Zuo Mo took back his gaze and shook his head; "*Shijie* is too polite. We are from the same sect. There's no need to put such a minor matter on the mind."

Li Ying Feng smiled and responded: "*Shidi*'s words are extremely good. In the future, if *shidi* meets a hard problem, feel free to come find me. Wherever *shijie* can help, I wouldn't decline."

"Many thanks *shijie*." Zuo Mo unconcernedly brushed it off. Past experiences had told him that normally, these kinds of words can't be taken seriously.

Li Ying Feng gazed with burning eyes at Zuo Mo, continuing seriously: "Coming today, it's to ask for *shidi*'s help on another matter."

The meat finally came!

Zuo Mo said expressionlessly: "What matter?"

In reality, he couldn't make expressions.....

"*Shidi*'s methods were extremely effective." Li Ying Feng gave a grimace: "But in our crowd of sisters, only one knows the [Art of

Earth Energy]. *Shidi*, you might not know, because of the weeds previously, there was only a pitiful amount of *ling* grass that was produced. But the amount of *ling* grass that the animals need is only increasing. Originally, I had planned to go to Dong Fu to buy some to fill the gap, but who knew that the price of *ling* grass and grains are flying up... ..”

Hearing this, Zuo Mo's mind jumped. Price increases in *ling* grains, for him, it was definitely good news.

Not taking into account the fifty *mu* of *ling* fields that he rented from the sect, just the five *mu* of *ling* grains in his yard, the harvest would be significant.

He really profited this year!

He gleefully calculated in his heart, completely not registering what Li Ying Feng was saying.

Li Ying Feng noticed Zuo Mo's inattentiveness and couldn't help thinking about the rumors she found out about Zuo Mo.

The shock to her that came from such a strong *shidi* who jumped out of nowhere was enormous. Once Zuo Mo left, she went around for information. She didn't only know that Zuo Mo had a natural zombie-face, and the third level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] etc, but she even managed to have a general understanding of his usual habits and conduct.

Deciding not to keep being polite, she threw out the bomb: “Coming today, it's to ask *shidi* to weed for us. This is ten pieces of second-grade *jingshi*. It is the goodwill of all of us. *Shidi*, please take it.”

Once again, it was a small pouch that appeared on her hand.

As expected, Zuo Mo shook and instantly focused.

Ten pieces of second-grade *jingshi*.....

His saliva nearly slipped out. When he had sold three hundred catties of *ling* grains last time, he had just received thirty pieces of second-grade *jingshi*.

Zuo Mo hesitated, stating: "I'm not skilled at [Art of Earth Energy], so I'm afraid I can't help much."

Li Ying Feng assumed that Zuo Mo was being polite. If he wasn't an expert, why would he had thought of using [Art of Earth Energy] to get rid of the weeds?

This time, she had prepared well. She didn't panic, smiled and said: 'Other than these ten pieces of second-grade *jingshi*, we have also prepared five pieces of second-grade *jingshi* for *shidi* to recover *ling* energy in hopes that the supply of *ling* grass could recover in the fastest time.'

Zuo Mo's brain exploded, completely dizzy due to being hit by Li Ying Feng's *jingshi*.

Jingshi was the most important resource in each sect. Other than being used to purchase things, its other important use was for recovering *ling* energy. The density of *ling* energy in *ling* veins could not compare at all to what was in *jingshi*.

In some large sects, those core disciples were completely built up through *jingshi*. Their job each day was to suck *ling* energy out of *jingshi* and increase their cultivation.

Zuo Mo had never tried to extract *ling* energy from *jingshi*. He was poor. How could he bear it?

The enemy was too strong! He instantly surrendered, promising: "Inside *shijie* has an order, as a *shidi*, I'll naturally rush through water and tread on fire, and will not decline!"

Li Ying Feng smiled. The tactic was successful. She put down the little pouch on the table, looking at Zuo Mo and asking: "When will *shidi* go?"

Zuo Mo put the little cloth pouch into his bosom in a flash, his tone solemn as he responded: "The situation is so serious. Naturally, the faster the better."

Xiao Guo's mouth twisted.

Following between the two people, Zuo Mo continued to recall the major points of [Art of Earth Energy]. In the last few days, most of his attention had been on [Art of Aged Gold] and [Art of Flora]. After roughly practicing [Art of Earth Energy], he didn't spend much time on it.

He could have never thought that this [Art of Earth Energy] would directly connect to fifteen pieces of second-grade *jingshi*. Why did he practice spells, wasn't it for *jingshi*? He was upset inside. If he knew earlier, he would have practised more.

Very quickly, they reached the Eastern Peak. The female disciples all silently stood at the side, no one speaking.

Even though Zuo Mo didn't care about them at all, but the completely different treatment he received this time around made him feel good inside.

"The *ling* fields infested with weeds are about four hundred and fifty *mu*. There's about two hundred and fifty *mu* that are much more serious." Li Ying Feng introduced.

Zuo Mo nearly tripped. Two hundred and fifty *mu*. This number scared him!

[Art of Earth Energy] was different than [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. Its effective range was much smaller, about one *mu* or so. Also, he tried already. With his first level of [Art of Earth energy], he needed to repeat more than three times in order to effectively stop the growth of the damned weeds.

That was to say, at the least, he needed to perform [Art of Earth Energy] seven hundred and fifty times.

The answer made his eyes flip and he nearly fainted. This number, it was enough to work him to death.

He had thought he got a cushy job. He didn't think it was really a drudgery one! Falling from heaven into hell, the strong contrast nearly made Zuo Mo cry.

Zuo Mo looked at the *ling* fields under his feet filled with weeds and

wanted to cry. There were almost only weeds left in these fields. It was hard to even find a trace of the *ling* grass. Such strong weeds, with his just introductory level of [Art of Earth Energy], he might have to do it seven or eight times to be effective.

At this time, his mind was clever and a spark flashed though. He suddenly thought of a beautiful idea.

Since these *ling* fields were almost completely weeds, they could erase everything and plant *ling* grasses again.

The kind of dominant spell that [Art of Flora] was, wasn't it just perfect for the situation? [Art of Flora], other than extracting the vitality and essence of the weeds, it wouldn't even let go of the seeds that were in the soil. What it extracted was the essence of plants, not *ling* energy, so it wouldn't even harm the *ling* fields.

The more he thought, the more excited he became so he told his thoughts to Li Ying Feng. When Li Ying Feng found out that Zuo Mo also knew [Art of Flora], she was slightly shocked. Inside, she thought that this Zuo Mo *shidi* wasn't an ordinary person.

Increasingly feeling that Zuo Mo wasn't ordinary, Li Ying Feng naturally didn't have any objections. Inside, she felt that it was very likely to succeed this time.

This time, she was working against major pressure. Fifteen pieces of second-grade *jingshi* was almost all the *jingshi* she had.

Quickly going through it again in his head and checking that no problems should occur, Zuo Mo decided to do it.

The two fists were slightly open, held in front of his chest. The fingertips glowed slightly. Taking a deep breath, the ten fingers moved!

The others only felt threads of light weaving between Zuo Mo's ten fingers. It was like a drawing, dazzling everyone's eyes. Only shock was left on everyone's face.

Only now did they realize the uniqueness of this zombie-like *shixiong*!

It was a dance of light at the fingertips. That dried up and thin hands, it seemed to have a strange power, and attracted everyone's gaze.

The diagram that had been drawn was already extremely complicated but the dancing fingers didn't stop!

Even Li Ying Feng's face couldn't help change!

Such complicated finger motions! What spell would require such complicated moves?

She didn't know that it was due to the complicated nature of the finger movements that [Art of Flora] was the most difficult among the five spells and the number of people who learned it the least.

Countless green threads flew up from the *ling* fields and wriggled between Zuo Mo's palms. Unlike the restraint that happened usually, Zuo Mo had no hesitations now. The fear and trepidation that was present completely disappeared. The ten fingers flipped and danced and he pushed forward with all his *ling* energy.

Gradually, a very strange feeling birthed. It seemed that something was slightly throbbing at his heart.

Unconsciously, the rate of movement of his ten fingers became faster. The throbbing at his heart became even stronger. Everything in the surroundings seemed to fall away. Empty and clear, like a void, he looked on silently. The subtle connections between the dancing ten fingers, the rhythm as the *ling* energy changed, it went from barely perceptible to the surface.

It was as though a paper window was poked open and his vision suddenly became clear.

The rawness of Zuo Mo's finger motions instantly disappeared. The ten fingers were like they had been dipped in water, abnormally smooth, flowing like the water. Of all the female disciples, Li Ying Feng's cultivation was the highest and her eyes the most knowledgeable. She was the first to detect the peculiarity. If it was said that she had just been admiring the complicated nature of Zuo Mo's finger movements, she was feeling completely different now. The finger movements were still beautiful, yet it didn't have that

feeling of profoundness, but a kind of strange cadence.

Xiao Guo's eyes widened. On the little apple face, an intoxicated adorable expression came on.

Threads of green energy floated up from the *ling* grasses and weeds in the field. The space between Zuo Mo's ten fingers was like the center of a whirlpool, energetically sucking in the green energy!

More and more of the green energy accumulated on Zuo Mo's hands. Very quickly, a green and glistening plant essence bead appeared at his fingertip.

The *ling* fields were a patch of dry yellow, not a hint of green to be found. As a gust of wind blew across, it fell down like dust.

In the blink of an eye, a vital and living *ling* field had become dead ground.

Everyone looked dumbstruck. Their gazes as they looked at Zuo Mo were like looking at a ghost.

Li Ying Feng was incomparably shocked inside. If it was said that the grandiose finger motions made her entranced, then the shocking result in front of her would only make her uncontrollably feel terror!

Was he really *lianqi*?

She suddenly found it somewhat suspicious.

Chapter Thirteen “Success”

Leaving the void state, Zuo Mo mused upon it for a long time. Had that been a moment of enlightenment? He thought with joy and some regret.

As expected, when he cast [Art of Flora] the following few times, the state of emptiness didn't appear like they did the first time. But his finger movements clearly went up a step and became much more flowing. Especially the cooperation between the *ling* energy and the finger movements. It was as though he found the trick to it. When his fingers moved, the *ling* energy followed and changed, the two tightly connected.

The grandiose finger movements, the terrifying result, it made the female disciples that were still apprehensive docilely close their mouths.

Zuo hadn't thought the effects would be this strong neither.

The dominance of [Art of Flora] surpassed his predictions. He couldn't help but become alert inside. When he cast [Art of Flora] in the future, he needed to be careful.

The following matters were much easier. They only needed to plough the *ling* fields again before planning the *ling* grasses.

The method the female disciples used to plant *ling* grass broadened his vision. He saw a female disciple take out a bamboo container from her waist, pluck out the cork and a gold earthworm climbed out. She incanted the spell and the gold earthworm burrowed into the *ling* fields.

In a short while, the soil rolled and twisted. After twenty minutes when it stopped, the *ling* fields were completely overturned. What was most amazing was that not one bit of soil had splashed out of the *ling* fields.

Zuo Mo couldn't help but be interested: “What's this? It's very

convenient!”

Li Ying Feng was both educated and kind. She said knowingly: “We call them Mud Turning Earthworms. It’s isn’t anything high-grade, just used to overturn the fields. But the results are pretty good. Afterwards, we’ll give some to *shidi*. It would be a helper in growing *ling* grains.”

Zuo Mo was joyous: “Many thanks *shijie*!”

In the newly turned *ling* fields, the female disciples spread out the *ling* grass seeds. Growing *ling* grasses didn’t have as many concerns as growing *ling* grains. They only had to spread it densely.

After finishing seeding, Zuo Mo saw a female disciple preparing to cast [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], and volunteered: “Does it need rain, I’ll do it.”

Return the favour. It wasn’t good to take another person’s things for free.

Li Ying Feng was overjoyed: “I heard that *shidi*’s [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] reached the third level. Today, I get to have a look!”

[Little Art of Cloud and Rain] was Zuo Mo’s most familiar spell. He almost didn’t need any preparation. Just started the spell and the cloud formed, appearing above the *ling* fields.

Silver threads gradually entered the *ling* fields, the air full of vitality. Everyone felt their minds become refreshed.

There were very big differences between the fourth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] and the third level. Just when the rain stopped, a rainbow appeared above the *ling* fields.

Just as everyone was complimenting, one female disciple shouted as she pointed at the *ling* fields: “Heavens! Look, it’s sprouted!”

At some time, a patch of thin and light green sprouts appeared in the *ling* fields.

Zuo Mo took out the plant essence bead and cast [Art of Floraa]

again. It instantly dissolved into countless bunches of green thread and merged into the *ling* fields.

The light green spouts in the *ling* fields instantly became darker, their growth delightful.

“*Shidi* is just as rumoured!” Li Ying Feng complimented sincerely. This unknown *shidi* seemed to have endless methods, and always could bring her unexpected surprises. And she found that no matter which technique that Zuo Mo used, there were major differences with what she had heard.

What was he concealing? LI Ying Feng thought of this question again.

[Art of Flora] combined with [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], the effect was outstanding, the effectiveness increasing. Li Ying Feng didn't care what methods Zuo Mo used, she only hoped to produce *ling* grasses quickly.

To increase speed, for a continuous length of time, other than going to Cold Mist Valley to make rain once a day, Zuo Mo spend all his time at the Eastern Peak. This was the first time he received the luxurious treatment of using *jingshi* to recover *ling* energy.

The body was like a vessel. To contain more *ling* energy, it needed continually increasingly large containers. The simplest way to increase the size of the container was the change the body. Continuously using *ling* energy, the *ling* energy would continuously strength the channels and so more *ling* energy could be stored.

The purity and density of the *ling* energy inside the *jingshi* exceeded the *ling* energy drifting in the air. It was much easier to absorb and the effect it had on the channels were clearer.

The next few days, Zuo Mo continuously repeated [Art of Flora] and [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. The amount of work that was required for more than four hundred *mu* of *ling* fields were finished by him alone.

The female disciples finally saw the craziness and absorbed nature

of him at work.

Casting a spell, holding a *jingshi* in meditation, then standing to cast a spell until all *ling* energy was used, then meditation... ..

Even as they looked on from the side, they felt exhausted. But Zuo Mo repeated the cycle and didn't feel any dullness.

Of course Zuo Mo wouldn't find it dull!

Such luxurious treatment, he had never thought of it even in his dreams. Such a good opportunity, if he didn't use it, was he dumb?

He didn't spare any of his *ling* energy. Each time, he would wring the *ling* energy out of his body completely! Then he would take the *jingshi* and suck fanatically.

In these few days, he had gained much. Even if there wasn't those ten pieces of second-grade *jingshi*, he definitely would have agreed. His channels, which had never extracted *ling* energy in such a manner, were like dry ground meeting a surge of rain. In these short few days, the amount of *ling* energy in his body increased by almost ten percent, his channels becoming stronger as well.

Other than that, as he repeated [Art of Flora] over and over, his degree of proficiency increased linearly. There were signs he was nearing the second level.

Looking at the green *ling* fields, all the fields had been replanted with *ling* grasses. That also mean the job was finished. His heart was full of reluctance.

"At what time would he meet such a good thing like this!"

He sighed deeply in his heart.

Five days, he used up five pieces of second-grade *jingshi*. No wonder Zuo Mo was still wishing to continue.

But luckily, ten pieces of second-grade *jingshi* was enough to satisfy the yearning in his heart.

The stone in Li Ying Feng's heart landed. Even though the price was

high, she had managed to solve a troublesome problem. And she had met a strong *shidi*. She was very satisfied.

Work and relax, that was the right way.

Returning to the yard, Zuo Mo's wallet was bulging and his mood relaxed.

But his studies each day, he never stopped. Even though the efficiency of meditation was far from being able to compare with using *jingshi*, but Zuo Mo still persisted. The *ling* energy in the *jingshi* might be pure and easy to absorb but it was slightly strong. It was slower to meditate and absorb *ling* energy but it was very gentle.

In the long run, it was easy to leave behind hidden dangers by relying too much of *jingshi*. Those sects with thick bases and foundations had many methods to solve the dangers, but to Zuo Mo, those were far away.

Of course, the most important thing was Zuo Mo didn't have that many *jingshi* to squander.

Other than that, right now, he was focusing on [Art of Aged Gold] and [Art of Flora]. [Art of Aged Gold] was at the second level, and it wasn't far before [Art of Flora] would also break. If both of these could reach the third level, and adding in the fourth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], it was enough for him to qualify as a *ling* plant farmer.

Ha, by that time, the *jingshi* will roll in

In the next few days, his mood was great.

Each day, he light-heartedly ran over to Cold Mist Valley each day to make rain. The *ling* herbs in the medicine fields were growing well, the effect of the fourth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] clear. The *ling* herbs seemed to have more vitality than before. Each time when he stated to make rain, the *ling* herbs in the fields would neatly follow and sway as though they were rejoicing. Zuo Mo's mood became cheerful whenever he saw these *ling* herbs' "dancing." To

this job that was forced upon him, his unwillingness had decreased.

The medicine fields in Cold Mist Valley were third-grade *ling* fields. The intelligence in these *ling* herbs greatly surpassed normal plants.

The misfortunes of the past swept away. His life became bright once again.

Just as usual, he made a round of inspections before leaving. After making sure that nothing happened, he then left Cold Mist Valley.

Not long after he left Cold Mist Valley, he suddenly heard the sound of people talking in the front.

“Old Black is pretty misfortunate. The *ling* grains are infected with this strange disease. He probably won’t get even one grain this year. Next year, he might not even get to plant the *ling* grains. He has a family of the old and young, his days will become hard.”

“Oh, it’s fate! I’m just worried if this strange disease will spread. If we get infected, that would be terrible!”

“So true! Heavens protect! I’m still depending on this year’s harvest to exchange for a sword scripture!”

“Me too!”

.....

Strange disease? Zuo Mo’s heart jumped.

Planting *ling* grains, what people were most afraid of were those unnameable strange diseases. Once it occurred, it basically was a loss for the entire year. These two years, Zuo Mo had personally seen several *shixiong*, due to bad luck, become unable to even pay the rent for the *ling* fields to the sect and were thrown out of the sect.

A while ago when he made rain for Old Black, his *ling* grains were growing well, so why did they suddenly become infected with a strange disease? Zuo Mo felt it a bit strange.

If one had to say who had it the hardest in the sect, it was probably

Old Black. He had a family. His son supposedly had some innate talent and had been admitted into a small sword sect. The tribute he needed to give each year to the sect wasn't a small amount. Adding on the different material and *jingshi* needed for cultivation, the spending was enormous.

Old Black had a cultivation of *lianqi* fifth level. He rented a full two hundred *mu* of *ling* fields. All his time was spend on growing *ling* grains. These ten years, his cultivation hadn't increased one bit. But even so, the *jingshi* he earned was just barely enough.

This year, Old Black was especially hard-working. It was rumoured that his son was at the gate of *lianqi* seventh level. For his son to push through the big jump of the seventh level, he needed a lot of *jingshi*.

To give to the sect for the sect elders to give some extra attention, it was an unwritten rule.

Other than that, Old Black had put hopes on another method.

Places without *ling* veins, the amount of *ling* energy in the air was extremely low. If he relied on those *ling* energy to change into the *ling* energy inside his body, it was extremely slow.

Xiuzhe would have the wealth usually used two kinds of methods. One was using *ling* grains for a long period. There weren't high levels of *ling* energy in the *ling* grains but the effect was gentle and easily absorbed. The other method was directly extracting *ling* energy from the *jingshi*. This was also the fasted method. Additionally, using *jingshi* was especially effective at making breakthroughs.

Old Black thought to use this method for his son to break though the barrier to the seventh level.

Zuo Mo decided to take a look. And if it really would spread, then his own fifty *mu* of *ling* fields would also be affected.

There were many people surrounding the *ling* fields at the base of the mountain. Zuo Mo found Old Black in the crowd with one glance.

That black face was now so pale there wasn't a hint of blood, the eyes empty and hopeless.

And the *ling* fields that Zuo Mo recently made rain for was enough to scare him.

The green *ling* grains were now almost completely withered. The leaves and primary stem full of a kind of black energy. Anyone who saw the situation would be certain that these *ling* grains would certainly die. Many *shixiong* were gathered at the edge of the *ling* field. They formed groups and discussed in low voices, all their voices full of worry.

"Guo *shixiong*'s here! Guo *shixiong*'s here!"

Someone cheered from the crowd. A light came into Old Black's devastated eyes and he suddenly crawled up from the ground.

Guo Lu *shixiong* was the person who had the deepest knowledge of [Art of Aged Gold]. A number of years ago, he had reached the second level. The recent news was that he was going to soon enter the third level. Usually, when some strange illness appeared in the *ling* grains, everyone would recommend Guo Lu *shixiong*. And he didn't disappoint. He saved the *ling* grains that everyone thought would die multiple times.

Guo Lu *shixiong* was barefoot and wearing shorts, his face full of wrinkles like an old farmer. When he saw the swaths of withered *ling* fields, his face couldn't help but change before recovering.

The change was extremely subtle but Zuo Mo coincidentally caught it. When he had seen the withered *ling* fields, he had already had a bad feeling. When he saw the change in expression of Guo Lu *shixiong*, the ominous feeling inside became even stronger. As he improved on [Art of Aged Gold], he understood much more.

If it was normal pests, the withered leaves wouldn't have been slightly black. This black was like dead ash, and made Zuo Mo's heart beat frantically.

Old Black almost rushed in front of Guo Lu *shixiong* and shouted

heart wrenchingly: “*Shixiong*, save me!”

Seeing Old Black’s despairing expression, a flush came upon Guo Lu’s face and he gravely said: “As much as I’m capable!”

He walked into the *ling* fields.

Everyone’s eyes gathered on his body, not a sound of discussion made. Everyone stared fixedly at Guo *shixiong* that stepped into the *ling* fields.

Guo Lu *shixiong*’s expression was grave. He walked in front of a withered *ling* grain and squatted down, attentively examining every part of the *ling* grain. He also ripped down the withered and slightly black leaves, putting it to the nose for a smell. His inspection was extremely fine. He almost walked around the entire *ling* field and took more than an hour.

The suspicious expression on his face became even heavier, as though he had encountered something impossible.

He shook his head, his expression still suspicious and his hand landed on a withered *ling* grain.

Zuo Mo, who also knew [Art of Aged Gold], suddenly became alert. He knew the most crucial time had come.

Chapter Fourteen “Strange Disease”

Hand touching the *ling* grain, a hint of gold suddenly floated onto Guo Lu *shixiong*'s face.

Just this was enough to make Zuo Mo feel admiration. Guo Lu *shixiong*'s comprehension of [Art of Aged Gold] was much deeper than him. Even though he was at the second level but in actual usage and level of comprehension, he was much weaker than Guo Lu *shixiong*.

Yet something unexpected happened!

Guo Lu *shixiong*'s expression changed and he spat out a mouthful of blood, falling to the ground. The disciples spectating instantly paled and rushed forward heading for Guo Lu *shixiong*.

They only saw that Guo Lu *shixiong*'s face was as white as paper, barely breathing and unconscious.

Some *shixiong* who were on good relations with Guo Lu *shixiong* hurriedly held him up and ran up the mountain. Old Black stayed still in his original place and then started to wail, the sound so mournful listeners also became sad.

The crowd gradually dissipated, each person's face filled with worry.

Zuo Mo moved his feet, walking into the *ling* fields. Nearing a stalk of *ling* grain, he closely examined it. He didn't dare to touch it with his hand. The scene just now, it really made him extremely afraid of these *ling* grains.

A fishy odor entered his nose. Zuo Mo couldn't help but frown. In his two years of farming, he had never smelt something like this. Inside, he really wanted to find out what was really inside this *ling* grains. He suddenly thought about the first time he encountered pests. That brutal and dangerous aura was still fresh on his mind. It was only

when he had used [Art of Aged Gold] on his five *mu* of *ling* grains that first time that he encountered a similar situation.

When Guo Lu *shixiong* suddenly spat blood, the first thought in his head was, was it that inside these *ling* grains, there were similar yet stronger presences?

But the lesson of Guo Lu *shixiong* told him to not rashly try.

Looking at Old Black, he sighed inside. A problem that even Guo *shixiong* couldn't solve, he had the desire but not the strength.

Even when he got back to his small yard, that scene was still playing in his mind. The seriousness of the problem increased dramatically due to Guo Lu *shixiong* throwing up blood. It was certain that the sect would respond. But the only one knowledgeable in the sect about farming, fourth *shigu* Shi Feng Rong had left to wander half a year ago and still hadn't recovered. Hao Min *shijie* who was responsible for the medicine fields had left with Luo Li *shixiong*.

Hao Min *shijie* was going to be out of luck, but Zuo Mo didn't have much joy.

He had a feeling that the strange disease would spread. When he entered the *ling* fields he had detected that the withering of the *ling* grains were clearly different. From that, it could be seen that there was a progress in which the *ling* grains in the field were infected.

The situation was exactly what he had predicted. In the following days, another two *shixiong*'s *ling* grains became infected with this kind of strange disease.

The higher ups of the sect still hadn't set out any measures. Guo Lu *shixiong* was still unconscious.

A layer of dark clouds covered Wu Kong Sword Sect.

There were still about two months before the time to harvest the *ling* grains. Everyone could only pray that the *ling* grains in their own fields would escape and endure to harvest.

However, prayers didn't do anything. This year, the number of outer

sect disciples who received not a seed quickly increased to ten people

Zuo Mo's luck seemed to have been used up. He became one of the ten people. The five *mu* in the yard was still good, but some withered *ling* grains started to appear in the fifty *mu* he rented from the sect.

His heart suddenly became nervous!

At no time had he ever thought he would leave the sect. Farming wasn't an easy job but he still lived well. From when he opened his eyes two years ago, he had lived at Wu Kong Mountain. This was like his home.

But if he couldn't completely pay the rent for the *ling* fields this year, he would be exiled out of the sect.

This was something he could not accept! Even more, if he left the yard, where would he go to find even the smallest section of *ling* vein?

Nothing was harder to accept than seeing the *ling* grains in the fields wither stalk by stalk. Nothing other than being unable to stop the spread made people feel despair. The harsh fishy odor waved off the fields. The rich fields became a pit of mud.

The sect was swarming with victims. The number of outer sect disciple that were infected by the strange disease increased to twenty five people. The remainder were also in danger.

The *ling* grains were almost entirely dry. Only at the spot nearest the ground could a hint of green be seen. If they couldn't find a way, when the vitality of this *ling* grains were completely gone, it would be too late.

Just as Zuo Mo was at his wit's end, suddenly a pink Little Thousand Crane appeared in front of his eyes.

"Damned woman! Making a bother at this time!" Zuo Mo saw this paper crane and couldn't help starting to swear.

He didn't have any intentions of picking the crane, sneering and musing to himself: "Humph, *ge* won't pay attention to you, go play by yourself."

After the sound landed, the Little Thousand Crane suddenly opened on its own.

"Ye, where are you waiting for me?"

A sweet and adorable voice wormed into his ears. It was like licking a mouthful of honey, or gently tickled at the heart. A person who was less resolute would have softened to the bones.

Zuo Mo stared with an open mouth at this pink paper that opened up on its own in front of him. On it was written exactly what the voice said.

Automatically unfolding, automatically speaking, automatically finding people

The tiny pink Little Thousand Crane showed so many wonders that let Zuo Mo's weak soul received an unprecedented battering.

He suddenly had a premonition. He might have provoked big trouble.

"Fine fine, it's not good to argue with a woman. *Ge* won't play with you!" He said to himself righteously.

"Wanting to use beauty to tempt me? Humph humph!" Zuo Mo sneered: "You're still tender. Not just a magic voice, but even if it was a peerless naked woman, *ge* can still calmly, heart as fixed as pine."

In the *ling* fields, there was only the sound of Zuo Mo's duck like voice singing: "I was originally a mirror, yet dust fell upon me, ya yi ya....."

Before his voice stopped, another pink Little Thousand Crane flew in front of him from the sky.

The exquisite pink Little Thousand Crane moved like stripping off clothing, the motions elegant as it automatically unfolded.

“Haha, ye, if you don’t reply, the next Little Thousand Crane, I’ll draw a Flame Exploding Seal.”

“Am I afraid?” Zuo Mo wasn’t scared: “Am I one that will lower his head due to power.....”

He suddenly posed, tilting his head and muttering to himself: “Flame Exploding Seal, where did I hear it.....”

Before his voice landed, he saw a pink Little Thousand Crane flying over from the corner of his eyes.

He scratched his head. It came again? How did the other find him? This was the part that made him the most curious. He had never heard of a Thousand Paper Crane having such an ability. Unless it was those people that were really powerful. But the powerful people, who would use something as washed-out as Little Thousand Cranes?

Wait, she said she would draw a flame exploding seal this time.....

Zuo Mo’s pupils widened and he unhesitatingly lifted his feet and started running.

Boom!

A sound of explosion came from behind him. A strong pressure wave forced Zuo Mo into a tumble, eating the dirt.

Zuo Mo dazed. As a beginner *xiuzhe* that was only knowledgeable at farming, things like explosions definitely shouldn’t appear in his life.

Struggling to sit up from the dirt, he looked at the large hole that had been exploded behind him, his expression dazed.

From the side, another pink Little Thousand Crane flew in front of him and was elegantly unfolded. But in Zuo Mo’s eyes there wasn’t any elegance, but only the grace that was filled with an empress’ favour.

The specialty of an empress’ favour was that it didn’t care whether you were willing or not.

“Ha ha, ye, in ten minutes, I want to draw a flaming explosion chain seal.”

Zuo Mo’s mind blanked and he jumped up from the ground like his ass was on fire. He grabbed the pink paper floating in front of him and ran in the direction of his residence.

Ten minutes!

Damned woman!

When the familiar yard appeared in his view, his lungs were burning, his throat smoking. Zuo Mo almost cried. Like the wind, he rushed into the yard. Like the wind, he rushed into the room. Like the wind, he found the cinnabar and weasel bristle brush.

“What do you really want?”

There wasn’t any of the easy and boldness of last time. It was so bitter like a weak woman that had a brute rush into her rooms in the middle of the night.

With the fastest speed, he folded the pink paper and with faster speed, he filled it with *ling* energy and patted his chest in trepidation as he watched it disappear into the horizon.

Zuo Mo felt he was really unlucky. Why did he be so idle as to pick up the paper crane? Why did he reply?

Thinking about the crowd of paper cranes flying down from the sky and then boom boom boom! With him as the center, within three miles, nothing would remain.

Zuo Mo’s head felt numb.

A short while later, a pink Little Thousand Crane flew in from the window.

“Haha, I just want to chat with ye. Life, philosophy, how interesting!”

Zuo Mo crisply raised a white flag: “I surrender!”

The other disregarded it: “Haha, what’s ye’s dream?”

“Earn *jingshi*.” Zuo Mo helplessly wrote down, full of humiliation.

“Can *jingshi* be earned?”

“In any case, I can’t shit it out.” Zuo Mo was just going to throw the broken pot.

.....

Before Zuo Mo became numb, he finally understood. The other was only a woman that was raised in deep protection, extremely bored, lonely, unfulfilled, thought of lives as grass yet was abnormally powerful. And it was this “abnormally powerful” that easily slayed any intentions of Zuo Mo to rebel.

A matter worth celebrating was that this woman had the habit of eating. For the first time, Zuo Mo was grateful for this habit that was gradually disappearing from the world. It rescued this poor lamb that he was.

Temporarily dispatching the woman, Zuo Mo took a breath. From the high nervousness at the beginning to the complete numbness at the end, Zuo Mo managed to completely experience the process of a soul being wounded.

This even made him not feel any more terror towards the *ling* grains that made Guo *shixiong* throw up blood. The experiences this afternoon made him believe, that in this world, there couldn’t be anything more scary than this terrifying woman.

He decided to try to rescue his fifty *mu* of *ling* grains.

He didn’t want to leave this place.

Chapter Fifteen “Little Yao”

The night came and Wu Kong Mountain was a piece of quiet.

Because it was far from Dong Fu, the life inside the mountain was extremely dull. When night arrived, the outer sect disciples would usually gather together to chat and entertain themselves. And the inner sect disciples would spend the majority of time on cultivation. From a certain point of view, the pressure that inner sect disciples had wasn't less than outer sect disciples. They needed to keep cultivating so they could qualify to attend Yao Hunt.

Once every ten years, if in a sword sect, there wasn't anyone who attended Yao Hunt, the sect would quickly disappear. This was common knowledge.

This was a trait of sword sects. They frequently would rise very quickly, but at the same time, their fall would be even faster. The number of sword sects with long histories could be counted on the fingers. All of them were enormous entities.

These matters weren't related to Zuo Mo. He had no connections to Yao Hunt.

In the night, he walked along on the mountain path. Under generations of care, the wild beasts on Wu Kong Mountains were extinct so he didn't need to worry for his safety.

From when he opened his eyes until now, the scenes of life flashed through his mind. His eyes became more resolute, his steps faster.

The sect didn't treat him especially well. However, he was used to the life here. It was somewhat hard, but it was safe.

The only knot in his heart was his origins. That dream that always appeared, this face that never had expression. It seemed to be telling him something. But until now, he didn't have a hint.

Other than this knot, he was very satisfied with his present life. Yet

he might be quickly facing the fate of being exiled from the sect.

Maybe one day, he would leave here. But not right now.

And there was also another reason that made him so decisive. It was an impulse moving restlessly in his heart. He didn't understand why but after the two previous encounters, the craving for battle seemed to have been activated in his bones.

Zuo Mo didn't know if this would count as "battle", but in his heart, the kind of confrontation didn't make him scared but he actually seemed to desire it.

With his eighth level of *lianqi*, the night was just like day, and he wasn't affected.

Very quickly, he reached his fifty *mu* of *ling* fields.

The speed of withering was extremely fast. It was more serious than when he had left this afternoon. Another large patch of *ling* grains showed signs of withering.

Walking to the nearest stalk of *ling* grains, smelling the fishy odor, he suddenly thought about the scene of Guo Lu *shixiong* choking up blood and fainting and hesitated. But this hesitation flashed before disappearing from his eyes. Replacing it was a burning light!

The aged gold energy flashed a dazzling gold in the dark. It was like a ball of fairies.

Zuo Mo took a deep breath. His right hand holding the aged gold energy, he placed it on the stem of the *ling* grain in front of him.

Boom!

It was as though he was suddenly pulled into another world.

Countless black seeds like dandelion seeds floated in the void, forming a black sea. This black sea swayed gently. Each time it moved, it gave out a vast energy.

Each of them was small and weak, but the energy that this piece of black sea exuded, even Zuo Mo couldn't find the urge to rebel.

He blankly faced this large black sea, not knowing what to do. The aged gold energy that was usually roiling and violent retreated behind him for the first time.

At the same time in Old Black's *ling* fields, there stood three people.

Among the three, one had a square face and a long beard, his expression stern and authoritative. The other was an old man thin like steel, ice in his eyes, his sword essence imposing. The last was a round person, a smile eternally on his face with great cheer.

If a disciple was here, they would jump in fright.

The authoritative one was the head of the sect, Pei Yuan Ran. The think like steel one was Xin Yan *Shishu*. The smiling fat one was Yan Le. Of the first generation of Wu Kong Sword Sect, three of the four were present. If this was passed out, a large fuss would occur in the sect.

"Does the two *shidi* recognize what this is?" Pei Yuan Ran asked in a deep voice. This time, the strange disease came so suspiciously without any forewarning. And it was so ferocious. In just a few days, almost half of the *ling* fields were damaged.

This meant that the *ling* grain harvest this year would be significantly damaged, the loss more than half. For a small sect like Wu Kong Sword Sect, this kind of loss was enough to affect their operations.

So when the news reached them, the leader of the sect and the other elders that never asked about the *ling* fields quickly came to look.

Yet the situation was even worse than they had imagined. All three of them were in a terrible mood.

Xin Yan shook his head: "Never seen it, but it can eat *ling*, so it should be *yao*, kill!" The last word was full of murderous intent, biting cold!

"Second *Shixiong* is right." Even Yan Le, the one always agreeable with a smile on his face, had a dark expression: "But *yao* has never stepped onto Wu Kong Mountain before. How did this small *yao*

come to our Wu Kong Mountain?”

“This matter is fishy.” Pei Yuan Ran mused, a hint of worry in his expression: “After three thousand years ago when the two races of *yaomo* retreated, in the thousands of years, nothing has ever been heard about *yaomo* appearing in the present territory of the Sword Rivers. But *yao* has appeared in our sect, it really is a puzzle.”

“*Shixiong* shouldn’t worry, just kill it.” Xin Yan frigidly replied: “Not just a little *yao* that hasn’t matured. But even the big *yao*, humph, those that died under my sword, there were many!”

Yan Le gave a reminiscing expression, smiling and adding: “Thinking about that year when the three of us hunted *yao*. Second *Shixiong*’s [Ice Dragon^[1] Sword] intimidated all the *yaomo*, and made them quake!”

The other two also showed expressions of recall.

“Let’s sort out this little *yao* first. Such a good moon, let’s go back and boil tea. It would be an experience.” Pei Yuan Ran smiled, suggesting.

Yan Le smiled and clapped: “That’s good. Second *Shixiong*, we’ll cover for you.”

Xin Yan didn’t decline. The ice in his eyes flashed and he summoned his flying sword.

A snowy white crystal sword appeared in the sky. The clean clarity of the body made the moon seem dull. Soaring in the night sky, it intimated. This was Xin Yan’s famous [Ice Dragon Sword].

“Go!”

A clear shout echoed in the surroundings.

The body of the Ice Dragon Sword trembled slightly and turned into a pure white icy dragon. The two eyes flashed viciously. Giving a low bellow, it changed into a flashing light and raced for the *ling* fields!

When the light was just about to attack the *ling* fields, something

unexpected happened.

A gust of black smoke came out of each stalk of withered *ling* grain. Those extremely thin black wisps of smoke grew in the wind. In a few blinks of the eye, the *ling* fields were covered in a layer of inky black smoke. Even the finger of a hand couldn't be seen in front of the eyes.

The three of Pei Yuan Ran were covered in smoke but were not the least bit panicked.

But they didn't know that not far away, there was an outer sect disciple that was also covered in the black smoke.

Zuo Mo was startled awake by Xin Yan's shout. But at this time, he suddenly found that he couldn't even take his consciousness away.

What he could see was still the countless black dandelion seeds flying everywhere!

But this clear shout from somewhere disturbed the piece of the sea. The black dandelion seeds started to surge like a large ocean that suddenly had a windstorm.

Fury, contempt, helplessness, sorrow.....

Many different emotions floated into Zuo Mo's heart. He was like a puppet, full of countless emotions that didn't belong to him. These emotions were limitless and restless, raging through Zuo Mo's consciousness.

But Zuo Mo's own consciousness was clearer than ever.

What was more tragic than even his consciousness being controlled?

Something suddenly seemed to have been touched in his heart. An unprecedented loathing and hatred suddenly rose!

Damn it!

Zuo Mo's body was shaking. Every joint in the entire body shaking. The shaking became even stronger, the scene extremely unsettling.

In the sea of consciousness, he furiously struggled, furiously shouted!

“Get out!”

A furious shout tore out, like the roar of thunder, and echoed in this borderless black sea.

And the raging emotions in his heart suddenly disappeared with his shout. He still could feel the different feelings transferring from the black sea but the emotions didn't take over his consciousness.

Immediately after, he saw something he would never forget.

A pure white sword blow, landing from the sky!

Just one sword!

The black sea he thought was vast and limitless was cleaved in two! He could not comprehend the vastness and strength of this sword. Zuo Mo was shocked still. His own sea of consciousness, at this moment, was frozen by this grand sword.

Terror, and instinct, it dominated every corner of his mind.

Everything seemed to slow down. After the sword strike that seemed to destroy the heavens, countless small sword essences, like sharks in a pack, chased those black dandelion seeds. Everywhere they passed, nothing was left.

The black sea gave out the feeling of panic, terror

Zuo Mo smiled. When the black sea controlled his emotions, it had infuriated him.

The battle ended very quickly. A second blow didn't materialize. This one blow was enough to erase the entire black sea. The *ling* grains returned to normal, except they were heavily damaged and needed time to recover. The control of his consciousness returned to him and he left the *ling* grain. He couldn't help wipe the cold sweat on his forehead.

The danger this night totally surpassed his imagination. Thinking

about it now, he couldn't help but still be scared.

He laid down on the ground, his entire body soft, soaked in sweat. The night wind blew and he shuddered.

He walked soullessly back to his own little yard.

What were those black dandelion seeds inside the *ling* grains? That sword strike that appeared out of nowhere, whose was it?

That one strike, the shock it gave him was really too strong! Bone-achingly cold, murderous intent overflowing, the meaning of the sword was branded in his mind. He suddenly understood why so many people would chose to cultivate the sword. To chase after power, wasn't it was the natural tendency of people?

Even more, it was such strong, such terrifying power!

The fifty *mu* of *ling* grains were finally saved. Even though this year's harvest would dramatically decrease, but he should still have the amount for this year's rent.

At this point, he heaved a sigh of relief. Sitting down, he started to inspect his own consciousness. He had never gone through something like his experience tonight. He was very worried this would affect him negatively.

As he started his mediation, his face suddenly changed!

In his sea of consciousness, there floated one black dandelion seed!

Notes

1. 螭: it is actually a dragon that doesn't have any horns. An immature dragon.

Chapter Sixteen “Sword Essence”

“Don’t forget!”

.....

“Even if you die, you mustn’t forget!”

.....

The strange yet familiar voice echoed like a nightmare.

Just like usual, Zuo Mo was startled awake from his dream. He grimaced as he sat up. Rationally, if he had the same dream this many time, he should be numb against it. But each time he woke up, he would find his body soaked in sweat. Even he felt that it was unimaginable.

The stars in the sky were brightly lit, the starlight falling down. Wu Kong Mountains was peaceful and quiet.

That dangerous scene from last night flashed before his eyes. He suddenly remembered that black dandelion seed in his sea of consciousness. He quickly went to inspect. It was still floating in his consciousness. There wasn’t any movement. He released a breath. No matter what method he used, it didn’t have any effect on this black dandelion seed.

He was somewhat worried. From a glance, it could be seen that this black dandelion seed wasn’t something good. Now that it suddenly ran into his sea of consciousness, it definitely wasn’t a good thing.

Should he wait a while and then go take a look at the doctor?

He mused inside. Waking up in the middle of the night, he didn’t have a hint of drowsiness. After thinking for a while, the matter of the black dandelion seed was thrown to one side. In this situation where he couldn’t think of any solutions, excessive worry was superfluous.

Limited by his cultivation, his sea of consciousness wasn’t large.

Other than that black dandelion seed, it was empty.

As he kept on thinking, he thought about that sword essence that flew over the heavens. The shock that that sword essence gave him was too large, deeply ingraining itself in his head.

He had never learned any sword scriptures but that didn't mean he didn't understand anything. In the outer sect disciples, there were many that practised sword scriptures. Because Wu Kong Sword Sect was a sword sect. Like Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, he mainly cultivated the sword, and had once been Luo Li *Shixiong*'s sword servant.

The so-called sword servant, they were the servants of sword *xiu*. They were responsible for cleaning the battlefield and some supplementary duties.

Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had the greatest battle strength in the outer sect disciples, and his battle experience was extremely rich. It was rumoured that he had even once killed sword *xiu* who were in the initial stages of *zhuji*. But he had seen how Wei Sheng *Shixiong* practising. The lights flew and it was very pretty, but compared to that sword essence, it was like a colourful paper bird, a poke and it would tear.

But the vast sword essence last night that seemed to cleave the heavens, he had never imagined anything like it. Under that sword strike, everything bowed. He was as tiny as an ant.

Just at this time, something unexpected occurred!

In his sea of consciousness, an icy and pure white sword essence appeared without a warning!

Zuo Mo's body froze, his eyes bulging and his breathing stopped.

A beat later, his cold body steadily warmed. His eyes slowly recovered the spirit. He heavily exhaled, shock filling his eyes.

Why was it like this?

That suddenly appearing sword essence, it was exactly the same as

that terrifying sword strike last night!

Having no guards against it, that sword strike almost cleaved his sea of consciousness in half. The pure and cold murderous intent contained in the sword strike directly made him stop breathing, all the organs in his body at that moment stop moving!

He still felt trepidation and didn't understand what had happened at all.

It wasn't possible!

Having the black dandelion seed exist in his consciousness was enough to make him terrified, now there was the addition of a sword essence!

No!

When he inspected before, he didn't find this sword essence!

Leaving his sea of consciousness, he thought back in great detail on how the sword essence had appeared. Then he found, just when the sword essence had appeared, it was exactly when he was in the sea of consciousness facing the black dandelion seed when he remembered the sword essence.

A bold idea suddenly appeared in his head.

Was it that this sword essence had been released by that black dandelion seed?

This freakish idea, once it came out, it couldn't be pushed down.

His sea of consciousness turned back into a void. The black dandelion seed floated around alone in the void. Zuo Mo hesitated. That sword essence was too strong. Just right now, the blow to his body and soul were extreme.

But the desire to understand what happened quickly won. He gritted his teeth!

Go for it!

Facing the black dandelion seed, he thought back to that sword

essence!

Hiss!

A silvery white sword essence flew out!

Splat!

Zuo Mo's body froze and he threw up a mouthful of blood.

A second later, "Hahahaha!" The sound of laughter rang out of the little yard. Zuo Mo's mouth was smeared with blood, frightening to the eye, yet his face was joyous.

It really was that black dandelion seed! The sword essence really was released by it!

Having prepared this time, he saw it clearly. Not just that, he also found that this sword essence was completely different than what he had seen last time. Or, more correctly, it was even clearer! And because of it, its undoubted power was exposed. How could Zuo Mo's fragile spirit endure the blow of such a strong sword essence? So he was wounded and spat blood.

But even wounded, Zuo Mo couldn't help roar with laughter.

If he could comprehend this sword essence

Before last night, he didn't have a bit of interest in sword *xīu*. But that pure and icy sword energy planted a seed in his heart. A seed that was interested in strength.

But Zuo Mo quickly came out from his joy. This sword strike was extremely strong, nothing he could bear.

His head started to ache. After receiving two blows from the stroke strike, his spirit was already wounded. And, thinking about the pain as his body being completely frozen, his consciousness easily being split in half, his face slightly paled.

Comprehending this sword essence, there were many benefits. But, at the same time, he had to pay a painful price. The spirit being wounded, it was much harder to heal than other wounds.

The pain at his head made him hiss repeatedly. Grabbing the sound tablet beside him, he pushed in *ling* energy.

“Fierce conflict has once again exploded at Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie*.....”

The voice inside the sound tablet made Zuo Mo pause. The sound tablet was an essential part of his life. He would listen to the sound tablet each night to go to sleep. In this length of time, there was a clear increase in the news about the conflict at Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie*.

Was it the *yaomo* were discontent at being suppressed for so long and was starting to counterattack?

He thought humorously, but he quickly threw the question to one side. No matter if it was Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie*, or *yaomo*, it was one hundred thousand miles away from him, completely unrelated. He didn't even think the *yaomo* would make a ripple. Three thousand years ago, the war between the *xiuzhe* and *yaomo*, it ended in a complete victory for the *xiuzhe*. If there wasn't a Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie* stopping the forward progress of the *xiuzhe*, it was very likely that the *yaomo* would have already been completely eradicated.

Following that was some news on the Sword Test Conference. Zuo Mo wasn't very interested.

Suddenly, his head felt like it was cracking. Zuo Mo grunted as he hugged his head. His consciousness was wounded.

The greatest pain in a life came when a beautiful woman dropped out of the sky, but at the same time, there also dropped a nasty dragon that guarded the beauty.

Even more painful was just when they saw the peerless face of the beauty, they were kicked by the evil dragon at the weak spot.

Zuo Mo wailed inside. Fixing his consciousness was his most important priority right now. However, to a low-level *xiuzhe* with only the cultivation of *lianqi* eighth level, fixing consciousness was a

question that was far out of his power.

Pain!

It was like the deepest part of the brain was being lightly craved by someone using a small knife. Just a while and Zuo Mo was almost insane.

Hugging his head as he sat on the roof, the painful groans continued.

Zuo Mo wanted to cry. Holding his head, he almost crawled to move to the meditation mat in the seclusion room.

His only hope right now was that mediation could decrease the pain. Very quickly, the cruel reality destroyed his last hope. No matter how he used the *ling* energy, the pain of his spirit didn't lessen.

His entire person seemed to have been chopped in two, but his body was well.

He hugged his head, rolling and groaning on the floor. Gradually, the sound of wailing became lower.

Those who are ignorant have no fear. He had only the most pitiful understanding of the spirit. If his cultivation was just a bit deeper, he would understand more and wouldn't dare to be so impulsive. Fixing a consciousness, even those *xiuzhe* who had a cultivation of *ningmai*, didn't have many solutions. Unless *jindan* cultivators lent a hand, fixing would be easier.

But, if a *jindan* gave aid, that price definitely wasn't a small one.

Low-level *xiuzhe* didn't dare to touch the spirit. Not even the Zen *xiu* who specialized in the consciousness, before the stage of *jindan*, they also wouldn't dare.

Zuo Mo was just a low-level *xiuzhe* who just achieve the eighth level of *lianqi*. His sea of consciousness suffered two continuous blows that far surpassed his ability to bear. The fact that he didn't already die was a miracle.

A wound to the consciousness, if there wasn't an outside power to

heal it, it wouldn't disappear.

The pitiful Zuo Mo curled completely into a ball. He didn't have the strength to roll anymore. His breathing was shallow, his awareness fuzzy.

Faintly, he seemed to hear someone was talking.

"Thou wants to live?"

A simple and desolate voice, upright and imposing.

"Save me!" Zuo Mo heard his weak answer filled with joy and pleading.

"To abide by my ceremony, to execute my desires, to give my oath, will thou?"

"Too outrageous!" Zuo Mo, on his last breaths, couldn't help but wail. He suddenly had the feeling he had been tricked.

"Will thou?" the imposing voice was like thunder, filled with oppression.

"Go to hell!" Zuo Mo unexpectedly raged: "Don't assume that I don't know it's you that tricked....." He still wanted to curse, but the pain of his spirit was so extreme he couldn't help but scream.

"Will thou?"

"Go to hell!" Zuo Mo swore as he screamed. At the same time, he raised his middle finger.

.....

"Will thou?"

"Go to hell!" Zuo Mo didn't even have the energy to scream, much less raise the middle finger. He could only weakly whine.

.....

"Will thou?"

"Go to hell!" Zuo Mo's answer was like the whine of a mosquito, the

sound thin, like a hair strand.

.....

“Will thou?”

“Go to hell.....”

Zuo Mo’s awareness was a puddle of dizziness as he struggled.

.....

That imposing and authoritative sound finally silenced. At this time, Zuo Mo’s awareness was completely muddled, everything in the surroundings indistinct.

In his dizziness, he didn’t know if it was his delusion. That voice spoke again, no dignity left, only loneliness.

“The ceremony lost, the desire dead, only the oath once taken.....”

The voice seemed further and further away from him. He became unconscious.

In the sea of consciousness of Zuo Mo who was in a coma, that black dandelion seed that had been floating quietly landed.

As it landed, it penetrated into the sea of consciousness, grew roots, germinated, bloomed, bore fruit. Countless black dandelion seeds continuously spilled, floating to every corner of Zuo Mo’s consciousness.

In the blink of an eye, the sea of consciousness became a black sea. The black sea suddenly broke. Countless fragments floated up like black flowers, turning into countless wisps of black smoke.

The black smoke transformed into a figure of a person.

Chapter Seventeen “Pu”

[1]

Zuo Mo slowly woke up. His head was still aching, but compared to the pain that had cut through his entire body, it was much less.

Thinking of what had happened before he went unconscious, his face suddenly changed.

He always had been one with a clear mind. Under the situation where his head was aware and he could think clearly, he quickly organized the cause and result. Without any great need to think, it was definitely that black dandelion seed that was the culprit.

The one that released the sword essence was him. And the one that pressured him was also that one.

Thinking about it, Zuo Mo's heart burned in anger.

That guy tried to play tricks on his head, he didn't know what he was getting into!

He suddenly thought that he had said something before he went unconscious, and his face changed. Was it that he didn't persevere and had capitulated?

Thinking about this, he quickly calmed his mind and entered his consciousness.

When he enters the sea, he was stupefied.

On the undulating hills, it was groups of large ancient trees. The green grass was like a carpet, spreading out in patches. Fine wild flowers mixed within the grass, adding hints of life.

It was as though he walked into a forest.

Before, his sea of consciousness was only empty space. This living and breathing scene in front of him.....

Zuo Mo was completely pinned to the ground. The scene in front of his eye far surpassed the limits of his understanding.

He dazedly walked on the grass, feeling the softness of the grass under his feet. The smell of the green grass wafted into his nose. Zuo Mo was dazed. He was only an eighth level *lianqi* low-level *xiuzhe*.

When his gaze turned towards a hill without any trees, he instantly came back.

He started to run like a maniac towards that hill.

On the hill, a man dressed in black was sitting on a stele, black clouds moving around it. One hand was lying on the leg, another propped up his chin, his expression carefree and pleased.

When he neared, Zuo Mo finally made out the black-clad man's appearance.

A perfect face!

Zuo Mo had never thought men could be so handsome. An androgynous face, a high nose, the raven black hair covering up the left eye, the right eye as narrow and long as a blade, the serene crimson red pupil was like a bottomless blood pool, the thin and wide lips eternally held a shallow yet strange curve. A piece of dark red rhombus shaped crystals were in each earlobe, the wide black clothing soft and smooth, just like his hair, it gave off a black glow as it kept close to his body, full of a strange enticement.

Zuo Mo blanked at his position, not knowing what to say. He was only the most normal disciple of a small sect. When had he ever seen someone so outstanding?

"I am called Pu." A sweet-sounding and beautiful voice. He propped up his chin, looking in interest at Zuo Mo, the curve of his mouth more evident: "What are you called?"

"Zuo Mo." He replied dumbly. He definitely was dreaming. Pu seemed to be just sitting there but all the light in the sea of consciousness seemed to have been unconsciously sucked away to

him. Zuo Mo had seen those female disciples at the Eastern Peak. Not one of them was better looking than Pu.

When a man looked like this, he probably would want to cry.

When this thought came out, Zuo Mo came back to awareness. Pu's enticing and shocking aura was instantly shattered by this humorous thought.

Seeming to have noticed Zuo Mo returning to his senses, Pu smiled gently, and wasn't irritated. He still used his melodious voice: "It seems we will have to be in contact for a long time. But I believe we will have delightful interactions. Oh, right, this is for you."

Pu casually threw a glowing ball at Zuo Mo. On the surface of the ball, countless seals flashed.

"What is it?" Zuo Mo instinctively received the glowing ball.

Boom.

It was as though he was struck by thunder, his body frozen. Countless characters were shoved into him mind, circulating relentlessly.

"[Embryonic Breathing Spirit Cultivation], just a little plaything. It can repair your spirit, count that as a greeting gift." Pu's tone was lazy: "Even though I want to live for free, but there's no other way. Your sea of consciousness is so broken. Fix the sea of consciousness quickly, otherwise I have to find another place again."

He gracefully waved his hand. Zuo Mo, still unmoving at his spot, felt the space around his body tighten. When he opened his eyes, he found that he had come out of his sea of consciousness.

His heart was suddenly terrified. Pu seemed to be even stronger than he had imagined. A person like this that he couldn't control in his consciousness, no wait, controlling his sea of consciousness! He had no joy at receiving [Embryonic breathing Spirit Cultivation]. Terror spread through his body like poison.

Managing to swallow his saliva and suppressing the terror in his

heart, he pondered what to do.

Report to the sect?

In these two years, he had only seen the head of the sect once. That was when he had been picked by the leader and when he opened his eyes. As to the other elders and *shishu*, he had never even met them.

What he was really worried about was another conjecture.

He was very suspicious, Pu was very likely to be a *yaomo*!

Such a beautiful *yaomo*, he almost couldn't believe it, but for some reason, this suspicion was like a maggot burrowing into the bones, taking root in his mind, unable to be swept away.

Zuo Mo had never seen *yaomo*, all his ideas about *yaomo* came from the sound tablet. When it mentioned *yaomo*, it was killing, it was death and bleeding. But the between *yaomo* and *xiuzhe* were that of natural enemies, he was very clear about that. Destroying *yaomo* was the duty of each *xiuzhe*, no matter where.

However, Zuo Mo was a beginner *xiuzhe* whose cultivation just reached the eighth level of *lianqi*. Not speaking of destroying *yaomo*, the *yaomo* wouldn't even lower themselves to destroying him.

What he was more worried about was that if someone else knew that a *yaomo* was in his body, he definitely would be destroyed, ground until not a trace could be found. In the eyes of those higher level *xiuzhe*, just an eighth level *lianqi* like him, he couldn't even be considered cannon fodder.

Maybe, they would throw him straight into the *dan*^[2] furnace and get refined with the *yaomo*.....

He couldn't help but shudder, his heart beating furiously. He quickly stopped those terrifying thoughts.

In a daze, for the next two days, Zuo Mo seemed to not be in this mortal coil.

He naturally had to practise [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. Otherwise, before he could be crippled by Pu Yao, he would cripple himself first. Pu Yao, that was the new name Zuo Mo gave Pu. Regardless if he was a *yao*, just how he looked, he deserved the character of *yao*.

The effects were very good. After a few days, half of his spirit had recovered. But Zuo Mo felt no gratefulness towards Pu Yao. Because he finally remembered, the reason that his consciousness was wounded, it was Pu Yao's fault.

In these few days, he didn't go to his sea of consciousness.

If it was said at the first glance, the deepest impression Pu Yao left on Zuo Mo was enchanting, now, enchanting changed to wicked!

What did the guy really want?

That was the true cause of the terror.

Zuo Mo quickly found that his life became incomparably terrible. To a *xiuzhe* whose goal was to become a *ling* plant farmer, living was the most important.

He decided to have a discussion with Pu Yao.

Just like last time, Pu Yao sat on the stele idly, in the same black clothing. Seeing Zuo Mo he smiled. That smile coming among the thick black smoke revolving around, it made him look full of evil. The conjecture about whether or not Pu was *yaomo* jumped out again of its own accord.

Zuo Mo's heart shook. He didn't lack in courage, but when the other was in complete control, he wouldn't do such a stupid thing as to express bravery. He suddenly noticed the stone stele under Pu's body. Half a person high, the stone stele was shrouded in black clouds. When he accidentally swept across the surface of the stone stele, he couldn't help but be shocked.

Grave!

This was a grave!

It wasn't a stone stele, it was a gravestone!

He instantly was frightened, his heartbeat speeding up.

"What? Wanted to find me for a chat?" A lazy voice. He didn't know if it was this gravestone at fault but Zuo Mo felt that Pu's voice was full of a kind of dark coldness that easily seeped into one's heart.

Zuo Mo calmed his emotions, a fawning smile on his face: "*Da ge*,^[3] look, my cultivation is this weak, and my body is all bones, there isn't a few catties of meat, not good to eat."

"Eat?" Pu suddenly smiled. He opened his dark red right eye, slowly speaking: "Speaking of delicious human meat, oh, that's so long ago. The best human meat, there's a lot to consider. The best is sixteen or seventeen year old girls. Tender meat, crunchy bones. Yum, yum."

A scarlet tongue licked the lips, his expression full of reflection.

Zuo Mo's heart was beating out of his chest. He forced a smile: "Yeah, yeah, see, shouldn't you change a person?"

"Change a person?" Pu tilted his head, staring at Zuo Mo: "What? You don't like it? Feeling that I took over your space?"

Being pierced by Pu's deep red right eyes, cold spread through Zuo Mo's heart. He hurriedly waved his hand: "No, no! This is my honor! Honor!"

He seemed to be very satisfied with Zuo Mo's answer. Pu took away his gaze, his right eye closing again, his mouth absent-mindedly asking: "In your generation of disciples, how many are *jindan*? Ten?"

Zuo Mo shook his head.

"Eight?"

Zuo Mo continued to shake his head.

"Five?"

Zuo Mo finally couldn't endure it. He felt the other was making fun of

him: “Not a single one. In the *shixiong* of this generation, the highest cultivation is the last stages of *zhuji*.”

For the first time, a shocked expression came onto Pu’s face with his closed right eye. This made Zuo Mo feel smug.

After a while, Pu shook his head, sighing: “No wonder you suck so much.”

Zuo Mo almost spat blood.

Pu opened his eye, his gaze once again landing on Zuo Mo’s body. He examined up and down, his hand propping up his chin, murmuring to himself: “The body is really weak. Hmm?”

Zuo Mo was very irritated at how the other was discussing him like he was examining an object, but Pu’s “hmm” made his heart jump.

“Is something wrong?” He couldn’t ask hurriedly. He knew his body wasn’t normal. The hard zombie-face, and that dream that appeared countless times, it was like a thorn in his heart.

Pu lifted his head, the hair in front of his forehead almost covering the left half of his face. The crimson right eye that wasn’t covered glanced at Zuo Mo’s face, one corner of his mouth lifting: “No problem.”

“Alright, you suck very much, but not to a terminal point.” Pu returned back to his lazy tone of voice.

“I wanted to ask... ..” Zuo Mo decided to lay his cards on the table with Pu. He wanted to find out what Pu’s true aims were.

“Oh, right.” Pu interrupted Zuo Mo. His blood-red right eye narrowed, his thin lips lifting upward on an angle: “Started practising [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation. How is it, is the effects alright? Almost forgot to tell you, [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation is good, but it has one pesky problem.”

Zuo Mo’s heart beat frantically. He had a bad feeling.

“Once [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] is started, it can’t be stopped. Supposedly, if one can’t get to the first embryonic

breath in three months, there would be some minor problems.”

He raised his right hand, spreading his five fingers, the corner of his mouth raising higher, the fresh red of his eye even brighter: “Really, it’s just small pains such as blood flowing in reverse. Oh, did you know, before I had a very creative friend. He was in charge of the torture prisons.”

Pu seemed to be telling a story, actively narrating.

“One time, he encountered a very hard nut. He tried everything but couldn’t break open this guy’s mouth. He then begged for this method from me. He sent a subordinate to pretend to be a criminal and near this guy. And then, using his subordinate’s mouth, he passed this scripture over to him. Oh, you have to know, I always admired this guy. Creative, and patient.”

He said with a few hints of glee: “Such a pity that this criminal didn’t have much talent. Three months, he didn’t reach one embryonic breath. Oh, I always felt, it must have been that my friend purposefully left out a few words.”

“And then?” Zuo Mo asked, his voice shaking.

“And then?” The smile on Pu’s face became even brighter: “Cracked on the thirty-first day. But my friend was a soft-hearted one and didn’t kill him. Left him hanging for three months. Each day, he begged my friend to kill him. Listening to the exquisite and mellow wailing, such an experience! Supposedly, when he died, oh, his soul just exploded like a firework, extremely beautiful.”

A bone-aching cold spread over Zuo Mo’s entire body.

His pitiful nerves were like a spring that was pushed to its limits. All the accumulated anger exploded in one instant. He lost his rationality and screamed as he leapt at Pu.

—“You perverse *renyao*!^[4] Ye’ll kill you!”

1. It is pronounced a bit like “poo”. The character used is the same one that is usually used for dandelion.
2. 丹: pill, pellet. Common used as “pills of immortality” by Chinese emperors in search of eternal life. A gaming equivalent would be potions.
3. 大哥: big brother
4. 人妖: Hong Kong slang for Thailand transvestites. It was then adopted as internet slang for males that used female avatars in MMORPGs. It's also used to describe “girliness” in boys. The literal meaning is human-spirit. In this case here, Pu is really a *yao*, and he does look androgynous.

Chapter Eighteen “Soup”

In the seclusion room, Zuo Mo mediated with his legs in the lotus position.

He was furiously practising [Embryonic Breathing Spirit Cultivation], the damned [Embryonic Breathing Spirit Cultivation]!

The damned Pu Yao!

He cursed the maniac countless times. After exploding yesterday night, he was brutally oppressed. His consciousness was once again heavily wounded, torn to pieces by Pu Yao. The result of the wounds in his consciousness was the heart-wrenching pain. Now, without needing Pu Yao's urging, he furiously practised [Embryonic Breathing Spirit Cultivation].

Once his head cooled down, Zuo Mo wanted to cry. That night, he should have never gone to the *ling* fields. Thinking about Pu Yao, that coldness and cunning that could burrow into the bones, it was like a venomous snake slowly sliding up the bottom of his pants. That uncontrollable terror spread through the entire body.

The brutal suppression last night, it also made him attain a deep understanding of an unattainable gap between the power levels of the two of them.

A strong, perverse madman!

Zuo Mo already expected that his future was a patch of darkness.

This guy didn't have goodwill from the very start. From the black sea in the beginning, to the sword energy, and his spirit being wounded, then to [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], step by step, he became the lamb being led to slaughter.

The pitiful him, he had thought that there was only a bad-tempered neighbour living in there, he didn't think it was a wicked *yaomo*.

If he was only suspicious before, now he was one hundred percent

sure that Pu was *yaomo*. Other than *yaomo*, who would be so evil?

Slowly waking up, like the chaos before creation, Zuo Mo opened his eyes and lightly breathed out that breath of air that had been circulating inside his body all this time.

This breath was long and continuous. When it was being exhaled, it was as concise as an arrow.

Zuo Mo felt slightly reassured. This [Embryonic Breathing Spirit Cultivation] was a miracle. The pain in his spirit had lessened greatly and he could clearly feel his spirit stabilizing. When Pu Yao had just flicked his finger last night, his consciousness had almost been completely scattered.

He didn't know where [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] came from. The words were cryptic and hard to understand. The syntax it used was the opposite of the jade stick that Zuo Mo had brought. He had used a lot of energy before he barely managed to understand the first chapter.

He didn't think to go ask Pu Yao. The lessons in tears and blood told him, to try to take advantage of that guy, just wait to get tricked.

The first chapter was called [Chapter of Spiritual Concentration], it talked about how to meditate and condense the spirit, stabilizing the consciousness.

This was exactly what Zuo Mo needed at the moment. After continuous injury, his consciousness was almost in shreds. If he couldn't fix it soon, it was probably that he could enter madness. As to the one breath Pu Yao mentioned, it meant being able to complete a whole embryonic breath.

Embryonic breath was the core of [Embryonic Breath Spiritual Cultivation] and it was the most basic cultivation method. It was also a kind of breathing that Zuo Mo hadn't even heard of. Supposedly, it originated in the breathing of humans when they were embryos. They didn't need to use mouth and nose to breath, but required to use the entire body as opening, take the air as thin strands and suck it in bit by bit before spreading it throughout the body. Hundreds of

these tiny streams of air would circulate through the body, merge and then exhaled through the nose and mouth.

The holes and points on the body were like the stars in a galaxy. They couldn't be measured. The nose and mouth were the biggest, the points on the body were second. The most abundant were those small, unable to be seen tiny holes that spread around the body.

Zuo Mo was very curious how the elder that had created this scripture had thought of such an outlandish method. Like goes with like. The scripture that Pu Yao, that crazy abnormal madman, threw out, it was just as abnormal as him.

He still couldn't find a way to finish a whole embryonic breath.

Pu Yao's words weren't empty threats. It was clearly written in the [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. The last few days, he was really still using his nose and mouth to breath. No matter what, his first priority was stabilizing his spirit. If his spirit was unstable, just the occasional pain was enough to take Zuo Mo's little life.

But when Zuo Mo's consciousness managed to slightly stabilize, he would have to face a question. The question of completing a whole embryonic breath. One breath, it was the trademark of the introduction to [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation].

The deadline of three months was like a cloud over his head.

When he thought about the light of insanity in Pu Yao's eyes when he talked about torture, Zuo Mo was certain if he really couldn't achieve one breath in the three months and was facing a reversal of blood flow, Pu Yao would be watching in interest from the side at his painful state.

Such a tragic life!

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and cursed the *renyao* inside, the fires of anger burning.

Suddenly, news from the sound tablet beside him aroused his attention.

“Continuing after the increase in price of the *ling* grains last month, this month’s *ling* grains price once again increases. The demand for high grade *ling* grains has greatly increased, pulling along the price of low-grade *ling* grains to also increase.....”

He shook. The price of *ling* grains were rising! This was undoubtedly the best news he heard in the last few days.

Pu Yao suddenly came out: “Such an interesting thing.”

Zuo Mo started with wide eyes. A long pause later, he finally managed to react, pointing at Pu Yao, incoherently asking: “You you you ran out?”

Pu Yao blinked his dark red right eye: “Why why why can’t I come out?”

“Don’t you have to stay in the consciousness?” Zuo Mo asked dumbly.

“Who told you that?” Pu Yao turned to him, face baffled, as he asked in return.

Zuo Mo was speechless. Inside, he couldn’t help but wail. It seemed that he didn’t even have the last bit of bargaining power. So the other could really move out

Pu Yao listened for a while and yawned: “Oh, looks like a war is starting.”

“War?” Zuo Mo didn’t understand.

Pu Yao didn’t explain. He swept the sound tablet into his grasp, and faintly stated: “This thing is mine now.” Before the voice landed, he disappeared with the sound tablet.

“Damned *renyao*!” Zuo Mo’s furious shout echoed in empty yard.

At this time, he suddenly heard someone knocking on the door.

Zuo Mo was curious inside. Who could it be? Usually, no one would run to his place here. Running over and opening the door, Xiao Guo pitifully stood outside.

She was holding a clay pot in her hands. Seeing Zuo Mo, her body instantly shrunk back, and timidly greeted: "*Shixiong*."

"What's the problem now?" Zuo Mo rarely had a good mood for this little bit of trouble. For some reason, whenever he saw the timidity on Xiao Guo's face, he could never control his tone of voice.

"No no!" Xiao Guo shook her head like a rattle-drum, hurriedly explaining: "Xiao Guo has come to give something to *Shixiong*. Last time when *Shixiong* helped Xiao Guo, Xiao Guo hadn't thanked *Shixiong*."

As she spoke, her little mouth twisted, and the mist in her eyes rose, with tears in her voice, she muttered: "Xiao Guo doesn't have *jingshi*....."

Seeing the direction wasn't right, Zuo Mo hurriedly shouted: "Stop!"

Xiao Guo was frightened to shrink back even more, but her crying instantly disappeared.

She carefully put the clay pot in front of Zuo Mo and like a rabbit, she jumped back. She timidly looked at Zuo Mo and gathered her courage to say: "This is some soup Xiao Guo made, *Shixiong*..... *Shixiong*, just take a sip, you just have to take one sit....."

Before she could finish speaking, she descended into incoherency, her face so red due to anxiety it almost bled. She couldn't control it and covered her face as she turned and ran.

After running a few dozen steps, she suddenly stopped. Hesitating, she turned and yelled: "*Shixiong*, if it really doesn't taste good, youyou should throw it out....."

Zuo Mo watched as Xiao Guo disappeared and then at the clay pot in front of his feet. He bent down and lifted it.

The soup was still warm.

Raising the clay pot, he took a mouthful. The soup was thick and fragrant.

“The taste isn’t bad.” Zuo Mo said to himself. He drained it to the bottom and turned, holding the empty pot, to go back to his room.

Pu Yao suddenly emerged, the crimson snake-like tongue unable to resist licking the lips, his two eyes gazing in the direction Xiao Guo disappeared in: “Such a tender little girl.”

Zuo Mo stared in shock at him.

Pu Yao turned around his peerlessly handsome face. At this time, he seemed like a gluttonous cat, the light flashing in his deep red eye: “Such good lucky, this little girl’s meat definitely would be very tender and delicious.”

Zuo Mo suddenly erupted, raising his hand to viciously throw the empty pot in his right hand at Pu Yao.

Bang, the pot cracked, the pieces scattering.

“Get lost!”

The Thousand Wings Ship stopped in midair.

Li Xian Er looked at the green moon star outside the window, her fine brows furrowed: “It’s seems that the little *yao* ran away. Uncle Chi Ye, has there been a reply from the sect?”

Chi Ye *zhenren* shook his head: “Miss, there are thousands of *yaomo* suppressed under the Yao Smelting Tower. And it was a long time ago, there’s nothing to research. Most of them came from the great battle three thousand years ago, captured by our sect’s supreme power. Most of these *yaomo* are ones of great power, difficult to kill so they were suppressed under the Yao Smelting Power, to be slowly destroyed. I’ve never thought that these *yaomo* were this tenacious. After three thousand years, yet there were still survivors!”

Li Xian Er revealed a reminiscing expression: “Three thousand years ago, our sect was so strong!”

Chi Ye *zhenren* sighed as well: “Not just our sect. Three thousand years ago, each sect in in the cultivation world were far more

powerful than now. The ten thousand strong alliance of the *yaomo* were completely eradicated by the elders. And it was that battle that the *xiuzhe* established today's status."

And then he gave an expression full of pity: "However, even though the *yaomo* were almost completely captured, but the *xiuzhe* were also greatly wounded. Only one in ten of the great powers remained. Many sects fell in that great war, countless scriptures were lost. Three thousand years, and the *xiuzhe* still cannot recover to the prosperity of the past. However, compared to us, the blow the *yaomo* suffered were even greater. These years, have you seen them ever break through the Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie*?"

Li Xian Er listened, entranced. Even though it was history she already knew but hearing it each time, it still captured her mind.

"Grandpa is calling me back." She pouted her little mouth, face full of unwillingness: "It was so hard getting a chance to come out, and this was so short and he's urging me back. We didn't even catch the little *yao* yet. If we return, it should wait after I catch the little *yao*."

Chi Ye *zhenren* looked at the innocence on her face and a hint of indulgence flashed across his face, but he still urged: "Miss, the sect leader urging Miss to go back, it's probably due to another matter."

"What matter could there be?" She lightly snorted: "Probably just another genius of some sect that has come. Grandpa is really obsessed with those sword *xiu* lately. I really hate the sword *xiu*, each of them arrogant and disrespectful."

Chi Ye *zhenren* smiled, replying: "These days, didn't Miss play very happily with a sword *xiu*?"

"You mean that funny idiot, who said he's a sword *xiu*?" Li Xian Er refuted.

"Tian Yue *Jie* is the territory of sword *xiu*. Here, out of ten people, nine are sword *xiu*."

"Maybe he's just that one." Li Xian Er objected. She suddenly revealed a distressed expression: "Returning, I won't have a way to

use the little thousand cranes. It was so hard to find an interesting person, but I can't play anymore."

Seeing the vexation on her face, Chi Ye *zhenren* couldn't bear it: "If Miss likes it, why don't I make a transportation formation at Tian Yue *Jie* and get a disciple to guard it. Miss' Thousand Guide Crane can come through the transportation formation. Once it gets over, the thousand guide crane can automatically find him."

Li Xian Er was happy: "Uncle Chi Ye is the best! Haha, he probably still assumes that Xian Er's paper crane is the normal little thousand cranes."

Chi Ye *zhenren*'s heart was comforted, and he smiled, complimenting: "The thousand guide crane that Miss invented, even the elders in the sect praise it."

Li Xian Er proudly pouted: "Of course!"

Chapter Nineteen “Shixiong Wei Sheng”

The breeze blew coolly. Again and again, Zuo Mo practised the finger movements. The fingers moved faster and fast, but suddenly, with a crisp sound, the fingers paused and turned into a mess.

This was already the seventh time.

Practicing finger motions today, he wasn't successful once.

Exhaling a long breath, he suppressed the fretfulness in his heart. The finger motions of [The Art of Flora] were complicated. If his mind wasn't calm, it was easy to make mistakes. But how could Zuo Mo calm down his mind? Two months have passed but he still couldn't complete one Embryonic breath. That wasn't what made him most discourage was that he was unable to find the door. Before, no matter if he was studying [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] or the other four spells in the jade stick that he had brought, even if he temporarily could understand, but at the very least, he knew in which direction to work in.

But after he fixed his consciousness using [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], he couldn't find the direction. He wanted to spend more time, however, the amount of time spend practising [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] couldn't be over four hours. The ball of light hadn't explicitly stated why it couldn't surpass four hours but Zuo Mo was suspicious it could cause harm so he didn't dare to experiment.

According to the directions in the ball, he only needed to stop breathing with the nose and mouth before he would be able to turn to embryonic breathing.

But not matter how he close his breathing, the instinct for living always made him unconsciously open his mouth. He couldn't even find the feeling of the embryonic breathing.

In the following two months, other than his consciousness recovering to full health, he hadn't made any new breakthroughs.

In the rest of the time, he could only practise other spells. What was unexpected to him were that the great speeds his *ling* energy and spellwork improved. Especially his spellwork. Other than [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] and [Art of Aged Gold], in just two short months, he managed to elevate the remaining three spells to the second level.

This kind of speed, even he found it unimaginable.

Other than joy, his heart was also worried. [Embryonic Breathing Spirit Cultivation] hadn't improved at all. There was only one month left until the three month deadline. Whether a reversal of blood flow was as horrifying as Pu Yao said, he wasn't clear, but any of the feelings he got from the four words were not good ones. He tried to ask for aid from Pu Yao, but Pu Yao's sneer instantly provoked him.

For some unknown reason, he was easily enraged in front of Pu Yao.

The *ling* grains had a bountiful harvest. Compared to the other *shixiong*, the output of his *ling* grains were clearly higher. In the disaster last time, even though his *ling* grains were affected, but the situation had been much better than Old Black and the others. After that, he basically didn't try to conceal it. [Art of Flora], [Art of Earth Energy], [Art of Aged Gold] were all used. Only [Art of Crimson Flame], due to the fact that it was opposite the *yin* attribute of the *ling* grains, was not used.

Adding on the five *mu* of *ling* fields in the yard, the overall output far surpassed his estimates.

Taking out the rent for the sect, he kept a portion of the *ling* grains for his own use before selling all of the rest. His income was sixty two pieces of second-grade *jingshi*. Adding on the fifteen pieces of second-grade *jingshi* from last last time from Li Ying Feng, his total assets now totalled seventy seven pieces of second-grade *jingshi*. The reason that he had profited so much was that the price of *ling* grains were increasing.

Even Old Black, so seriously affected by the calamity, had enough to pay the sect's rent. It could be seen just how much the price of *ling* grains had grown on the market.

And the other thing that made Zuo Mo worried was Hao Min *Shijie* and Luo Li *Shixiong*. Up until now, those two still hadn't returned to the sect. In the past few days, he had found that some of the *ling* herbs in the medicine fields of Cold Mist Valley were showing hints of illness. Taking care of *ling* herbs was an extremely meticulous job, much more care was needed than taking care of *ling* grains. His own [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] could only guarantee their water intake. From the perspective of the plant, this was just its most basic requirement.

In the short term, nothing could be seen, but as time passed, it was easy for problems to occur.

At present, he was hard pressed. His purse had become the fullest it had ever been yet he didn't have any joy.

The dammed [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]!

The horrid Hao Min *Shijie* and Luo Li *Shixiong*!

And the twice-accursed Pu Yao!

Why was it that *ge* has such a kind heart yet have to face such evil? He wanted to cry.

In the previous few days, other than [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], he spent all of the other time on [Art of Aged Gold]. In the five arts that a *ling* plant farmer required, at least three had to reach the third level. Zuo Mo's [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] had already reached the fourth level. And in the four remaining arts, the one most likely to reach the third level was [Art of Aged Gold].

Today, he didn't have the mood to practise [Art of Aged Gold]. He widened his eyes, frantically running over every word in [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] in his head. If his face could have expressions, then right now it would be twisted into a ball.

One month!

Only one month left!

Biting the corner of his lip, he carefully thought over every word. Pu Yao was still sneering. This completely aroused the stubbornness in Zuo Mo's bones.

The damned bastard!

By now, he finally understood why he was easily provoked in front of Pu Yao. Pu Yao could easily tear away a person's disguise. He would explicitly or implicitly guide the other's emotions and expose the other's most basic personality. And once he knew that, to someone of such cunning like Pu Yao, swearing wouldn't really provoke him, Zuo Mo didn't try to restrain his own emotions anymore.

If he couldn't vent, he felt that he would, under the damned *renyao's* attacks, die!

As to suffering a little, he didn't care. Even if he was obedient, would Pu Yao be kind to him? That would be clear even if one used a toe to think. It was better to get some back verbally, and he would feel better.

Ge is a little stalk of grass, no matter how you blow, you can't blow me down!

Thud thud thud!

A series of urgent knocks sounded.

"Little Mo ge, Mo ge!"

It was Old Black, why did he come?

Zuo Mo controlled his fretful heart and stood to open the door.

Opening the door, as expected, it was Old Black's wind-blown face, but there was a unfamiliar male standing beside him.

Seeing Zuo Mo, Old Black released a breath: "Oh good, you're here!"

Finishing, he introduced the male beside him: "This is Wei Sheng *Shixiong*."

Wei Sheng. Zuo Mo was slightly shocked. This male stranger in front of him was the head of the outer sect disciples, Wei Sheng. He couldn't help staring an examination. Not very tall, thick and broad shoulders, square face, thick brows. He looked extremely honest, but the flickers of light that occasionally came from the pair of eyes made one unable to underestimate him.

"Wei Sheng *Shixiong*!" Zuo Mo made a greeting. Wei Sheng *Shixiong* rarely showed his face outside but his reputation within the outer sect disciples was extremely high. To have good relationships with this kind of person, there were only benefits and no drawbacks.

Wei Sheng scrutinized Zuo Mo for a few seconds and returned the greeting, smiling warmly and responding: "Zuo Mo *Shidi* is really hidden deep."

Zuo Mo was slightly shocked but he wasn't too surprised. Wei Sheng *Shixiong*'s cultivation was higher than him. His mouth was humble: "*Shixiong* over-compliments. Come, let's come in to talk."

The three walked into the yard.

Wei Sheng gazed at the surroundings and praised: "Such a big yard!"

And Old Black's two eyes were rooted to the *ling* fields in the yard. A beat later, he said, vexed: "Why didn't I think of this way! Isn't this exempt from the rent?"

Zuo Mo smiled, saying: "I'm just taking advantage. I don't know which *shixiong* built this yard, and put in five *mu* of *ling* fields. But it was a pity that it was barren for two long, the grade dropped one. One grade *ling* fields, at least it's better than nothing."

Old Black gave a sorrowful expression: "Such a pity to waste the good *ling* fields."

Zuo Mo didn't speak. He didn't know if it was that Old Black had

farmed for too long but towards *ling* fields, Old Black had an unique affection.

“Even the yard is all *ling* fields. Zuo Mo *shidi* really lives up to being a farming madman. It seems that I found the right person this time.” Wei Sheng added.

The three sat down under the old tree. Zuo Mo quickly boiled a pot of tea. His [Art of Crimson Flame] was only on the first level, and he could only form a small ball of fire which wasn’t very useful. But it was convenient to use to lit fires.

“*Shixiong* was looking for me?” Zuo Mo didn’t decline and headed straight for the main topic: “Have you encountered something? *Shixi* might be limited in cultivation, but if I can add in an effort, I will certainly do so.”

Wei Sheng didn’t stand on courtesy: “Coming this time, it really is to trouble *Shidi* with something.” He carefully took out from his bosom a jade box. Opening the jade box, a flow of extremely thick *ling* energy wafted out, a stalk of *ling* herb inside. This *ling* herb was about thirty centimeters long, leaves fire red, a black line running through. Contrasting against the red leaves was a completely green fruit.

If the muscles on his face weren’t paralyzed, Zuo Mo’s expression would have been very rich. The *ling* plant that he couldn’t name was shockingly thick with *ling* energy. He cautiously took it up, putting it in front of his eyes for examination. The *ling* plant seemed to have been carved out of a piece of red fire jade, translucent and glowing.

Definitely third-grade and above!

In this segment of time, as he helped Hao Min *shijie* take care of the medicine fields in Cold Mist Valley, his knowledge in the subject of *ling* herbs broadened greatly. He might not be able to call out its name, but from the appearance and the *ling* energy it emitted, it was better than most of the *ling* herbs in Cold Mist Valley.

“This Fire Dragon Grass, its grade is a rare third-grade, and was very hard to find.” Wei Sheng’s expression was solemn: “There is

still a length of time before I reach *zhuji*. In this time, I ask for *Shidi* to help take care of this fire dragon grass for me.”

“Take care?” Zuo Mo was surprised. His response was extremely quick, “Is *Shixiong* using this fire dragon grass to *zhuji*?”

If Wei Sheng didn’t say this was fire dragon grass, Zuo Mo probably wouldn’t have recognized it. Was it because it was third-grade? This fire dragon grass was very different from the one in Zuo Mo’s memory.

“Yes.” Wei Sheng nodded, his face calm.

At the side, Zuo Mo and Old Black couldn’t help but give an admiring look. There were many *ling* herbs that were required for *zhuji*, but only a few of the primary herbs were the crucial ones. Fire dragon grass was one of them but not the best choice because it needed to be consumed raw and its effects were violent. Someone without great willpower might not be able to endure the violent nature and cause the *ling* energy of the body to dissipate. These years, there were very few that would use it to finish *zhuji*.

However, even though fire dragon grass was akin to a poison, but if one overcame it, it was extremely beneficial to the cultivation. The effect was much better than normal *ling* herbs.

But third-grade fire dragon grass, think how violent the effects would be!

In just a few words, Zuo Mo felt respect form for this *shixiong* that he just met for the first time. He had heard some of the rumors about Wei Sheng *Shixiong*. Supposedly, *Shixiong* had been orphaned from young. After he was taken into the sect, he was entranced with cultivating the sword. In order to learn a better sword art, he didn’t even hesitate about going to Luo Li *Shixiong*’s place to be a sword servant.

Meeting him today, Zuo Mo found that Wei Sheng *Shixiong* lived up to the rumors.

Chapter Twenty “Obsession”

He lowered his head to think for a moment before raising his head: “*Shidi* admires *shixiong*’s bravery. But the *ling* herb is third-grade, if it cannot be planted in third-grade or above *ling* fields, the *ling* energy would likely dissipate and the grade will drop.”

Wei Sheng’s expression changed but recovered. He smiled, responding: “If that’s the case, it will mean I won’t have to suffer the pain.”

Compared to the calmness on Wei Sheng’s face, there was heavy worry on Old Black’s face.

His heart considering for a second, Zuo Mo quickly organized his words: “Little brother might have a solution to try.”

“Oh, *Shidi*, please tell.” Wei Sheng’s mood roused.

“I have been requested by Hao Min *Shijie* to take care of the medicine fields in Cold Mist Valley. I saw that many of the fields in the valley are empty. We could plant it in the valley. I’m just worried if Hao Min *Shijie* returns before *Shixiong* enters *zhuji*, something will happen.”

Wei Sheng’s expression became joyful: “*Shidi* doesn’t have to worry. Hao Min *Shijie* and Luo Li *Shixiong* wouldn’t come back so quickly.”

Zuo Mo finally remembered that Wei Sheng *Shixiong* was Luo Li *Shixiong*’s sword servant. He probably knew where the two people had gone. He was naturally willing to be able to help Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, but thinking about the fact that Hao Min *Shijie* wouldn’t be returning soon, his mood instantly darkened. He was extremely careful everyday, fearful that something would go wrong in the medicine fields. It was like a hot potato.

Sorting out his emotions, Zuo Mo smiled, declaring: “Then it’s good. I will first congratulate *Shixiong* for successfully *zhuji*.”

Wei Sheng waved his hand: "It's too early to say those things." Finishing, he took out a jade stick, handing it to Zuo Mo: "*Shixiong* doesn't have many possession, and nothing to give out. This is some of the experiences that *Shixiong* had these years. Hopefully they would help *Shidi*."

Zuo Mo was overcome with joy. He had always been along in learning with no one to discuss with. Wei Sheng *Shixiong*'s cultivation was only just higher than him, but his experiences and realizations were just what he needed and could use.

He wasn't courteous and gleefully took it: "Many thanks, *Shixiong*."

After the three chatted for a while, Wei Sheng and Old Black stood and made their farewells.

After the two left, Zuo Mo hurriedly took the fire dragon grass to Cold Mist Valley. The medicine fields in Cold Mist Valley were third-grade and Zuo Mo had been drooling after them. He didn't know much about *ling* herbs but he knew what the price of third grade *ling* grains were!

Finding a patch of empty ground, he carefully planted the fire dragon grass. And then he cast [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. The effect of the fourth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] was extremely evident. The fire dragon grass quickly recovered its vitality, the leaves becoming even shiner.

Greedily inhaling the thick *ling* energy in the air, Zuo Mo exclaimed inside, third grade was really third grade!

He made another circle around the medicine fields. Finding no problems, he left.

When he returned home, the sky was already dark. Sitting on the rooftop, Zuo Mo suddenly thought if he couldn't complete one breath in the one month of [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], then wouldn't he be hampering Wei Sheng *Shixiong*'s *zhuji*?

But then he turned it around. If he wasn't successful, he wouldn't even have a life left, how could he care about that?

Thinking about Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, he automatically took out the jade stick that *Shixiong* gave to him and sent *ling* energy into the jade stick.

Very quickly, he was entranced.

The jade stick described in fine details the realizations and experiences of Wei Sheng's entire cultivation journey. It was extremely scattered in many places. It could be seen that it was only *Shixiong* would just casually record down whatever he thought.

The rumor that *Shixiong* was infatuated with the sword wasn't false. The writings in the jade stick were scattered all over, not a system to be found, but the great majority were about sword *xiu*.

After reading for a while, Zuo Mo's heart started to jump uncontrollably.

"Those of sword, enter the grounds of death, find life in death, like a wounded soldier, hold the resolution of death, attack with full power, nothing is undefeatable!"

"Travelling night, encounter over twenty Blood Duck Bats, hard battle, injured twenty one places, all slaughtered."

"Streamside met Iron Ape, skin like steel, hard to wound with blade, tempted enemy two hundred so miles, wounded eye, no strength to chase."

.....

These phrases were all extremely short, yet the vicious and resolute aura came through the words. Life and death, they were the characters that appeared the most. The Wei Sheng *Shixiong* in the jade stick and the person he saw today were like two people.

What made the biggest impression on Zuo Mo and gave him the most shock were these few segments.

"Walked hundred days, finally saw nine rivers falling over sky, gazed from bottom, galloping and rolling, like the godly thunder of heaven, weight like thirty thousand catties, vast and unending, cannot be

resisted. My heart follows, if aura of sword can be so, no regrets in death!”

“Sat and gazed three months, thought day and night, but due to dumbness, cannot find the meaning. Stood on top of waterfall seven days, not sleeping, not drinking or eating, suddenly comprehended. Fish jump following the water and down, moving among, forgetting life and death, consciousness clear, and finally found flavour! Broken bones thirteen, bedridden half year, loss hearing and sight, so practised in heart.....”

Zuo Mo fell into a daze, muttering: “Insane!”

Such insanity, such obsession, it wasn’t anything he had ever thought of.

Under the stars, he sat on the roof, hand holding the jade stick as his thoughts wandered.

In his own world, there wasn’t anything that made him so crazy, so obsessed. He had great talent in the field of the five elements. He easily learned any kind of spells. He didn’t have high expectations for life. He put effort into learning and comprehending the five elements spell, it was only so that he could live a better life.

The obsession that Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had towards the sword, it gave him an unparalleled blow to his spirit. He could see the sweat and fresh blood behind each character.

Something inside his body seemed to be turning and vibrating, making him feel uncomfortable.

A long time later, his emotions gradually calmed down but he didn’t have any desire for sleep. Under the night sky, he just started to learn the sword motions according to the sword scripture in the jade stick.

There was a set of sword scriptures recorded in the jade stick. It was moves Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had picked out of the sword scriptures he practised and read everyday. Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had rich battle experience and these sword moves were extremely useful. There were not beautiful techniques, it was extremely simple

to start with. It was a pity he didn't have a flying sword. After motioning for a while, he could only sit down.

Once he sat down, he started to muse about [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] again.

[Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was cryptic, but now he wasn't discouraged at all, only ashamed. The obsession of Wei Sheng *Shixiong* deeply provoked him. Compared to Wei Sheng *shixiong*, what were the little difficulties that he ran into?

Alright, if he wanted to see *ge*'s humiliation, Pu Yao, wait for the next life!

Deeply inhaling a breath, he started to once again investigate this [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] that he couldn't wrap his head around.

The days passed one by one. Other than going once a day to Cold Mist Valley, he didn't take a step out any other time.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao sat on the gravestone and leisurely listened to the sound tablet.

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth but still went forward, fawningly asking: "Pu, what is really the main point of the first step of [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]? I'm stupid, can't you show a little bit?"

"The first step? Very simple, there's no main point." Pu Yao didn't even raise his eyelids, still listening to the sound tablet.

Looking at the sound tablet that Pu Yao held on his leg, Zuo Mo thought that since asking didn't work, then it had to be enticement.

He asked: "Pu, this sound tablet isn't bad, right?"

"Pretty interesting." Pu Yao inattentively responded.

"Do you want a better one?" Zuo Mo's voice was like that of a strange uncle that was holding a lollipop to fool little girls.

For the first time, Pu Yao opened his right eye, the deep red pupils expressing interest: "Want."

Zuo Mo shook his head: “If you help me explain [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation, I’ll buy a better one.....”

“I can buy it myself.” Pu Yao said carelessly. He closed his eyes again, listening to the sound tablet.

Zuo Mo stared with an open mouth: “You have *jingshi*?”

“No.” Pu Yao’s eyes were still closed. With a face full of enjoyment, following the music that the sound tablet broadcasted, his body strangely swayed.

Zuo Mo released a breath, his tone smug again: “If there’s no *jingshi*, you can’t buy anything.” He suddenly realized, with Pu Yao’s strength, if he tried to snatch one, that wasn’t impossible! Or he could steal one, he definitely wouldn’t leave a trace.

“You have *jingshi*.” Pu Yao moved his body following the beat of the music.

“Then you have to explain.....” Zuo Mo’s heart was comforted, and he continued to emphasize the relationship between *jingshi* and the sound tablet. Inside, he muttered: Thankfully he hadn’t thought to just use brute force.

Pu impatiently interrupted Zuo Mo. Holding out his right hand, he showed a handful of *jingshi*: “I can take it myself.”

Zuo Mo was dumbstruck, staring at the *jingshi* on Pu Yao’s hands. So familiar. After a silent moment, he suddenly gave a sky-shaking bellow like a beast in desperate straits.

“Damned *renyao*! You dare to move *ye*’s *jingshi*, *ye* will kill.....”

Beside the pond in Cold Mist Valley, Zuo Mo gazed at the pond water, scared. The pond water was cold to the bone. He had touched it with his hand. Even now, the palm was still stiff.

There was only three days left until the last deadline. He still hadn’t made it past the gate of the first breath. Pu Yao still didn’t seem to care. Zuo Mo understood. This guy really didn’t care about his life and death. But in these many days, it wasn’t he hadn’t made any

progress. He thought of a method. Right now, he was thinking of trying to find out if this method was right or not.

But.....

The rushing waterfall couldn't stop the coldness of the pond water from spreading. Just from beside the pond, he still could feel the oppressive coldness.

He nervously licked his lips. He didn't want to try this method. But seeing that there were only three days left, he had no other choice. He hesitated for a moment, hardened his heart, closed his eyes, and jumped into the pool.

The bone-aching iciness of the pond water seemed to freeze his entire body into an ice cube in an instant. He couldn't help shudder. He was like a rock, continuously sinking. The pond water flowed up his mouth and nose. The outside world seemed to have been blocked off, so quiet he could hear his own heartbeat.

After the initial panic, Zuo Mo quickly calmed down. He then followed [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] to move his breath.

He didn't know if it was the stimulation from the cold pond water but he was abnormally alert, the movement of the breath was abnormally smooth.

After ten minutes, when his breath was almost consumed, the feeling of suffocation became even stronger.

Zuo Mo raised his awareness. He knew. The most crucial time had arrived. Before, everytime, it was at this step that he would unconsciously open his mouth to breathe. [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] didn't have much elaboration on this step, as though in the eyes of the *xiuzhe* that created this scripture, this was the simplest thing.

Chapter Twenty One “One Breath”

He didn't know if [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was correct. Even if he didn't want to admit it, but with Pu Yao's cunning, if he wanted this little life, he only had to curl his fingers. There wasn't a need to use a half-accurate scripture to fool him. But with Pu Yao's perverseness and strange sense of humor, finding ways of torturing him, that was almost certainly the case.

However, Pu Yao was usually very quiet. Other than forcing Zuo Mo to cultivate [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], he didn't make any other moves. There wasn't any hint of tormenting. Zuo Mo couldn't understand Pu Yao, and didn't know what was Pu Yao's true aims.

Pu Yao definitely had a goal.

Sometimes, this thought was extremely clear and certain in his mind. However, when he tried to think about it, he found it was as though he was facing a vast and deep ocean. You never knew what was really hidden at the bottom.

Maybe Pu was really trying to help him. Zuo Mo knew just how difficult it was to heal wounds of the spirit. If it wasn't [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], it would still be a question of whether he would be breathing right now.

Blaming Pu Yao, it seemed unreasonable.

It could only say that Pu's strangeness and sense of perversion made him instinctively afraid.

The most tragic thing was that no matter which kind it was, he had no space to rebel. No matter if this [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was true or not, no matter what aims Pu Yao had, he had no room to rebel. In front of the kind of great existence that was Pu, he was pitifully weak. The only thing he could do was force himself to charge forward in hopes of finding that glimmer of light.

If it was really just tormenting, as one already in the situation, he would sink in Pu Yao's torment or make it through.

Damn it! How did he provoke such a calamity!

Time passed drop by drop, accompanying the strong feeling of suffocation was terror that uncontrollably rose.

His awareness started to fade. He was completely unaware of the face his legs were instinctively moving, trying to rise out of the water. But he had been sinking the whole time and it was now too far from the surface.

Was he going to die?

Even this thought was incomplete, he was paralyzed, weak as he swam in the limitless ocean.

No!

I can't die!

He tried to struggle, tried to wake his own awareness.

But all of it was useless. Under the feeling of suffocation, his awareness slowly dissipated, became muddled.

Was he really going to die.....

In a stupor, he seemed to hear someone was yelling.

"Don't forget!"

.....

"Even in death, you must not forget!"

.....

For some reason, those two phrases that he considered nightmares seemed to be like a large hand that suddenly pulled him back from unconsciousness.

I can't die!

Zuo Mo used up the last remaining strength in his body, furiously shouting soundlessly inside! His body shook violently like a sieve, the blood vessels under his skin quickly expanding, visible to the naked eye. Raven black and thick, twisting and turning like earthworms, covering the entire body, unspeakably terrifying.

That breath at the chest that had become extremely weak turned into a candle flame, a flame that could be easily extinguished.

Yet this weak feeble candle flame became a prairie fire, lighting up the sea of consciousness — like lighting up firewood that was bone dry and then soaked in oil. Dark red flames, spitting and roaring, followed the ground in the sea of consciousness, rolling forwards. The grasses and woods instantly turned to dust. Nothing could stop it.

In the blink of an eye, the consciousness became a burning hell. Endless dark red flames flickering in every corner of the sea of consciousness.

The bright and hot red fire recklessly danced. On the strange black gravestone shrouded in black smoke, there sat a handsome male with a strange cold face. No one was able to forget his beautiful and enticing features.

The sound tablet was on his knee, the concentrated sounds of the zither were like a hurricane that made people unable to breathe!

The red sea of fire burned soundlessly. Under the hair that blocked half his face, Pu's thin blade-like lips imperceptibly rose on one side. Just as usual, enchanting yet cold.

Zuo Mo curiously examined the surroundings. After achieving one breath, his perception of the surroundings changed dramatically. It was hard to explicitly describe. It was as though the surroundings had been cleaned, changed beyond recognition. This feeling was extremely unique. It took a long time for him to get used to it. The other change was his sea of consciousness. Right now, it had turned into a sea of fire. A sea of fire that might extinguish sometime.

Other than that, he didn't have any new discoveries. As to whether

[Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] had any good attributes, he didn't have any high hopes. He was just a guy that wanted to be a *ling* plant farmer. What did he need such a strong consciousness for? If he could pass this obstacle, keep his little life, he was content.

The game was too dangerous. *Ge* won't play.

Thinking about the danger yesterday, there were still lingering fears.

However, the sharp sword hanging over his head finally disappeared. He could finally release a breath. He resolutely decided that no matter what Pu Yao gave him next time, he wouldn't take it if it meant his health. The painful experiences gave him a hard lesson. To steal benefits from Pu Yao's hands, that was an action leading to death.

Zuo Mo found his own little life very precious.

Pu Yao didn't seem to care if he was practising [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. Everyday, he guarded his new sound tablet, endlessly amused.

Every time he saw the brand-new sound tablet that was higher in quality than the one in his hands, he would feel pain. Ten pieces of second-grade *jingshi* was wasted. His teeth hurt. His heart sour, he could only hold in the tears as he took the sound tablet that Pu Yao was preparing to throw away. That was, his old sound tablet that Pu Yao had taken from his hands.

Enamored with the new, bored with the old. This was another bad habit that he found on Pu Yao's body.

But coming back to it, did Pu Yao have any good habits?

[Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was like a small detour in his life, and Pu Yao seemed to have put away his perverseness, silent as a virgin. It made Zuo Mo feel unaccustomed. But malicious curses like "*Ren Yao* is just *ren Yao*, do you think if you don't speak, you can turn into a woman?" naturally weren't avoidable.

What made him happy was that he sped through the five elements

spells. He didn't know if it was because he completed the one breath. Many of the fuzzy part previously were abnormally clear now, easily realized.

He became even more motivated.

He didn't have any interest in something as strange as [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. The kind of things like [Art of Aged Gold] which could get him real things like *jingshi*, and spells were his true love!

He was like a monk, living an extremely dull life each day. Cultivating [Ten Principles Scripture], accumulating *ling* energy, again and again, practising all kind of spells, finger motions. Just like when he had practised [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], he furiously cultivated.

The one that had the most improvement was [Art of Aged Gold]. Presently, the aged gold energy was dark gold, the light subdued, changing according to his wishes. And compared to before, there was now an addition of a hint of imposingness. Even though it was extremely faint, but in actual use, the effects multiplied and made Zuo Mo gleeful.

It wasn't strange that [Art of Aged Gold] improved since the most important aspect of [Art of Aged Gold] was consciousness. Even though he had just finished one breath in [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] but compared to before, his consciousness was much stronger. So it was expected that [Art of Aged Gold] would improve. What made him surprise was that [Art of Earth Energy] also improved much.

The crucial factor in [Art of Earth Energy] was communication and perception. Did his consciousness help with communication and perception?

He didn't know, but since it was a good thing, he went with the flow and didn't examine it deeper.

Zuo Mo was in the yard as he practised [Art of Aged Gold], when suddenly a calm and authoritative voice echoed through Wu Kong Mountain.

“Outer sect disciple Li Ying Feng, continuously practised and broke through to *zhuji*. From today, she is formally taken into this sect’s inner disciples. Outer sect disciples should take this as an example, cultivate relentlessly in order to reach the right result!”

This voice wasn’t loud but clear. It rippled through Wu Kong Mountain and reverberated endlessly.

Li Ying Feng managed to successfully *zhuji*? Zuo Mo couldn’t help but admire and feel happy for Li Ying Feng *Shijie*. He hadn’t interacted for a long time with Li Ying Feng *Shijie*, the two of them even had a misunderstanding but he admired this brisk and clever *Shijie*. This was the role model a *shijie* should be. In comparison, Hao Min *Shijie* was greatly lacking.

His life wasn’t affected by the news. His interest in *zhuji* was much smaller than to become a *ling* plant farmer. *Zhuji* was the first great step to cultivation, but other than achieving *jindan*, there wasn’t much of a difference in lifespan compared to a normal person. As to *jindan*, don’t even think about it, not just an outer sect disciple like him, even among those inner sect disciples, how many would achieve *jindan*?

And if he became a *ling* plant farmer, that was true and real *jingshi*.

He continued to bury himself in practising his spells. To something he decided on, he never was remiss. Just like practising [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], without anyone to teach him, he cast it again and again. He didn’t know how many thousands of times he casted, but he managed to fill up the large pond in the yard using [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. Just like that, he managed to achieve the third level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain].

His cultivation was interrupted by an uninvited guest. The one who came was the one who just became an inner sect disciple, Li Ying Feng *Shijie*.

“Congratulations, *Shijie* for successfully *zhuji*!” Zuo Mo smiled as he congratulated, but his expressionless features made it weird.

“*Shidi* is too polite.” Li Ying Feng’s face was full of joy as she

responded: "It won't be long before I would probably hear *shidi*'s good news." In Li Ying Feng's heart, this *shidi* that kept himself concealed in the dark, it wouldn't be unexpected to her if he completed *zhuji*. Behind her, there were three other female disciples, Xiao Guo among them.

Zuo Mo hurriedly said: "It's still early, still early. *Shijie*, please."

Xiao Guo's adorable and tender apple face was still timid. Zuo Mo suddenly felt this little girl was really bashful. Taking advantage of when Li Ying Feng turned, he blinked his eyes at Xiao Guo. As expected, Xiao Guo's face flushed red.

After everyone was seated, Li Ying Feng declared her intentions: "Coming this time, it's to ask for a favour from *Shidi*."

Zuo Mo was surprised.

Seeming to have detected Zuo Mo's puzzlement, before he could ask, Li Ying Feng herself answered the question, lightly sighing: "Entering the inner sect, in the future, I'm afraid I won't have the time again to care for these sisters. *Shidi*'s growing skills, no one in the sect can compete, *Shijie* can only come with a thick face to beg."

Zuo Mo hurriedly deflected: "*Shijie*, please tell." In the future, Li Ying Feng was an inner sect disciple. As long as Zuo Mo would still stay in Wu Kong Sect for one more day, he wouldn't offend them.

Li Ying Feng took out a small bag, putting it on the stone table, informing: "This is twenty pieces of second-grade *jingshi*. It's a little bit of regard from *Shijie*. *Shidi*, don't decline. *Shidi*, if you are free, spend some time at the Eastern Peak and attend a bit. Their lives aren't easy. If something like last time occurred, with *Shidi*'s help, they wouldn't have no one to ask for aid."

Beside her, Xiao Guo's mouth twisted and the rims of her eyes instantly turned red, the other two also had red eyes.

Zuo Mo sighed inside. Compared to Wei Sheng *Shixiong* the eldest *shixiong* who only had cultivation, Li Ying Feng, as the eldest *shijie*, was undoubtedly more competent. Only now did he understand why

her reputation among the female disciples was so high.

Thinking, Zuo Mo pushed the bag back in front of Li Ying Feng, declaring: "Helping each other, it is a part of friendship. *Shijie*, don't worry, *Shidi* will do his best."

Xiao Guo stared with wide eyes at Zuo Mo. The other two females also had strange expressions on their faces. They couldn't understand why this money-grubbing zombie changed his personality this time.

Li Ying Feng shook her head and pushed the *jingshi* again in front of Zuo Mo: "*Shidi*, don't decline. The sect has provisions for the inner sect disciples each month. *Shejie* doesn't lack for *jingshi*. But *Shidi*, you aren't far from *zhuji*, so you would most likely need it soon. Having some *jingshi*, it's just in case."

The strange expression on the three female's faces turned to shock.

Zhuji? This ill-tempered zombie *shixiong* was going to *zhuji* soon?

To be called nearing *zhuji*, at the very least, it had to be eight level of *lianqi* and above. They were frightened out of their wits by *shijie*'s words. A cultivation of *lianqi* eighth level in the outer sect disciples could be counted on one hand. Even Guo Lu *Shixiong* was just at *lianqi* seventh level. And among the female disciples of the outer sect, other than Li Ying Feng who just entered *zhuji*, the highest person was just *lianqi* sixth level. In the outer sect disciples, other than Wei Sheng, Zuo Mo's cultivation was the highest.

This zombie-face, he was actually the second best in the outer sect disciples!

This was something they would have never thought about.

Originally planning to grant a boon to *Shijie*, Zuo Mo saw the situation and didn't stand on courtesy, and accepted the *jingshi*: "Then many thanks, *shijie*."

"It should be me that gives thanks to *Shidi*." Li Ying Feng smiled and informed: "After I leave the Eastern Peak, Xiao Guo will be

responsible for communicating with *Shidi*. Her personality is soft and obedient. *Shidi*, don't bully her."

Zuo Mo couldn't help laugh: "What is *Shijie* talking about, my temper is the best."

"That's good." Li Ying Feng nodded. On the side, Xiao Guo wrinkled her adorable nose, clearly disagreeing with the words.

She turned to show a dark face and said to the three people: "In the future, if you have any questions, find Zuo Mo *Shixiong*, he'll help you solve them. Zuo Mo *Shixiong*'s words are my words. If someone doesn't listen, I will personally punish!"

"Yes! *Shijie*!" The three females replied.

As expected from the eldest *shijie*. Just this bearing, no disciples in the younger generation could compete. Zuo Mo couldn't help but compliment inside

After chatting for a while, Li Ying Feng left with the three other females.

Zuo Mo suddenly didn't have any interest in cultivation. This was a society with strict classes. Like Li Ying Feng *Shijie*, after successfully *zhuji*, she had to bid farewell to the life of an outer sect disciple. She had to aim for even higher goals, no matter if it was her own goal or the needs of the sect.

The lifespan of a *jindan* was about three hundred years. Before that, *zhuji*, *ningmai*, and *lianqi* didn't have any differences in lifespan.

His own sect was temporarily deficient in manpower and had been for a long time.

Including the leader of the sect, the *shishu* were all *jindan*. This was the basic reason that Wu Kong Sword Sect had expanded so well these past years. However, even the youngest *shishu*, Shi Feng Rong was more than two hundred years old. And among the disciples of the second generation, there wasn't even a *ningmai* disciple, much less a *jindan*. If there wasn't a successor, Wu Kong

Sect, not a very big sect to begin with, would quickly decline.

No matter which *jie*, a sect, once it declined, it was harder to rise again than to reach the heavens.

Why did he suddenly become so melancholic? Zuo Mo shook his head. Suddenly, he thought of the third-grade fire dragon grass that Wei Sheng *shixiong* gave into his care. Li Ying Feng *Shijie* had already entered *zhuji*, Wei Sheng *Shixiong* must be close as well. Thinking about it, the desire to go to Cold Mist Valley formed.

Chapter Twenty Two “Silver Horned Worm”

It wasn't the first time he came to Cold Mist Valley, but he didn't know if it was the fact that his consciousness had improved but the *jinzhi* that he could only just feel the pressure of last time, were now like a beast that revealed the tip of its horn. That heavy power was multiple times stronger, making him feel unable to breath. Zuo Mo walked with a trembling heart and rushed through the thick mists.

The suddenly open valley was drifting with the fragrance from the herbs. Zuo Mo unconsciously looked with trepidation at the roaring cold pond. Even though he successfully completed one breath, the feeling of oncoming death was in front of his eyes. He definitely didn't want to try again.

He should be realistic and become a *ling* plant farmer, he told himself.

Walking in front of the fire dragon grass, he was instantly shocked. The fire dragon grass was drooping, a hint of death coming from the red leaves. His heart instantly panicked. This fire dragon grass was intimately related to the big event of Wei Sheng *Shixiong* entering *zhuji*. If something went wrong, what would happen? He was extremely admiring of Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, and truly hoped for Wei Sheng *Shixiong* to successfully *zhuji*.

He hurriedly bent down to inspect this fire dragon grass.

The soil in the surroundings was still moist, it wasn't a problem of under-watering, then what was the problem? His knowledge of *ling* herbs was pitiful, not to mention for a third-grade fire dragon grass. He ran through his brain, furiously going through his experiences of growing plants in these two years and at what time the symptoms were similar to what the fire dragon grass was experiencing now.

Was it that there was a pest?

He was uncertain but he still put his hand on the fire dragon grass. In any case, [Art of Aged Gold] wouldn't harm the *ling* herb so it wouldn't hurt to try.

The dark gold grains of sand enter the inside of the fire dragon grass from Zuo Mo's fingers. His consciousness carried with the aged gold energy entered the interior of the grass as well.

The interior of each *ling* grass was a different world. The inside of *ling* grains was green. And the interior of the fire dragon grass was completely bright red.

Before he could examine clearly, a dark and icy presence locked onto his consciousness.

Contrary to expectations, Zuo Mo's heart calmed. What he was most afraid of was not knowing what was happening. Now that he knew where the problem was, it was much easier.

In any case, *ge* has the aged gold energy, specializing in killing all kinds of pests!

A crowd of silver-colored armored worms slowly climbed around the interior of the fire dragon grass.

Their presence wasn't very strong, not as vicious as the aphids he met the first time. Zuo Mo felt slightly relieved. His abilities with [Art of Aged Gold] were limited. If it was some strong worms, it wasn't that he would have no solution, he would also be in danger.

He pushed the aged gold energy, sweeping towards the crowd of silver armored worms.

The silver armed worms weren't panicked. They only kept on chewing the plant material in front of them.

The aged gold energy was like a gold cloud, quickly surrounding these silver armored worms. Zuo Mo's heart settled. He believed he would quickly finish the battle. The aged gold energy was much stronger than before, and he was full of confidence.

After ten minutes, sweat appeared on Zuo Mo's forehead.

He had encountered trouble.

No matter how much power he put into the aged gold energy, it was all useless against these silver armored worms that were indifferent! He could clearly feel the ever-successful aged gold energy be blocked off, unable to move an inch. The aged gold energy, as sharp as steel sand, couldn't even leave a single mark on the surface of these silver armored worms.

Such hard shells!

Third-grade was really third grade, even the pests it had were stronger. Zuo Mo wanted to cry.

[Art of Aged Gold] was his only method of dealing with pests. And the other person in the sect whose [Art of Aged Gold] was at the second level, Guo Lu *Shixiong*, was still lying on the sickbed.

What should he do now?

The sweat poured down even more, his heart becoming panicked. Wei Sheng *Shixiong* was depending on this to *zhuji*, please don't let anything happen in his hands!

Just when Zuo Mo had no ideas, Pu Yao suddenly appeared: "Tsk, tsk. Can't even deal with a little silver horned worm. You actually want to become a *ling* plant farmer?"

Zuo Mo suspiciously looked at Pu Yao: "You have a way?"

Not waiting for Pu Yao to speak, he rolled his eyes: "Even if you have a solution, I wouldn't ask you."

The painful experiences of the past told him to never to even think of trying to take advantage of Pu Yao. It would be a cruel death. But inside, he silently noted down the name, silver horned worm. He thought he would go research at some other time to see if he could find silver horned worm.

Pu Yao wasn't angry, a faint curve to his mouth, his crimson right eye slightly narrowed: "Hee hee, the way you are now, it really makes one feel hurt! Oh, that what's his name *shixiong* of yours, the jade

stick he gave you, isn't there some basic sword moves there? You could try to use sword moves with your aged gold energy."

"That works?" Zuo Mo was puzzled.

"You could try and find out." Pu Yao left behind before disappearing.

Pu Yao was very strange today! Very strange!

Even though he hadn't interacted with Pu Yao for a long time, couldn't see how deep he went, but Zuo Mo was very clear that this guy wasn't someone good. And suddenly becoming kind today, it wasn't normal, definitely not normal! However, the only think he could pick out was the abnormality. As to why he was strange, he couldn't find a reason no matter he spend a long time pondering it.

This question was quickly thrown to the side. What was most important at this time was solving these silver horned worms. Pu Yao's words, he was half convinced.

The sword moves recorded in the jade stick that Wei Sheng *Shixiong* gave him were some of the most basic moves. There wasn't anything deep in them. Even someone like Zuo Mo who had never practised the sword before could easily understand.

To use sword scripture with aged gold energy?

He sat on the ground, sinking into his thoughts.

A beat later, he suddenly jumped up, the dark gold aged gold energy appearing at his fingertip. The aged gold energy was a cloud that seemed to be composed of gold sand, slowly revolving, extremely pretty. The aged gold energy suddenly restlessly turned, rapidly shrinking. Seconds later, it formed into a dark small sword the size of a grain.

Calling it a small sword was really an overstatement. It was like a thin gold flake that had been flattened from a gold grain.

But Zuo Mo didn't care. He had only ever seen just a few flying swords in total. In this area, his imagination was nothing to write home about.

He gestured each movement according to the moves in the jade stick. Very quickly, he found the benefits to his consciousness becoming stronger. He could easily manipulate the tiny sword.

It was really just a few moves. He quickly familiarized himself.

Entering the inside of the fire dragon grass again, the silver horned worms were still unconcernedly chewing on the inside material of the fire dragon grass. Zuo Mo didn't send a greeting and directly sent the sword over!

Ding!

The indifferent silver worm shook, sparks flying on the silver armor.

Effective! Zuo Mo was very happy!

One blow after the next, according to the sword moves in Wei Sheng *Shixiong*'s jade stick, Zuo Mo's hand wasn't lenient.

Ding ding ding ding!

The shell of the silver horned worm was incomparably hard. The sparks flew but there still weren't any cracks. But to Zuo Mo, the silver horned worms were the best targets. No matter how hard, it was still a target that wouldn't fight back!

Zuo Mo forgot himself. The rawness and unfamiliarity of sword moves slowly became familiar. The strength of the little aged gold swords gradually started to show itself.

Ding!

The sound was majorly different than before. On the armor of the silver horned worm, a crack had been chopped out!

Zuo Mo had originally started to become tired. Using the sword moves to manipulate the aged gold little sword, it used up more *ling* energy than using aged gold energy. And, it required much more from his spirit. If he hadn't achieved one breath in [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] before, his spiritual power wasn't enough to do this.

Finally breaking through the silver horned worm's defenses, Zuo Mo became motivated and sent out a flurry of blows.

Ding ding ding!

The silver horned worm finally couldn't endure it and with a crack, suddenly exploded.

Fighting with me, serves you right!

Zuo Mo stared with disdain at the corpse of the silver horned worm. However, his spirit became unstable and he hurriedly came out of the fire dragon grass. He had used up a lot of his *ling* energy and consciousness. He hurriedly sat cross-legged to recover his *ling* energy.

His *ling* energy recovered very quickly, but the usage of his consciousness hadn't recovered. To recover his consciousness, the only thing he could think of, the only way, that was [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation].

Was this Pu Yao's aim?

He couldn't help but hesitate. When his gaze landed on the fire dragon grass, he struggled for a second but still decided to first exterminate these silver horned worms.

This was the first time he practised [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] after achieving the first breath. It seemed that as soon as he sat down, the breath was circulating in his body. A feeling of numbness that he never felt before seemed to spread from inside his bones. His entire person felt like it was flying.

His mind was calm, as though it was a void. That was when he found that at some unknown time, in the sky of his sea of consciousness, there was an addition of one star. The star wasn't very bright, it was actually really dark. The flickering bright fire took away its light. Normally, he wouldn't have even noticed it.

An illusion?

Zuo Mo wasn't certain.

The addition of a star, his sea of consciousness becoming a sea of fire. All these changes, they didn't bring many changes to him.

Waking up from his mediation, Zuo Mo's mind was refreshed. He made an inspection. His spirit seemed to be just a sliver stronger. He was both joyed and worried. It was a good matter for his spirit to be stronger, but the lesson of last time when he reached one breath was right in front of his eyes.

After destroying these silver horned worms, he definitely wouldn't practise it anymore!

He told himself inside. That extremely comfortable feeling just now made him automatically intoxicated and he was deeply alert. The most beautiful didn't have to be fish soup, it could be poison. Pu Yao's abnormality made him feel that the chance it would be poison was extremely large.

Gradually becoming fluent, Zuo Mo's efficiency increased greatly, the sword moves became even more penetrating. The silver horned worms that he could do nothing about previously, in just a few strokes, they were taken down!

Zuo Mo felt exhilarated but he was extremely rational and didn't practice anymore.

The fire dragon grass, rid of the silver horned worms, instantly sent out exuberant vitality. Zuo Mo had found a pattern. If he killed the natural predators inside the plants, the corpses of these natural predators would become the best fertilizers.

In the next few days, he guarded the fire dragon grass, fearful of another accident.

This day, like normal, he came to Cold Mist Valley.

Huh, what was this?

His gaze was on the fire dragon grass. A rice-sized red fruit. Before, this fruit had been green but now it was red. But with his pitiful amount of *ling* herb knowledge, he couldn't distinguish if this small fruit was really a fruit or a seed.

However, no matter if it was a fruit or a seed, it still meant that the growth of this fire dragon plant was very good, it was a good event. What he had been most worried about was that this fire dragon plant would be unaccustomed to the soil, or if the grade would drop. Then he wouldn't have the face to see Wei Sheng *Shixiong*.

In the next few days, he carefully guarded the fire dragon grass. Fire dragon grass was a classical *yang* oriented grass, appropriate for [Art of Crimson Flame]. Each day, Zuo Mo didn't forget to cast it a few times. The leaves became even more red and bright, and that rice-sized fruit was now about the size of a soybean, the color steadily darkening. Everything was good for Wei Sheng *Shixiong* to come to the door.

Chapter Twenty Three

“Apparition”

Zuo Mo looked in shock at Wei Sheng *Shixiong*.

The clothing on Wei Sheng *shixiong*'s body was ripped to shreds, his entire person an unsheathed sword, exuding a heavy presence. This felt strange to Zuo Mo. Suddenly the term appeared in his mind — sword essence!

Zuo Mo suddenly realized: “Congratulations *Shixiong*!”

Hearing this, Wei Sheng smiled. The sword essence surrounding his body seemed to have been pushed by an invisible hand, suddenly vibrating. The small pebbles on the ground were all thrown up in the air, dust rising. In just a few seconds, the ground underneath his feet was cut into a shallow hole by the invisible sword essence.

“My apologies, *Shidi*. My cultivation is limited and cannot control it.”

“*Shixiong* needs the fire dragon grass?” Zuo Mo waved his hand, indicating that he didn't mind. This was the first time he saw someone preparing to *zhuji* and he was extremely curious.

“Thanks for the trouble, *Shidi*.” Wei Sheng helplessly moved his feet. The dirt hole under his feet was almost up to his knees.

Understanding that Wei Sheng was at a crucial time, Zuo Mo didn't waste words: “*Shixiong*, please come with me.” Finishing, he started to sprint in the direction of Cold Mist Valley.

Behind him came the continuous sound of cracking. Anywhere that Wei Sheng *Shixiong* passed, there were criss-crosses of fine cuts on the ground, little pebbles sent flying away.

The two very quickly ran to Cold Mist Valley. Zuo Mo threw out: “*Shixiong*, please wait a moment.” He then entered the mist and in a short while came back out holding the bright red fire dragon grass.

He carefully put the grass on the ground and then quickly jumped to one side.

The fine and scattered sword essences creating a shroud around *Shixiong* were extremely damaging. His heart had trembled on the way here.

Wei Sheng bent down to grab the fire dragon grass. He saw the fire dragon grass was like a ball of fire, the color even brighter than before.

Joy appeared on Wei Sheng's face. His expression solemn, he bowed to Zuo Mo: "Many thanks *Shidi*!"

Finishing, Wei Sheng *Shixiong* quickly left.

Zuo Mo stared dazedly at Wei Sheng *Shixiong*'s back. This was the first time he saw a person's state right before they were going to *zhuji*. It was completely different from what he had imagined. So when Li Ying Feng *Shijie* was entering *zhuji*, was it something like this as well?

Zhuji, it was called the first barrier for *xiuzhe*. As expected, it really was extraordinary!

His mind was slightly distracted all day. The scene of Wei Sheng's sword essence flying around gave him a tremendous shock. And he still hadn't heard the voice that had announced last time when Li Ying Feng *Shijie* had successfully *zhuji*.

Would it have failed? His heart was full of worry. On its own, fire dragon grass was like a violent poison. Just the slightest misstep and the *ling* energy would collapse. Even more, what Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had taken was a third-grade fire dragon grass!

He had only met Wei Sheng *Shixiong* twice but this steel-hearted, indomitable *Shixiong* made him admire. Before this, he had always felt that he was a very hardworking person, but compared to *Shixiong*, he wasn't even worth a mention.

At midnight, Zuo Mo sat on the roof, absent-mindedly listening to the sound of the sound tablet's broadcast, the worry inside even greater.

Just at this time, an extremely blinding light suddenly ascended from a certain location in the mountain, thrusting up at the sky.

Clang!

Like a treasure sword being unsheathed, iron and stone striking, resonating in Wu Kong Mountains!

With such a large commotion, the other disciples were all startled awake, each one running out, their faces full of awe as they looked at the sword-like light that seemed to have pierced the heavens.

On the rooftop, Zuo Mo's expression was also dumbstruck. Inside, he was both happy and surprised. Happy because this presence was Wei Sheng *Shixiong*! What made him surprised was that this sword-like light gave him tremendous pressure!

He couldn't help but think of the snow white sword essence that had wounded his sea of consciousness. The two were extremely alike, but while this one wasn't as vast and icy as the snow white sword essence, *Shixiong's* sword essence had a honest and concentrated flavour.

Zuo Mo's understanding of the sword was pitiful, but in that instant, he was certain that it was *Shixiong's* sword essence. He dazedly stared at this sword tip that was thrusting into the clouds, both happy and envious.

There wasn't much of a sound when Li Ying Feng *Shijie* had *zhuji*. The fact that *Shixiong's zhuji* had influenced the sky, he was really awesome!

Such an apparition, not just Wu Kong Mountain was alerted, but the sects in the surroundings were all alarmed. He could see countless swords flying like meteors over.

No one noticed that at some unknown time, the sect leader and the other *shishu* were already waiting in the sky.

"Our sect will rise!" The third *shishu* Yan Le's voice was slightly trembling. There wasn't a hint of the smile that was usually hanging

on his face. Just the reverse, there were tears.

The sect leader Pei Yuan Ran also couldn't bear it. Right there in the sky, he suddenly knelt down, facing the east, his voice choked as he kowtowed three times: "This unworthy disciple thanks our sect's ancestors for your protection! Protecting our sect's passage to continue!"

Raising his head, tears streamed down his face.

Yan Le and Xin Yan also knelt down, kowtowing three times towards the east.

The three stood, each of them smiling from ear to ear, like they were drunk. Even Xin Yan, the one most stern usually, had a slight blush on his face.

"Such a pity fourth *Shimei* is still travelling and hasn't returned. Otherwise, if she saw this scene, it's unknown how gratified she would be." Pei Yuan Ran's expression recovered as he sighed ruefully.

Yan Lei felt the same: "To be able to see this, I have no regrets left in this life."

Pei Yuan Ran berated: "*Shidi*, don't speak nonsense. Our sect is going to rise. We need to put in all our effort and nurture Wei Sheng, so that we will not disappoint the expectations our previous teachers have."

Yan Le nodded: "*Shixiong* is right." He suddenly turned his face, brows furrowing and said, slightly displeased: "There's a lot of guests today!"

A cold light flashed through Pei Yuan Yan's eyes, his voice calm as he ordered: "But tonight isn't the time to receive them. Second *Shidi*, do not let them disturb Wei Sheng."

"Yes!" Xin Yan, who had calmed down, was as stern and grave as iron and stone. Just the one word was full of ice.

No matter if it was the *xiuzhe* that were flying towards Wu Kong

Mountains or the outer sect disciples raising their heads to look, they all felt a snow white light flash across their eyes! Before they could react, a terrifying sword essence, vast and filled with an apocalyptic presence, spread over their heads!

Everyone stilled in shock, uncontrollably retreating.

A gigantic snow white dragon, taking over half of the sky, moved its nimble body as it flew in the night sky. That pair of eyes like ice crystals were full of arrogance. From very far away, a cold and fierce presence could be felt.

Only at this time did the people remember, Wu Kong Mountains had four *xiuzhe* that were *jindan*!

“Is it [Ice Dragon Sword]?” An ancient sounding voice came from far away.

Xin Yan raised his eyelids, desire for battle flickering through his eyes, as he responded frigidly: “This one is Xin Yan.”

On Wu Kong Mountains, all the outer sect disciples, with raised faces, sighed in shock. Xin Yan *shishu*, who usually had a stone face, actually had such a big reputation.

The person from far away didn’t speak.

“It is too late today, and coincidentally, it is the time that this young disciple is *zhuji*. We really cannot receive everyone and have to disturb you. Please forgive us. Why don’t everyone find another day to come. This sect will prepare for your arrival.” Pei Yuan Yan’s authoritative voice could be heard near and far.

“Didn’t think my Dong Fu would have someone as skilled as [Ice Dragon Sword]. Sorry for the discourtesy! Wu Kong Sword Sect will soon prosper, this poor cultivator Tian Song Zi first congratulates you. Today is inconvenient, then I will disturb at some other day!” The voice echoed until it couldn’t be heard any longer.

The cultivators in the surroundings were greatly surprised. They hadn’t thought the person who came was Tian Song Zi. Tian Song Zi was renowned in the entire Dong Fu. He was the descendant of

Dong Fu *xianren*, and the true ruler of Dong Fu.

Even Pei Yuan Ra was surprised. He hadn't thought that the disturbance here would startle Tian Song Zi. Tian Song Zi's reputation was extremely high in Dong Fu, his rumoured cultivation was also astounding.

But he truly was a leader of a sect. He held his composure and shouted: "Take care, elder!"

The *xiuzhe* that had wanted to explore saw the situation and tactfully scattered away. Someone that even Tian Song Zi would treat respectfully, they wouldn't dare be rash. Smart people recognized that Wu Kong Sword Sect's position would rise in Dong Fu.

Most of them knew that Wu Kong Sword Sect had four *jindanxiuzhe*. However, normally Wu Kong Mountain rarely conversed with outsiders. The four, other than Yan Le who was mainly in charge of the operations, the other three basically didn't step outside the doors to the mountain.

Intelligent people decided to go find out more about [Ice Dragon Sword]. Such a strong person, yet silently living in a little mountain, it was really puzzling.

Zuo Mo didn't hear a word of the conversation between the sect leader and Tian Song Zi. He stared, dumbstruck, at the snow white dragon that was swimming in the night sky.

Just like he could conclude that the sword energy that was piercing the sky was due to Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, he recognized that snow white dragon that was twisting in the sky. It was that sword essence that was in his sea of consciousness. On the outside appearance, the two were greatly different, but for some reason, he was abnormally certain that this dragon and the white sword essence that he had only seen two times weren't inherently different.

He blanked. So that night, it had been *shishu*!

This conclusion made his heart leap.

He suddenly remembered the main culprit was still in his

consciousness! This thought instantly made his heart madly shake.

If the sect leader and the others knew that Pu was in his consciousness.....

He couldn't help but shudder, his teeth chattering.

He looked again at the snow dragon in the sky, coldness creeping up his heart. He always had the feeling that this snow dragon could discover Pu Yao at any time and then would unhesitatingly swoop down and tear him to pieces!

This feeling became stronger and stronger. He even felt that the gigantic dragon was always staring at him.

His soul leaping, he couldn't do anything except frantically escaping down the rooftop and shrinking back into his rooms.

When he returned to the seclusion room, he finally recovered.

After a few seconds, his heartbeat calming, his tongue was dry.

The damned Pu Yao! Zuo Mo couldn't help but curse again inside.

He suddenly remembered that Pu Yao could come out on his own. This thought made him instantly panicked. Pu Yao, that crazy maniac, don't create a disturbance now!

He quickly sat, forcing his heart to calm and entered his consciousness.

His sea of consciousness seemed to have a violent wind blowing, the dark red flames furiously dancing, like a crowd of beautiful naga twisting their heart-stopping waists. Pu wasn't sitting on the gravestone like he normally did, but was standing in front of the grave stone like a spear. The smooth satin-like black clothing flapping in the wind, the black hair flying in front of his forehead but still covering his left eye.

His blood-red right eye was deep as he gazed at the gravestone.

Chapter Twenty Four “Finding a Different Way”

After the ruckus last night, no one in Wu Kong Sword Sect got a good night of sleep. In comparison to the other disciples who had gather together to excitedly discuss, Zuo Mo was frightened awake. Right now, he was on the same boat as Pu Yao. When he saw the snow dragon, his brain had exploded. Before, he still had a delusion, but now his heart was restless.

His heart nervous, if he wasn't extremely fond of this place, he would instantly pack his things and escape without a trace.

After being scared witless for a few days and seeing that nothing had happened, his heart finally landed back above his stomach.

Wei Sheng *Shixiong* was thrust into the limelight this time. In the area around Dong Fu, the news that a genius of Wu Kong Sword Sect appeared out of the blue, the sword energy piercing the heavens when he entered *zhuji* instantly made a buzz. As expected, Wei Sheng *Shixiong* quickly was taken by the sect head as his disciple, personally bestowing down a fourth grade flying sword [Splitting Rainbow], and the person teaching him however was Xin Yan *Shishu*. When the previous inner sect disciples had received their swords, it had all been third-grade flying swords. Even the most talented Luo Li *Shixiong* wasn't an exception.

Such favour, it was the first time for Wu Kong Sword sect. And the one who received the sword had been an outer sect disciple previously. When all the outer sect disciples discussed this matter, they all had proud expressions on their faces. But even more was envy that was unable to be hidden. An outer sect disciple that once was a sword servant, skyrocketing to become the most valued second generation disciple, Wei Sheng *Shixiong's* experience was almost every outer sect disciple's dream.

Other than more admiration, Zuo Mo wasn't shocked. He believed

that anyone who had seen that jade stick that he had would be just as clam as he was.

He admired, but he would not copy Wei Sheng *Shixiong*. He didn't have that obsession inside. Fundamentally, he was a lazy person. He was working hard now just so that he could be lazy in the future.

Pu Yao also seemed to have recovered. Just like usual, he sat on the gravestone and listened to the sound tablet.

The sea of consciousness hadn't changed, except that the flames seemed bigger. Zuo Mo didn't know if it was just his imagination. In any case, it was just a patch of red.

The agitated Wu Kong Mountain finally calmed down. Zuo Mo's life also calmed down. What he reminisced about the most was the life he had before all the apprehension and worry. His life returning to normal, his heart became much peaceful. However, he met trouble.

A *ling* plant farmer required three kinds of spells to reach the third level. Zuo Mo's [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] was at the fourth level. Right now, the one that he had that was most likely to reach the third level was [Art of Aged Gold].

He even knew how to break through to the third level of [Art of Aged Gold].

Using sword scriptures to manipulate the aged gold energy was the crucial factor. It was the method that Pu Yao had pointed out that day for him to kill the silver horned worms. This road also proved his previous hypothesis that [Art of Aged Gold] was a certain kind of offensive spell.

But Zuo Mo wasn't dumb. He detected the fishiness. If he walked down this road, then he needed to strengthen his consciousness. The aged gold sword wasn't really a sword. If he didn't have the spiritual power, he couldn't manipulate it. He experienced that deeply when he exterminated the silver horned worms this time. If his spiritual power had been greater, then the power of the little aged gold sword definitely would have multiplied. If it moved according to his wishes, the sword moves also would be able to unleash their full

power.

Strengthening his consciousness, then he would have to face a problem, practising [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]!

No wonder Pu Yao had been so generous. He was waiting there.

Originally Zuo Mo, who had been irritated at not finding a way to elevate his [Art of Aged Gold] was now having a headache because he could not level up.

Hesitating for a long while, in the end he still decided not to raise his [Art of Aged Gold].

Didn't a *ling* plants farmer need three kinds of spells to reach the third level? At the very worst, he'll pick two others from the remaining three spells.

[Art of Flora], [Art of Crimson Flame], and [Art of Earth Energy]. He had practised them all to the second level.

But no matter which two, he had only just arrived at the second level. It was far from entering the third. Originally [Art of Aged Gold] had been the only he had the greatest confidence in reaching the third level, but now he had to put it to one side. He really was depressed.

Thankfully he still had *jingshi* on his hands!

At the worst, he could go search to see if there was any jade sticks related to this area that was being sold. The jade stick that he had brought before was just a normal one. It described all five spells but in most places, it just brushed over, and a direction could barely be found. For the majority, it still needed him to comprehend for himself. Most of the jade sticks that were on the market were this version. The true premium ones were with the large sects. Even when it wandered onto the market, it was extremely expensive.

In some of the top sects, before each *xiuzhe* died, they would use their consciousness to leave behind what they had learned in their lives in the jade sticks and pass them on. These were the highest jade sticks. The jade sticks that held the consciousness and understandings of the elders were distributed to the disciples in the

sect with the greatest potential.

These young disciples would change themselves in one night, greatly shortening the time they needed to spend cultivating.

But for normal *xiuzhe*, they didn't even need to think about this kind of things. It was better to walk step by step. Not just that, it was like they were on a dangerous and misty mountain road, carefully climbing up. As to whether they would walk an indirect route, fall and break into pieces, that depended on each individual's luck.

Adding on the twenty pieces of second-grade *jingshi* that Li Ying Feng gave, Zuo Mo's wealth was the greatest it had ever been, even though Pu Yao had spent a large amount. Zuo Mo couldn't help but sigh, even though everyone was cultivating, but of those that were outstanding, how many didn't have anything to their name? Li Ying Feng *shijie*'s family was wealthy. Giving out tens of second-grade *jingshi*, her eyes didn't even blink. This kind of manner, Zuo Mo was deeply envious.

His pouch was fat, his cultivation was hindered, it was natural that Zuo Mo thought about using *jingshi* to solve the problem. His goal this time was to buy a jade stick about one spell. There were very few people who could practise all five kinds of spells at the same time. But there should be more people who were skilled in one or two types.

This kind of spells definitely wouldn't be cheap. He would probably bleed a lot this time but he had no other choice.

Riding the creaking Xiao Huang, he slowly made his way to Dong Fu again.

As one of the most important towns of Tian Yue *Jie*, the development of Dong Fu was very good and had attracted a wave of pretty good *xiuzhe*. Basically, all the normal requirements could be satisfied here, especially to the kind of *lianqi* cultivators such as Zuo Mo.

In a moderately sized store, Zuo Mo's body was almost lying on the desk, his eyes unblinking as he stared at the other.

“Bro, I’m saying, just buy another one, it’s really not expensive. If you want to fix it, and add more *ling* energy, it wouldn’t be cheaper than buying a new one, and it can’t level up.” The person was holding Zuo Mo’s flying paper crane, Xiao Huang, as he said in a seasoned tone.

Looking at the visible cracks on the paper crane, Zuo Mo was slightly unwilling. After all, this was his first steed. Gritting his teeth, he said: “Just fix it for me, naturally I wouldn’t give less for the cost.”

The other shrugged indifferently: “Whatever you say.”

He took out all kinds of tools. First he cut out several lengths of green thin bamboo to reinforce the skeleton. Then he glued the cracks in the yellow paper, cutting off the frayed edges. He took out a brush, using cinnabar to carefully mend the seal arrangement before adding in *ling* energy. Only when the red cinnabar had disappeared from the surface of the paper crane did he repeatedly put on a layer of liquid and the seal that had disappeared appeared once again.

“Alright. I slightly made it stronger. If you’re careful, you can still use it for a while. Three pieces of second-grade *jingshi*.”

As expected, the price wasn’t different from buying a new one. Zuo Mo’s heart jerked in pain but he still crisply paid.

Walking out of the small store, he started to walk to the free market and found Fu Jin.

Fu Jin saw Zuo Mo and instantly became alert, yellow: “Hey, Mo ge’s here. What do you want this time?” The wily eyes found the copper ring on Zuo Mo’s hand. Instantly he became even more attentive. His eyes were very experienced. That was a talisman. Even if the grade wasn’t high, but it still meant that Zuo Mo definitely still had some *jingshi* in his hands.

Zuo Mo asked: “Do you have anything about [Art of Flora]? Relating to the third level. [Art of Crimson Flame] or [Art of Earth Energy] would also do.”

“The third level?” Fu Jin grimaced as he shook his head: “Mo ge.

You know the market. Whatever spell, once it reaches the third level, it isn't hard to find. Even if it was available, the price, tsk tsk, at least two pieces of third-grade *jingshi*.

Two pieces of third-grade *jingshi*. Zuo Mo didn't know what to say about the price. Even though he was much wealthier now, but this price was still out of reach for him. One piece of third-grade *jingshi*, it needed one hundred pieces of second-grade *jingshi*. This was only for low-grade *jingshi*. As the grade increased, the disparity in the exchange rate would become even greater. Like fourth-grade *jingshi*, at the very least, it would require five hundred pieces of third-grade *jingshi*.

Third grade was a dividing line.

If he could make spellwork jade sticks, Zuo Mo would have already been selling jade sticks. Disregarding everything else, just based on his fourth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], if he could make jade sticks, he definitely could sell it for a good price. It was a pity that making a spellwork jade stick wasn't a simple matter. While Zuo Mo's [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] might have reached the fourth level, but for the overwhelming majority of the profound parts, he could only grasp, but could not convey.

Like the jade stick that Wei Sheng *shixiong* gave him. It only basically recorded some of his experiences and realizations. It couldn't be considered a spellwork jade stick.

Those that could make spellwork jade sticks, they were usually those of high cultivation. They could stand at a higher spot and penetrate through to the core of the spells.

The spellwork jade sticks that a *jindan xiuzhe* made, and one that a *ningmai* made, the price was astronomically different. The *ling* plant jade stick that Zuo Mo brought had been made by a *ningmai*. Many of the part inside were not adequately described.

The most common spellwork jade sticks on the market were for the stage of *zhuji*. They frequently could get sold for a pretty good price. Since once one entered *zhuji*, they had some wealth. This

was also the reason that why the spellwork jade sticks for *lianqi* cultivators were so rare.

The majority of those in the stage of *lianqi* were poor bastards.

And Tian Yue *Jie*, it was a district under the jurisdiction of Kun Lun *Jing*. The mainstream was sword *xiu*, so there was much less spells in the other areas.

Zuo Mo couldn't help but be disappointed.

Even though Zuo Mo's face was paralyzed, but Fu Jin still sensitively detected his disappointed. He thought before suggesting: "Mo *ge* could try taking a look at the notice altar."

Zuo Mo instantly hit his head in frustration. How could he have forgotten that place?

Each sect would always encounter all sorts of problems. Like the strange disease of the *ling* fields that Wu Kong Sword Sect had encountered this time. If the sect could not solve it, they would post to the boards in hopes of those with extraordinary talent that could aid them through their difficulties. After that, everyone found the convenience inside and more and more people asked for aid at the boards. Consequently, they created a specialized temple to post notices which was called the notice altar. This also became the place many *xiuzhe* used to find jobs, especially those with a cultivation of *lianqi* or *zhuji*.

Of course, posting a message required paying a fee, and the post would clearly state the payment.

Gratefully giving thanks to Fu Jin, Zuo Mo started heading for the notice altar.

Chapter Twenty Five “Fourth Shigu”

The notice altar was in the southern part of Dong Fu, and it was also the most prosperous and busiest part of Dong Fu. Because he had already joined a sect, and taking care of the *ling* fields and cultivation had taken up almost all of his time, Zuo Mo had never been to the notice altar before. This was why he hadn't thought of this place at the beginning.

Stopping at the notice altar, he couldn't help but inhale sharply!

Looking out, countless posts made from cloth banners pointed at the sky like a forest, spreading out into the horizon. Under each banner, people's heads moved. The stream of people also moved slowly. Zuo Mo was in awe at the scene.

Dazedly, he followed the stream and entered the notice altar.

“This sect has a pair of Firey Gold Eyes Beast pups, requires one zookeeper. Requires cultivation above intermediate level of *zhuji*, five or more years of experience in animal care, salary generous.”

“This sect is clearing out *ling* fields, needs large number of body cultivators, above *lianqi* fifth level. Includes residence and food. Ten pieces of first-grade *jingshi* each day.

.....

In just a quick while, Zuo Mo's eyes started to blur.

Just at this time, someone came up: ‘Bro, what, it's hard to search. I have the complete table of content for the entire notice altar, detailed and accurate. It is updated at the first time. How about it, do you want a copy?’

“How much?” Zuo Mo asked cautiously.

“Not expensive, twenty pieces of first-grade *jingshi*.” The person

said: “Bro, at one look, I can see you are one for doing big things. Time is so precious, wasting it like this is not worthy. Just twenty pieces of first-grade *jingshi*, it’s really worthwhile!”

“Eight pieces!”

“Bro, look at all these notices. Just me alone, how can I collect all of them? I have to support an entire bunch of people... ..”

“Adding on two pieces, I’m very sincere.”

“Bro, we don’t have it easy.....”

Zuo Mo turned to leave. The person hurriedly pulled Zuo Mo: “Okay okay okay, I’ll sell it to you at a loss!”

Looking at the directory that he spent ten pieces of first-grade *jingshi* to buy, Zuo Mo was a sorry figure as he escaped from the notice altar. He found a less busy place nearby and sat down.

That was a really scary place! He looked with trepidation at the bustling notice altar.

Adding *ling* energy to the jade stick, there were more than one thousand and five hundred posts in the directory, a huge variety, everything was there. After a long time, Zuo Mo finally found an order and started to look down.

After a full two hours, he finally raised his head, his eyes full of disappointment. It wasn’t that there weren’t related posts that paid with spells, but not one of them were something that he could accomplish. Thinking about it now, Fu Jing was right. When any spell reached the third level, the price also changed drastically.

Discontentedly returning on the flying paper crane, Zuo Mo’s expression was blank.

When he returned home and saw Wei Sheng *Shixiong* standing outside his door, he couldn’t help but blank.

Wei Sheng *Shixiong* didn’t seem to have changed much from before. Still clad in rough cloth. Even though he still gave others the feeling of being as sharp as a sword, but it was much more restrained than

before. It could be seen that Wei Sheng *Shixiong*'s cultivation was much deeper than before. Even when Zuo Mo was still far away, he already detected it.

"*Shidi* has really made me wait." He smiled as he greeted.

Wei Sheng *Shixiong*'s warmth that was just like before made Zuo Mo very surprised and slightly moved. The attitudes of inner sect disciples towards outer sect disciples were usually extremely bad, and those of low birth and had an accomplished cultivation, their arrogant manner was the normal state.

"If *Shixiong* has something, just send a notice, why wait so long outside the door?" Zuo Mo solemnly replied.

Wei Sheng took out a small box from his bosom and handed it to Zuo Mo: "The fire dragon grass seed won't be of any use in my hands, but at least its third-grade so it would be a pity to throw it out. *Shidi* is skilled in planting, so this is given to *Shidi*."

Zuo Mo was greedy about wealth but facing the little box, he didn't hold out his hand. The seed of a third-grade fire dragon grass, it wasn't a question to sell it for a few tens of pieces of second-grade *jingshi*.

"*Shixiong* has successfully *zhuji*, and there would be many places that would require *jingshi* in the future....."

Wei Sheng interrupted his words, shoving the wooden box into Zuo Mo's chest: "Don't be chatty. I'm telling you to take it. My heart is for the sword, and doesn't like other things."

Holding the wooden box, Zuo Mo didn't know what to say.

"*Shidi* has outstanding talent and should work hard to not fail to live up to this good vessel." He urged: "Very soon I will enter the Sword Cave to study. When I come out, *Shidi* should have successfully *zhuji*."

For some reason, Zuo Mo's heart warmed and burst out: "I definitely will successfully *zhuji*!"

“Then I won’t worry anymore. It’s a pity that *Shidi* isn’t interested in the sword.” There was a hint of pity in Wei Sheng’s expression.

Zuo Mo smiled: “It isn’t bad being a *ling* plant farmer, *jingshii* is a very dependable thing.”

“Haha!” Wei Sheng roared with laughter: “That’s so true. I won’t bid farewell. When I come out, us brothers will drink!”

Finishing, he swept away.

Even when Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had walked a long ways off, Zuo Mo’s heart was still slightly excited.

No matter if Wei Sheng *Shixiong* was deliberate or not but this bit of solicitude, he would firmly remember.

From when he opened his eyes, what he faced was a completely unfamiliar world. The sect leader that picked him up had asked a few words before he was never seen again. He was like a newborn baby that started to dumbly learn bit by bit everything in the surroundings. His strange zombie face, and the ignorance about the affairs of the world caused him to receive endless mockery and ridicule.

The only thing he was glad about was that the heavens had left behind some assets for him – a cultivation of *lianqi* fifth level. The setbacks he endured everywhere didn’t make him sink but actually stirred up the stubbornness in his bones. He cultivated day and night, used the rain of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] to fill the dry pond drop by drop. After that, the treatment he received gradually changed. Piling on the insincerity and worldliness, deliberately getting close to the other disciples in the sect, and earning a pretty good reputation.

But that alienation inside, it gradually deepened with time.

Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, who he only had met two times before, it was the first time he felt a sincere concern.

Before this, he wasn’t interested in *zhuji*. That astounding sword essence in his sea of consciousness, while it had stirred up some interest in power, but quickly, [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual

Cultivation] had completely made him lose interest in power. For him, power was undoubtedly very far away.

But Wei Sheng *Shixiong*'s exhortations today made him suddenly feel that he needed to *zhuji*. This feeling was so fierce, from the moment it left his mouth, he felt that, no matter what, he had to complete *zhuji*!

Zhuji!

Zhuji, it was the first barrier in the long journey of cultivation. For those disciples in the large sects, *zhuji* was so easy that it was like stepping over a doorstep. But for normal *xiuzhe*, this would decide their status. Those that were in the stage of *zhuji* basically had left behind the lowest level of work, their income enough for those as greedy as Zuo Mo to have red eyes. But there was a high degree of difficulty in *zhuji*, especially to someone like Zuo Mo who only had the kind of mainstream street trash like [Ten Principles Scripture]. To finish *zhuji*, it needed luck and character. Other than that, the success of *zhuji* depended on whether the wallet was full or not.

The *lingdan* and *ling* herbs that were required for *zhuji*, not one of them was cheap. And the effects varied greatly.

Normal *zhujidan*, it generally was one hundred pieces of second-grade *jingshi*. But this kind of *zhuji dan* could only be considered to barely useable. And if one was willing to spill some blood, two pieces of third-grade *jingshi*, they could buy the highest grade of *zhuji dan*, the success rate multiplying. This was also why the disciples of the large sects didn't care about *zhuji*. For them, two pieces of third-grade *jingshi* was really a small amount.

But for Zuo Mo, one hundred pieces of second-grade *jingshi* was almost his entire wealth. And this was only because his income had been high lately. Before this, did he dare to even think?

That was also why he would put his efforts on *ling* plant farmer. In reality, the difficulty of becoming a *ling* plant farmer was much higher than *zhuji*. This could be seen from how much the salary of a *ling* plant farmer surpassed a *zhuji* cultivator. But the difficulty was

based on talent. There wasn't much of a *jingshi* investment. What other than this was more perfect for a money-grubbing Zuo Mo?

But now he wanted to *zhuji*!

His brain was occupied with this thought as he dumbly walked to Cold Mist Valley.

"Who are you? How dare you enter this sect's important lands!" Suddenly a cold shout broke through Zuo Mo's thoughts.

A matron, appearing about forty something years old, was standing in the medicine fields, coldly looking at Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo unconsciously raised his head. When he met the other's eyes, he instantly dropped into ice! The other's gaze was as sharp as a sword, almost piercing him through.

Zuo Mo shook, as though waking from a dream, his mind whirling quickly, he hurriedly made the bow of a disciple: "This disciple is Zuo Mo. Received Hao Min *shijie*'s orders to temporarily care for the medicine fields here."

"That girl dares! Dares to be lazy!" The green-clad matron's face was cold, hinting at the anger.

Zuo Mo silently grimaced. Right now, he largely knew the identity of this elder in front of him. Wu Kong Sword Sect hadn't been big to begin with. The only one that fit the description was the fourth *shigu*, Shi Feng Rong. Shi Feng Rong spent long periods of time travelling abroad, occasionally returning. Zuo Mo had never had the chance to see her before. But supposedly this *shigu* didn't have a good temper, was hard to be close with. Looking at it now, it was true.

His only hope now was that Fourth *Shigu* wouldn't blame him.

Hao Ming *Shijie* was an inner sect disciple. Even if she was punished, it wouldn't be heavy. But his status was low. If he was blamed, he wouldn't have a good ending.

Shi Feng Rong scanned the medicine fields in the surroundings. Seeing the *ling* herbs were fine, the coldness on her face retreated slightly. She relaxed her tone to ask: "What are you called?"

“Disciple Zuo Mo greets Fourth *Shigu*.” Zuo Mo answered respectfully.

“Your care isn’t bad.” Glancing at Zuo Mo, her eyes held praise: “Cultivation of *lianqi* eighth level. En, can be considered ambitious. From today onwards, Cold Mist Valley is under your care. Humph, when Hao Min returns, I will sort her out!”

Temporary worker turning to actual worker, Zuo Mo wasn’t very a hundred times unwilling but facing Fourth *Shigu*’s gaze that could cut him up, he perceptively swallowed the words back into his stomach. Inside, he muttered, Fourth *Shigu* was the same as Xin Yan *Shishu*, they looked at everyone like the others owed them money.

“This *zhuji dan*, it is your reward.”

Zuo Mo stared with bright eyes at the *zhuji dan* in his hands. The hundred times unwilling instantly became one hundred times willing! As expected, it was *Shigu* would was considerate! He praised Fourth *Shigu* effusively inside. The most basic *zhuji dan* was one hundred pieces of second grade *jingshi*. He had heard that this *shigu* was skilled at concocting pills, but he didn’t know what grade this *zhuji dan* was.

“Keep cultivating, and enter *zhuji*. Your power now, to care for Cold Mist Valley, it isn’t enough.” Fourth *Shigu*’s icy voice rang in Zuo Mo’s ears.

Zuo Mo, already drowning in joy, hurriedly responded.

Shi Feng Rong was going to leave when her eyes glanced at Zuo Mo’s face. Her steps instantly stopped, an astounded expression floating on her cold face: “Raise your head.”

Chapter Twenty Six “Appearance Changed and Mind Erased”

Zuo Mo raised his head.

Shi Feng Rong walked gracefully in front of him. Carefully examining for a few seconds, her brows suddenly furrowed: “You are the child that Sect Leader *Shixiong* picked up?”

Zuo Mo blanked, nodding and answered: “Yes.”

“You cannot remember anything from before?”

Zuo Mo’s heart suddenly started to beat furiously, blood rushing up to his head. He felt that he was trembling, his entire body uncontrollably trembling lightly. He heard his trembling voice answer: “Yes.”

“Oh.” Shi Feng Rong nodded. She hadn’t planned on saying anything, turning to leave.

Zuo Mo almost unconsciously yelled: “*Shigu!*”

Shi Feng Rong stopped, expression irritated as she looked at him.

Zuo Mo didn’t know where he got the courage to intently stare at Shi Feng Rong, eyes full of terror and hope: “This disciple has nothing left of the previous memories. What this disciple is called, who are the parents, nothing. Thinking about it every time, the heart is grievously sad, and begs for *Shigu*’s guidance!”

Shi Feng Rong looked at Zuo Mo for a beat and shook her head: “For you, it’s better not to know.”

“Please, *shigu*, complete this desire!”

Zuo Mo almost used up all the strength in his body.

Shi Feng Rong slightly wrinkled her brows, coldly stating: “Since you

want to know so much, then I will tell you. If I hadn't seen it wrong, you might have been the target of a technique to have your features changed. Someone had changed your appearance."

"Changed... .." Zuo Mo muttered to himself absent-mindedly.

"As to your previous memories, it should have been erased by someone. I don't know who has such deep enmity against you." Finishing, she gave a look deep with meaning at Zuo Mo: "Changing your appearance or erasing a mind, it all needs great cultivation. You should just obediently take care of the *ling* fields for me."

It was as though Zuo Mo was struck by lightning and frozen to his spot!

When his mind slowly came back, the sky was dark and Fourth *Shigu* had left long ago.

Zuo Mo was muddleheaded, his eyes bleak.

Changed appearance... .. erased mind.....

So his memory had been erased by someone, so his face had been changed

So that dream.....

Why.....

Why was it like this.....

He lowered his head, his fists unconsciously cleaning, knuckles cracking, fingertips white. The bamboo-like body was like a dry stalk of grass waving in the wind, small and weak. The temperature of Cold Mist Valley in the night time was extremely low, humidity high. Small tendrils of cold permeated into Zuo Mo's body, and also into his heart.

The puzzle that had perplexed him finally had been solved at this time, but even more puzzles were lying in front of him.

Who am I.....

Who did it... ... the messy mind instantly quieted.

Zuo Mo raised his head, his eyes as though they were dyed by blood, a patch of red. He had expected that he would be furious, would shout. But he didn't. His heart was encased in ice, as though he was an outsider watching from the sidelines.

His heart was an iced body. Under the thick layer of ice, a vague hint could be seen to the undercurrents roiling in the deep.

Fourth *Shigu*'s words echoed in his ears. Someone that even Fourth *Shigu* would call of high cultivation, at the very least, one of their hairs would be thicker than his leg. Even if he wanted to settle a score, he couldn't manage it.

Suddenly everything in these two years, sunlight, *ling* grains it was like a dream and an invisible great hand forcibly squeezed it to dust!

It was gone.

He relaxed his fingers, stepping in the sea of consciousness where the flames were dancing.

Just like normal, Pu Yao was still sitting on the gravestone shrouded in black smoke. Seeing Zuo Mo, the corner of his mouth rose.

"Hahahahahaha!"

Reckless and crazy laughter rang out in the sea of consciousness.

Wei Sheng closely followed behind the sect leader and Xin Yan *Shishu* as they walked in the back of the mountain. The two elders were both extremely solemn as they silently walked at the front. Wei Sheng was also cautious as he closely followed. This was a forbidden area of the sect. Master and Xin Yan *Shishu* had cast more than twenty spells on the way here to open the path. It could be seen just how guarded this place was. He had just entered *zhuji*, his willpower ten times what it had been previously but the pressure that the *jinzhi* exuded, it still made him feel as though he was suffocating.

So the sect had a place as strong as this!

He felt his blood was gradually warming up, he was full of hopes to the Sword Cave that they were going to arrive at!

After walking for four hours, the three finally stopped in front of the mouth of a cave.

Nervousness came upon both Pei Yuan Ran and Xin Yan's face. The sect leader Pei Yuan Ran said solemnly: "This Sword Cave, it had been created by this sect's first leader. It was used for the sect disciples to refine their sword essences. Only disciples below *jindan* can enter." Some shame suddenly made its way across his face: "The ancestor's power was astounding. To open this sword cave, it requires two *jindan* to simultaneously act. This sect has declined. In the generation above us, there was only one *jindan* so this sword came was never opened. I and your *shishu* practised our sword essences by ourselves in Yao Hunt. When we reached *jindan*, we could not go in. What is actually in this sword cave, we don't know either. You have to explore for yourself."

Wei Sheng listened closely, his expression calm.

Pei Yuan Ran looked at his disciple, concern in his eyes: "Every ten days, we will prepare enough *ling* food for you. Right now, your fourth *shigu* has returned and you don't have to worry about herbs and *dan*. But the sword cave is dangerous and you need to remember your own safety. You have just entered *zhujì* and your cultivation is low, so in reality, you are not suited to enter the sword cave. But you have immense talent on the sword that we have never seen before. To not hinder you, we have decided to make an exception and let you enter the sword cave. If you encounter any danger, you need to leave the sword cave immediately!"

The last warning, Pei Yuan Ran couldn't help raising his voice. This sincere and honest disciple in front of him, his talent was astounding and surpassed all of their expectations. He seemed to have been born a sword *xìu*. Other than his cultivation that needed to steadily progress, any sword scripture that entered his hands would quickly become familiar and flowing.

Even the strongest Xin Yan was shocked at Wei Sheng's progress. Other than joy, they couldn't help but be worried. Such a good piece of jade, if they didn't nurture properly, wouldn't it disappoint the ancestors?

They had pondered for a long time and in the end, decided to open the sword cave. Other than the legend about the sword cave in the sect, they hoped that Wei Sheng could practise the complete Void Sword. Void Sword was the strongest sword scripture of the sect and the greatest accomplishment of the first ancestral master, Wu Kong *zhenren*. But when it came to their generation, they didn't have a complete [Void Sword Scripture]. Like Xin Yan's [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture], it had been created by one of the ancestral masters but was not the strongest sword scripture of the sect.

Before, they had put their hopes on Luo Li who only managed to achieve Empty Sword. Who could have thought that he, who had once been Luo Li's sword servant, would have even greater talent than Luo Li?

Even more, while Luo Li had outstanding talent but his personality was arrogant. Compared to the honest and humble Wei Sheng, he was quickly defeated.

In their hearts, Wei Sheng was the present and uncontested head of the disciples.

"Disciple understands!" Wei Sheng's expression was grave.

Pei Yuan Ran and Xin Yan exchanged a lot and nodded their heads. Both started to revolve their *ling* energy, casting a spell.

Two *jindan* undertaking a task at the same time, the commotion was extremely alarming! Over their heads, clouds gathered from every direction. In a few blinks of an eye, the small mountain valley was shrouded by roiling black clouds, dark as night. On the outside wall of the mountain cave, countless seals started to light up and flash. The *jinzhi* in the surroundings also lit up, countless seals floating midair as though they were communicating with the seals that were carved into the mountain.

Feeling the shock and shivering that came from the bones, Wei Sheng's calm gaze seemed to have been ignited and he excitedly went forward.

Pei Yuan Ran and Xin Yan's expressions were grave. Both of them simultaneously shouted: "Open!"

The seals turned and the formation changed.

The mountain cave suddenly became dark and deep, as though it was a void. Wei Sheng, who had already prepared, didn't hesitate and rushed in!

At this time, Pei Yuan Ran and Xin Yan finally gave a breath of relief. The two slowly let go of the spell, dispersing the *ling* energy on their hands. The seals on the mountain and on the *jinzhi* slowly faded. The thick clouds overhead spread out, sunlight once again reaching the valley.

"Let's go, he needs to walk the road himself." Pei Yuan Ran sighed.

"Of course." Xin Yan treated words like they were gold.

In the sea of fire, Zuo Mo sat not far away from Pu Yao, listening attentively.

"What is *yaomo*? There are many ways of distinguishing but the most important is the method of cultivation. *Xiuzhe*, extract the *ling* energy of the world to use for themselves. What they cultivate is *ling* energy. And *yao*, what they care about is the spirit shaking the sky, primarily cultivating the spirit. And *mo*? That group of people whose absolute majority is stupid to the point of no return can only cultivate themselves, using their bodies as talismans."

Zuo Mo seemed to understand but didn't really understand.

"Oh, all of this is nonsense. Okay, we'll talk something practical. Your road wasn't wrong to use sword moves to manipulate the aged gold energy. However, it is a pity that you aren't your *shixiong*. Based on your speed, I estimate it would be at least two to three years." Pu Yao suddenly smiled strangely, revealing half of his crimson tongue: "But I have a quick fix. Do you want to try?"

“Quick fix?” Zuo Mo’s eyes were lit up, his body slightly leaning forward.

Pu Yao’s eyes narrowed even more, his voice full of enticement: “Exactly, very fast! Within one month, you definitely would break to the third level of [Art of Aged Gold].”

“Really?” Zuo Mo was slightly suspicious. Pu Yao’s expression gave him a bad feeling.

“You won’t know until you try.” Pu Yao shrugged his shoulders: “There isn’t a free lunch in the world. To get power, how can you not pay?”

Zuo Mo fell silent.

To find the answers, to find the person that changed him, he needed power, desperately needed power! Pu Yao wasn’t wrong. To get power, it required a certain cost. He was a little *xiuzhe* who hadn’t even entered *zhuji*, what could he rely on to find the answer?

The only one he could ask aid from was Pu Yao. He still didn’t know what Pu Yao wanted but did he have a choice?

Choices were a question that only those that were strong would face.

What he was glad about was that Pu Yao was willing to help him. Regardless of Pu Yao’s reasons for doing so, he would accept it.

“Alright.” He stood up.

Pu Yao’s blade-like mouth once again skewed towards one side. He laughed lightly, declaring: “Ha, what is more simpler than sword scriptures? After being sliced a few thousand time, you’ll learn it!”

The words hadn’t landed when a vast snow white sword essence came down from the heavens, easily slicing Zuo Mo’s consciousness in half.

A heart wrenching pain came on. Zuo Mo felt that his body had been cut into two halves.

The pain came on and he straightforwardly fainted!

Chapter Twenty Seven “Looking Up in the Darkness”

“*Shixiong*, is your body ill?” Xiao Guo had fought for a long time but couldn’t resist asking.

“It’s nothing.” Zuo Mo’s voice was raspy as he replied and continued to walk forward.

Xiao Guo looked worriedly at Zuo Mo, gathering her courage to state: “*Shixiong*, if you don’t feel well, we could change to another day.”

“I said it’s fine so it’s fine!” Zuo Mo glared at Xiao Guo.

Xiao Guo couldn’t help but shrink back. She muttered: “But, *Shixjie* said the body is the most important.”

Zuo Mo decided to shut up himself and not argue with this little girl. He didn’t have the energy. Any one that would have been sliced over and over in half by the sword essence of a *jindan* definitely wouldn’t have the energy.

Pu Yao was insane. Certifiably insane!

Xin Yan *Shishu*’s sword essence far surpassed what he could endure. Each time that he faced the vast snow white sword essence, he felt that he was at death’s door. The terror that seemed to come from the deepest part of his heart made him tremble. The difference between the two of them was too large, so large it didn’t have meaning. Even this terror that seemed to happen right before death, Zuo Mo would only have a short instant to feel it before his consciousness would be easily cut in half. His only outcome was fainting.

But he would quickly wake up because of pain! The enormous pain due to his wounded spirit would wake him up.

The only thing he could do was grit his teeth and practise [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. Only that thing could heal his spirit and lessen the pain.

Before he could take a breath, another sword essence would drop down from heaven and he would faint again.

Just like that. Slice, faint, wake up due to the pain.....continuously repeating. In one day, he would faint a few dozen times. One could imagine, how could his state be good?

If he had the time, he would be suspicious of himself of being able to endure to that day. However, Pu Yao wouldn't even give that amount of time to him. Later on, the pain turned to numbness.

Only when Xiao Guo came to find him did Pu Yao temporarily let him go.

Xiao Guo came to find him to take a look at the *ling* grasses. After the weed incident, all the girls on the Eastern Peak were scared. Li Ying Feng became an inner sect disciple, entering Yan Le's doors. Other than cultivating, she had to follow her Master to learn how to take care of the sect's assets and had no time to come to the Eastern Peak. But they girls still remembered zombie *Shixiong* Zuo Mo, and before Li Ying Feng left, she had especially given notice with him in hopes he could help these female disciples.

After a certain amount of time, they would always pull Zuo Mo over to inspect the *ling* grass.

There weren't any big problems with the *ling* grass, other than some problems that would occur due to improper care. For Zuo Mo, who planted *ling* grains, these were all simple problems. Most of the attention of the female disciples was on the *ling* beasts. Planting *ling* grass was only to provide food for the *ling* beast so they did not put much attention and care into the grass.

Looking at the *ling* fields being wasted, Zuo Mo felt pain. If all of these *ling* fields were planted with *ling* grains, think how much *jingshi* there would be.

“*Shixiong*, these little things aren’t worth much but are a token of our thanks. Please accept them.”

A female disciple handed over the gifts that they had prepared beforehand.

He understood the intentions of these female disciples. No matter where, female disciples were always more vulnerable, especially the kind of outer sect female disciples. Li Ying Feng had left, and had no time to spare to look after them. They needed someone with the power to protect them. It wasn’t surprising. Most of the female disciple’s cultivations were around level five or six of *lianqi* and no one was able to pick up the burden.

Zuo Mo thought for a second but accepted the gifts. Even if this matter was slightly troublesome, but if they really encountered something serious, he believed that Li Ying Feng definitely would get involved.

Seeing Zuo Mo take the gift, the crowd of female disciples gave relieved expressions.

Everyone had a hard time surviving, Zuo Mo thought silently.

Returning home, he opened the gift box. Inside were all kinds of *ling* worms and *ling* beasts. Similar to mud turning earthworms, they would even enter a grade. A large majority were first grade, and there were only one or two at the second grade. But it could be seen that they had taken some care with the *ling* worms and animals. Even if the grade wasn’t high, but they were all quite useful.

Pu Yao suddenly erupted, crouching in front of the *ling* worms and beasts: “Talking of playing with worms, tsk tsk, us *yaomo* is the true masters in this area.”

He randomly flipped through the *ling* worms, extremely disappointed: “All of these are low level, not worth much.”

Zuo Mo was extremely speechless but couldn’t resist objecting: “They are outer sect disciples, where would they get high level ones?”

Pu Yao nipped one up and examined it for a long while. Then he carelessly threw it in front of Zuo Mo: "Here, this one is barely acceptable. Throw out all the others."

The one Pu Yao picked was a black armored worm, slightly larger than a fingernail. He flipped through the jade stick that they had also given to find out that this black armored worm was called Black Gold Worm, fond of eating gold metal. Its wings could be sold for a pretty good price. Other than that, supposedly it could also be used to find sources of water.

Zuo Mo was slightly disappointed. To him, the black gold worm didn't have much use.

Pu Yao's interests clearly had been evoked by these worms. He excitedly said: "Playing with worms, there's a lot to attend to. Especially the techniques, they vary by person. Before, I saw one highly skilled with worms, called Blood Mosquito *daoren*. This guy was very strong. Somehow, he managed to create countless souls, and bound them to a group of blood mosquitoes. And then he travelled through a hundred *jie*. Every time he reached a *jie*, he would leave behind a few blood mosquitoes. His enemies had a whole bunch of people and pursued him countless times but still couldn't kill him."

"I played with black gold worms before too, but it isn't this kind of cheap trash. There isn't much use in the level ones, this thing's true purpose is to use it to seek out *ling* veins....."

"*Ling* veins?" Zuo Mo asked suspiciously: "Isn't it used to seek out water?"

"Water?" Pu Yao sneered, retorting: "If you don't know, then don't pretend. That's for low level black gold worms. Black gold worms above fourth grade can seek out *ling* veins, seventh grade is able to find *ling* sources. Ha, but ninth grade is the truly good stuff. As to tenth grade, I've never seen one."

He continued to explain: "Picking *ling* worms, definitely have to pick those with good aptitudes. Like this black gold worm of yours, if you raise it correctly, it can enter fourth grade. These other ones, it

doesn't even have the chance to increase to third grade."

"Then, um, how can this black gold worm raise to grade four?" Zuo Mo consulted with a fawning tone.

Fourth grade black gold worms could find *ling* veins.....this was endlessly tempting to Zuo Mo.

This time, Pu Yao didn't make it difficult for him. He briskly said: "Very simple. Don't you have a small section of *ling* vein in your seclusion room? Put this black gold worm and a piece of pure gold ore in a jade box and bury it in the area surrounding the *ling* vein. After a month, it should increase to the third level. To get it to the fourth level, it probably would take about three months."

"Alright, let us continue." Pu Yao waved his hand and said impatiently.

Before his words landed, a snow white sword essence once again cleaved Zuo Mo's mind in half. Zuo Mo, who had been memorizing what Pu Yao just said instantly fainted.

After an unknown amount of time, sharp pain once again woke Zuo Mo up. Zuo Mo's first thought was, did he remember the method of raising the black gold worm to the fourth grade?

Great, he remembered!

So painful! He couldn't help but start to wail, rolling on the ground.

Why did it become painful?

The tearing pain tortured his fragile nerves. He could only start [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. A ball of air moved continuously through his body, giving out cold stands, seeming to inhale through all the openings in his body and then spreading through the body.

The flames waved in his sea of consciousness. That dim star in the void seemed to have become much brighter, the enchanting sea of flames could not take away its light.

Fainting, waking with pain, fainting again, waking up with pain

again.....

The amount of time that Zuo Mo had to comprehend was extremely short. After repeating for a few hundred times, he still endured.

“Pain is the tastiest thing in this world. You have to finely savor it, enjoy it, the flavour fresh and sweet as it permeates your marrow. Even your soul is trembling!” Pu Yao stuck out his bright red tongue, licking his lips and slowly said: “Death is like a firework. You can continuously experience the process of blossoming. How lucky you are!

Damned *renyao*!

Zuo Mo recited in his mouth. However, his eyes were opened to the widest, unwaveringly staring at that lightning fast snow white sword essence!

He knew that the kind of pain that was coming. Just like Pu Yao had said, his soul was trembling. Regardless of how many times he had been cut, but whenever he practised facing that snow white sword essence, he was still terrified, incomparably terrified. When he was clear headed, he didn't dare to even think about it. He was afraid that any memory would make his fragile psychological barrier instantly collapse.

His trembling bones and flesh was like a blade of grass that was going to break any second in the storm. Maybe the next second, he would fall down.

But his eyes still firmly stared at the front!

The direction that the snowy white sword essence would appear from.

But Xin Yan *shishu*'s sword essence, was it something he could see clearly?

The difference between the two was like the sky and earth. Xin Yan *Shishu* was a tried and tested *jindan*, a sword *xiu* that even Tian Song Zi admired. And Zuo Mo was only an outer sect disciple with a cultivation of *lianqi* eighth level; the total amount of time that Xin Yan

shishu had spent in the flying sword was over two hundred years, and Zuo Mo hadn't even learned the most basic sword arts.

On the surface, all of this looked futile.

However, he still trembled as he stared fixedly at the front, his mouth unconsciously cursing "Damned *renyao* damned *renyao*."

Snow white, blindingly bright, flying down from the sky like the Milky Way!

Zuo Mo tried his best to widen his eyes. At this moment, his body stopped trembling, the mutters from his mouth gone. The entire world was a patch of snow white. He needed to strenuously search in this sea of snow white, search for the quintessence of this sword essence.

The time that was given to him was extremely short, not even the blink of an eye.

He was like a crazy gambler, betting on that chance that wasn't even one in ten thousand.

However, he didn't have a choice. He didn't have another road.

His pupils suddenly dilated and it didn't have the time to recover.

Whoosh, the snowy white sword essence sliced Zuo Mo in two.

After an unknown period of time, it was still the sharp pain that woke Zuo Mo up. Opening his eyes, Zuo Mo wanted to roar with laughter, but when it came up, it became groans and wails.

"Ah! So painful!" "Ah!"

Fighting to climb up, he resisted the great pain and started [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation].

Strands of coolness entered his body. The pain instantly lessened greatly.

When he opened his eyes again, they were full of ecstasy!

Chapter Twenty Eight “The Doorway”

Zuo Mo finally found the doorway!

This sword essence appeared to look like snow, but he managed to faintly see countless smaller sword essences. These tiny icicle-like sword essences were enormous in number, and were densely packed together, moving in layers. Each tiny sword essence was like a drop of water. And countless drops of water created the ocean, the movements the tide.

Xin Yan *Shishu*'s sword essence was like a little tide, a little icicle tide!

For the first time, he forgot the pain from his injured mind.

The scene he had just seen was extremely short but what he had seen was enough for him to think for a long time. Dazzling tiny sword essences like ice crystals, moving like the tide. In the vastness and danger was a certain kind of beauty. Even if it was someone like him that didn't understand the sword, he couldn't help but sigh in amazement.

He suddenly realized that the snow dragon that Xin Yan *Shishu* had released wasn't a real one. It was also constructed out of countless snow white thin sword essences.

Dazedly standing in the yard, mind enthralled until deep into the night.

Early morning on the second day, Zuo Mo ran over to Cold Mist Valley. Changing from temporary worker to official worker, and adding on a *zhuji dan*, for the money-grubbing zombie, it hit the key points and he put more care in.

He was clear on the goal that he wanted to find answers but he deeply understood the matter had to be done step by step,

especially when it came to the kind of outer sect disciples like him that had nothing.

Compared to before, his workload was much greater now. Fourth *Shigu* had given him a jade stick. Inside were all the points that needed to be attended to for all kinds of *ling* herbs. About ninety percent of it were things that he had never known before. For him, it was a completely new challenge.

But luckily he could slowly explore. The *ling* herbs in the medicine fields looked to be in great condition at the moment.

In the corner of the medicine fields, the fire dragon grass had already sprouted. The seed from the fire dragon grass that Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had given him had been planted.

Today, he needed to accompany the female disciples to Dong Fu. It was called accompaniment but truthfully, it was more like protection.

Sitting on the flying paper crane, Zuo Mo followed about thirty meters behind the female disciples.

This group of women were really chatty!

The sounds of their chatter could be heard from far away. Hearing it, Zuo Mo felt irritated.

After being fixed and improved, the flying crane was much steadier and comfortable. He thought silently that the three pieces of *jingshi* that he paid was really worth it. Sitting on the paper crane with nothing to do, he started to once again examine Xin Yan *shishu*'s sword essence.

Even though he wanted to die each time, but he knew very well how valuable this experience was. A chance to learn from Xin Yan *Shishu*, other than Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, for an outer sect disciple like him, he didn't even need to think about it. He didn't know why Pu Yao would keep *Shishu*'s sword essence, but for Zuo Mo, this sword essence was undoubtedly a treasure trove.

It wasn't likely for him to learn all of it. But just learning a little was enough for him to reap endless benefits.

Just at this time, a clamor came from the front, startling Zuo Mo from his musings.

His heart instantly wasn't happy.

Several unfamiliar male *xiuzhe* seemed to be in a tangle with his sect's female disciples. Zuo Mo sighed. These days, it wasn't easy to accept gifts!

Taking down the paper crane, he slowly walked forward. This was the main path to Dong Fu. Zuo Mo wasn't afraid that the other would really do something too outrageous so he was extremely confident.

"Ha, heard that your Li Ying Feng *Shijie* went into *zhuji*? Good news, good news." The male *xiuzhe* in the front said in a smooth tone.

The other male *xiuzhe* in the surroundings laughed.

At this time, a male *xiuzhe* fawningly said: "*Shixiong*, I wasn't wrong, the level of these women, they are much tender than the shrews in our sect."

"True true!" The leader smiled nefariously, warning: "But be careful, if they head what you said, you'll have a good time."

"Haha, of course."

Zuo Mo lightly coughed. The female disciples instantly created a path. Since he had accepted the things, he couldn't really just stand by.

"What is this? Everyone? Blocking the road for looks?" Zuo Mo walked out of the crowd, stealing a look at the other, smiling coldly.

This group of people looked like the dregs at a glance, each of them with the head of a deer and the eyes of a mouse. Especially the leader. Looking at that face, Zuo Mo had the impulse to raise his fists and beat him into a bun. Compared to the others in the sect, Zuo Mo's experience on the outside was much richer, his eyes could be said to be shrewd. This group looked just like the kind that wasn't mainstream. To deal with this kind of people, the more polite, the more they felt that you were soft and easy to bully.

In reality, the biggest weapon that Zuo Mo relied on was the [Golden Sword Ring] on his hand. There were three sword energies stored inside. To use it to scare people was pretty good.

“So it was a change of owners.” The leader smirked, examining Zuo Mo, the disdain on his face evident: “Just *lianqi* eighth level and dare to try to be the hero. Really doesn’t know your own abilities. Even if Li Ying Feng is here, she wouldn’t dare talk like this.”

Did this person really have a strong background? Zuo Mo’s heart was uncertain but he didn’t show it on his face: “Such boasting. With such abilities, why don’t you go to our sect’s gate to shout? Running here to bully girls, tsk tsk, really strong, really strong!”

The female disciples in the surroundings covered their mouths and laughed.

The person’s face became ugly. He snorted: “Heard that Wu Kong Sword Sect had a genius? Is it such trash like you? *Shixiong* today will let you know what is manners!”

His voice landed and a flying sword suddenly appeared in front of him!

Zuo Mo instantly was stupefied. The other actually had a flying sword!

The first word in his mind was *zhuji*! He hadn’t thought that this mouse-like person was actually *zhuji*. Those with only *lianqi* cultivation could not imprint on flying swords. Even Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, before he entered *zhuji*, he had never had a flying sword.

Incredibly nervous as he stared at the flying sword floating in front of the other, Zuo Mo swallowed tightly.

This was the first time he saw a flying sword!

Entirely green, about three feet, body narrow, edge sharp, the light gleaming. If the blow landed, a bloody hole would certainly be a result.

The expressions of the female disciples also changed dramatically!

They hadn't thought that they would encounter a *zhujixiuzhe* this time! They had originally been full of confidence for Zuo Mo but it instantly evaporated. There was a large chasm between *lianqi* and *zhuji*. To have a *lianqi* face a *zhuji*, there wasn't any room at all for resistance.

The power of the flying sword wasn't something that a sword energy could contend against.

Xiao Guo's apple-like face was pale in fright, terrified as she looked at the flying sword.

The person laughed darkly: "Let's get you to have a good taste of ye's Green Point Sword!"

At the same time, his fingers fused together as they swept through the air. It was as though the flying sword was intelligent as it suddenly sliced toward Zuo Mo!

The instant the other's flying sword moved, Zuo Mo calmed down. All the nervousness seemed to have disappeared. He stared straight at the flying sword just like how, in these past days, he waited for that snow white sword essence!

The flying sword moved, and his heart instantly became serene.

The green flying sword might have looked scary but this guy's power was limited and the feeling of danger that it gave him was far below that pure sword essence from Xin Yan *Shishu*!

Only a beautiful surface!

The sword essence was flimsy and insubstantial. It actually wasn't condensed into form, simply just unbearable to look at.

The *ling* energy in his body revolving quickly, he calmly looked at the flying sword speeding closer. In a flash, his fused fingers lifted up and pointed into space.

A gold sword energy ripped out of his hands.

Ping!

A crisp sound, the sword energy accurately hitting a spot three centimeters behind the sword point. The flying sword shook slightly.

“Humph!” The other snorted. The *ling* energy revolved and the flying sword turned in midair, creating a half circle of light in the air, extremely beautiful.

Ping!

A sound of metal crashing suddenly sounded. The flying sword suddenly stopped, the half circle of light dissolving. It was like a dancing goddess right at the climax when she suddenly sneezed. All the beauty and elegance instantly disappeared.

The other was shocked and angry!

He could see the person in front of him was relying on a talisman. However, being interrupted two times by the other, and the other was still unharmed, he felt it a blight on his reputation. Facing a *lianqi* disciple, and two of his moves were ineffective. If this passed into the sect, his *shixiong* would laugh.

The previous two moves had only been with the intentions of teaching a lesson but now, he didn't care that much and furiously revolved his *ling* energy!

The worst that could happen was being punished after getting back!

Gathering the *ling* energy, the power of the flying sword was drastically different.

The flying sword flew on top of Zuo Mo's head, a skin of faint sword energy appearing on the sword, emitting a whining sound like an excited animal preparing to leap at its prey.

Zuo Mo raised his head. Shining in his narrowed eyes was a hint of excitement and craziness!

Hitting the target two times in a row greatly increased his confidence. He had no experience fighting against anyone else previously. Last time with Li Ying Feng *Shijie*, it had only been one move. And facing Xin Yan *Shishu*'s sword essence in his sea of

consciousness, he didn't even have the power to resist. Not just resist, in front of the vast sword essence, he couldn't even manage to raise a finger.

But facing the flying sword here, he had successfully blocked the other's two attacks!

Just this kind of battle success, it was enough for him to be proud. But at this time, he was completely caught up in a kind of strange excitement and zealotry.

He suddenly had an insane idea!

Break this flying sword!

He didn't know why he would suddenly have such a crazy idea, but this idea was extremely intense once it appeared, so intense that he didn't go to even think if it was realistic.

The time wasn't enough for him to think. Under the persuasions of this crazy idea, he also gathered up the *ling* energy in his body.

Narrowing his eyes, he closely followed the green flying sword above his head!

Scenes passed in front of his eyes.

The pure, concentrated, vast and dangerous sword essence of Xin Yan *Shishu*, as though it was a tide of icicles seemed to be even clearer in front of his eyes. It was like a great entity, slowly moving, and that feeling of cold didn't lessen in the least.

Every bit of pain when his consciousness was cleaved seemed to become abnormally clear at this time. He didn't know if it was the stimulation from the pain but his consciousness was extremely clear as though everything in the surroundings had calmed.

The *ling* energy in his body swelled and rushed towards the golden sword ring.

He raised his right hand, his fingers fused together as they pointed at the air!

Chapter Twenty Nine “Sword Essence”

“Has *Shixiong* heard of Wu Kong Sword Sect?”

Two people were on the mountain, each riding on a green bull. The two green bulls were entirely dark green, their hair smooth, the horns on their foreheads pure black, their manner leisurely as they slowly travelled. It was extremely steady, the two people on their backs as though they were statues, not moving a sliver.

“Haha, with such a ruckus made recently, it would be hard to not have heard.” The older man was called Shi Xiang, a disciple in Chi Sword Sect. The other was his *shidi*, Liang Luo. Chi Sword Sect was slightly famous in the region of Dong Fu. The two’s innate talents were exceptional. Even though they were limited by their age, but they had power and a reputation.

“Ha, yeah, it’s all so unusual and mysterious, I don’t really believe it.” Liang Luo said as he shook his head.

Shi Xiang glanced at his *shidi*, laughing inside. Everything about *Shidi* was good except that he was too proud. But he could understand. *Shidi* was ten complete years younger than him yet their cultivations were almost the same. If *Shidi* was in a big sect, he most likely would have limitless potential.

“The sword energy that night, I saw as well. It really was an apparition.” He mused: “To be able to cause an apparition in the world, this person’s comprehension of the sword is astounding.”

Liang Luo was unconvinced: “Pity we can’t encounter him and then have a good practice bout, wouldn’t that be a great thing? I have never heard of this Wu Kong Sword Sect before, I wonder what great luck they ran into.”

Shi Xiang said with a mirthless smile: “Wu Kong Sword Sect was

only low-key these past years. Four *jindan* masters at the back. In all of Dong Fu, it definitely is enough to enter the top ranks.”

“Four *jindan* masters?” Liang Luo was dumbstruck and couldn’t believe it: “*Shixiong*, are you sure? Our sect only has three *jindan* masters? That Wu Kong Sword sect can have four?”

“Yes.” The smile left Shi Xiang, his heart heavy. The division of power in Dong Fu’s surroundings had been at equilibrium a long time ago. Such a strong sect suddenly appearing, it would definitely affect this kind of equilibrium. Additionally, Wu Kong Sword Sect had been biding their time, people couldn’t help but think more.

“In the four, the most powerful is Elder Xin Yan. If it wasn’t Elder Tian Song Ji that exposed his identity, who would have thought the honoured [Ice Dragon Sword] was in our Dong Fu. There’s now one more strong entity in Dong Fu.”

Liang Luo couldn’t help ask: “This Ice Dragon Sword is well-known?”

Shi Xiang smiled, replying: “I had never heard it before, but according to the elders, he has some notoriety. He became known in the *yao* hunt, his death kill is very high. In the past, there were countless *yaomo* that died under his sword.”

Liang Luo inhaled sharply. To be able to survive *yao* hunt, then he was already not a simple character. And to gain a reputation in Yao Hunt, it definitely meant the other was a strong one. He knew this kind of common knowledge.

Just at this time, the two suddenly raised their heads, looking forward.

“Such strong sword essence!” Liang Luo’s expression changed and urged the green bull under him. The warm and slow green bull became a blur and then he disappeared.

Shi Xiang was also slightly shocked. He hurriedly pushed the green bull and vanished.

Zuo Mo felt the right hand that was wearing the golden sword ring was thirty thousand catties heavy. Raising one inch would use up all

the energy in the body. All the *ling* energy inside was like a wild stallion off the ropes, uncontrollably and crazily flooding towards the golden sword ring on his right hand.

His consciousness sunk into a strange kind of void and serenity. The dancing flames in his sea of consciousness froze, as though under a Body Paralysis Spell, frozen and quiet.

In the sky of his consciousness, that star suddenly released a blinding light as it slowly revolved.

Sitting on the gravestone, Pu raised his head. Looking at the shining star above his head, he laughed soundlessly.

Zuo Mo had never felt his mind so clear. Everything seemed to be under his control. He just knew that he needed to quickly send out this sword energy, otherwise the sword energy was very likely that it would explode in his body and he would become a mess of blood and flesh. He also knew that on the other's flying sword, with its uneven sword energy, he could find at least seven holes.

Yes, he couldn't find any other descriptor. "Holes", this label, he felt it was just appropriate.

It was much a wondrous feeling!

He was drowning in enjoyment.

Yet in the eyes of Xiao Guo and the others, at this time *Shixiong* seemed to be a sword exuding coldness! Every gaze that met his eyes felt their hearts shake. The usually warm and peaceful black pupils were entirely gray white, indifferent and empty, like a borderless tundra.

Even Liang Luo and Shi Xiang who just managed to arrive were shocked. Liang Luo couldn't control his exclamation: "Whoa!"

Shi Xiang was a much steadier person and saw in more detail. But when he found the other just had a cultivation of *lianqi* eighth level, his expression couldn't help change slightly.

The flying sword, shrouded in a green light, turned into a stream of

light and howled as it shot at Zuo Mo!

Just at this time, Zuo Mo's slow moving right hand finally pointed.

Hiss!

It was like a strange beast baring its teeth. The two noises made by the energies ripping through air were dissonant and entirely different.

The temperature in the surroundings plummeted.

A white frosted sword energy leapt from Zuo Mo's fingertips!

Ping!

Two streams of light, one green, one white, furiously slammed together!

There wasn't the imagined explosion. The white sword energy that Zuo Mo released seemed like a patch of mist, hitting the other's flying sword.

The other's flying sword froze, paralyzed in midair.

That person's expression changed drastically.

Ding, the flying sword landed on the ground, unmoving like a dead fish.

The weakness due to all the strength in the body being pulled out caused his consciousness to blank. That strange feeling was like the tide as it quickly retreated. But before that, he managed to make out his ice frost sword energy had accurately hit the flying sword in a spot near the back!

That was the most serious "hole" that Zuo Mo had found before. He instinctively chose it as his target of attack.

It was a pity that he hadn't broken it!

Zuo Mo was regretful but his mind swirled and he fainted on the ground.

The female disciples behind him instantly screamed in fear.

That disciple whose expression changed ran over to pick up his flying sword. When he saw the body was full of cracks, he instantly became angry and sad. When he looked at Zuo Mo on the ground, hatred rose up in his head. He couldn't help roaring at his other fellow disciples: "You group of trash, what are you standing there for? Chop up this damned guy for me!"

The other disciples murmured but didn't dare to go up. Zuo Mo's bravery just now had deeply shocked them. And they weren't dumb. From the looks of it, this incident would get big. Jumping out at this time, wasn't it seeking death? The sect elders were too lazy to care about the little incidents that occurred everyday, but if they really wounded someone else, and the other's elders went to the mountain, then they wouldn't be well.

Seeing his friends not willing, the leader didn't waste words. His face was twisted as he held up the flying sword and walked towards Zuo Mo!

Xiao Guo sobbed as she leapt over Zuo Mo's body. Her small apple face was full of fear but she still kept *Shixiong* behind her. The other female disciples saw the circumstances, exchanged a look and gritted their teeth as they stood up.

"What do you want?"

"In this daytime, you dare commit a crime?"

"I'm telling you, I've endured you guys for a long time. Come on, chop me up! If we don't find your elders this time to discuss everything, I'm telling you, I'm not a woman!"

.....

It might have been they got into the swing of things but as one added a sentence here and another there, the vigor of the female disciples increased.

Watching from far away, Liang Luo also found the clue. He said in shock: "He really just has *lianqi* eighth level in cultivation? How can he have such a pure sword essence?"

“There are so many geniuses in this world.” Shi Xiang couldn’t resist sighing: “Just *lianqi* and having such pure sword essence, his potential is limitless! And it was originally a gold sword energy but it could transform into such an icy sword energy. Whose sect has such a disciple?”

Liang Luo was still staring in disbelief at Zuo Mo lying on the ground.

Even now, he still couldn’t believe a *lianqi* disciple could have such a pure sword essence!

For a sword *xiu*, the most important and the hardest to practice was sword essence! In the beginning, what they learned was all kinds of sword scriptures. After enduring countless battles and training, they would gradually comprehend sword essence. Sword essence was unable to be described in language. It depended on each individual to comprehend. Sword *xiu* that comprehended a sword essence were the only kind of real sword cultivators. Even if they didn’t have a flying sword, they still were sharp and unstoppable.

Sword scripture as a model, *ling* energy as the connection, but the true quintessence was sword essence!

Both of them had a cultivation of *ningmai*, and had only just entered the doorway to sword essence. Suddenly seeing a *lianqi* disciple having such pure sword essence, how could they not be shocked?

Holding the cracked flying sword, listening to the curses of Wu Kong Sword Sect’s female disciples, the person’s face turned black and then white, harshly yelling: “All of you, get out of my way!”

“Ah!” The female disciples that had just been aggressive instantly screamed and scattered in fear.

Only Xiao Guo remained as she cried and unwaveringly protected Zuo Mo.

That person held the flying sword, a face full of viciousness as he shouted at Xiao Guo: “Get out of the way!”

Xiao Guo whined as she protected Zuo M, furiously shaking her head.

“You bitch!” The other was enraged. Lifting the sword, he made to slice, frightening Xiao Guo to close her eyes.

Bang!

Without a warning, the person suddenly seemed to have been hit by a large hammer. His entire body flew out five yards and didn’t move.

“Committing a crime publically in broad daylight, which sect are you from?” A calm voice suddenly sounded from behind Xiao Guo.

Two *xiuzhe* slowly came over, riding on green bulls. The one who spoke was Shi Xiang.

With one move, Shi Xiang had intimidated everyone. Even the most idiotic person knew that the other’s power was several levels higher. Fear came onto everyone’s faces but no one spoke.

“En?” Shi Xiang heavily humphed in dissatisfaction: “Didn’t you hear me speak?”

At this time, a *xiuzhe* trembled as he came out. He gave a bow, responding: “We are the disciples from Dong Qi Sword Sect. Offending Elder, sorry, sorry!”

Dong Qi Sword Sect. Shi Xiang and Liang Luo exchanged a look, and imperceptibly furrowed their brows.

Shi Xiang sneered: “At what time Dong Qi Sword Sect was able to freely harass the female disciples of other sects? I should go ask Zuo Mei Tian, is this how he teaches the disciples?”

The name Zuo Mei Tian instantly caused everyone’s expressions to change drastically, turning into terror.

“Leave! If you do this again, don’t blame me for not being courteous!” Shi Xiang waved his sleeve and ordered for them to leave.

The disciples of Dong Qi Sword Sect hurriedly took their *shixiong* and ran frantically as they left.

Turning his face, Shi Xiang looked at the crowd of female disciples.

In a warm voice, he said: “Don’t worry, this little brother is only suffering from exhaustion of *ling* energy, nothing major. Which sect are you from?”

Chapter Thirty “Schemes”

“Greetings to both elders. We are disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect.” A sensible female disciple hurried answered. The other’s cultivation was astounding, and he had helped them out of trouble. He shouldn’t have any enmity.

Wu Kong Sword Sect!

Shi Xiang and Liang Rong’s expressions instantly became strange. They hadn’t thought that right after discussing someone else’s sect, they actually saved the disciples of that sect and it was a whole crowd.

The two’s gazes uncontrollably landed on Zuo Mo’s body.

“This little brother is?” Shi Xiang tried to make his expression seem normal. In reality, his expression was still strange. This disciple lying on the ground only had a cultivation of *lianqi* eighth level and naturally could not be Wei Sheng.

When did Wu Kong Sword Sect produce another genius?

Shi Xiang was full of surprise. He had personally seen the apparition when Wei Sheng entered *zhuji*. The picture of the sword energy rising to the heavens was deeply ingrained in his mind. Every time he thought of it, he would be in awe. Originally, he had assumed that all geniuses in the world would be so yet what he saw today shocked him deeply once again.

He had never heard of a *lianqi* disciple that could comprehend sword essence!

That disciple’s sword essence was not whole. With his experience, he naturally could see at first glance that this disciple had just touched the door to sword essence. His sword essence could only be called in the fledging stage. But this was enough to surprise him. Even more, this *lianqi* disciple’s sword essence was extremely weak but it was extremely pure.

This quality made him extremely puzzled.

When normal *xiuzhe* comprehended the sword essence, at the very beginning, it was always extremely heterogeneous. Over time, through the trials of time, the trials of one's temperament, it would slowly turn to become pure.

Just touching on the sword essence, and having such pure sword essence, it was something completely unimaginable! Thinking about his hard work these years, his heart didn't feel good.

When did sword essence become something that even *lianqi* disciples could play with?

Wu Kong Sword Sect!

This unknown sect suddenly became mysterious in Shi Xiang's eyes.

A Wei Sheng who caused an apparition in *zhuji*, and now adding on an unknown disciple who could comprehend sword essence in the stage of *lianqi*!

"This is our *shixiong* Zuo Mo." The female disciple said proudly: "*Shixiong* is the strongest in our outer sect disciples!"

The other female disciples all nodded their heads in agreement.

What had just happened totally changed their impressions of Zuo Mo. Zombie *Shixiong* might be a bit greedy, but he wasn't soft in the face of danger and had a sense of responsibility! When Zuo Mo had comprehended the sword essence and released that last blow, that terrifying presence made them feel deeply intimidated.

Outer sect disciple.....

A vein throbbed in Liang Luo's forehead. A genius that could comprehend sword essence in the stage of *lianqi* was only an outer sect disciple.....

He was very suspicious that he heard it wrong.

Shi Xiang's expression froze as well before quickly returning to normal. The smile on his face became even warmer: "As expected, it

really is heroes come from the youth. Oh, I have a *Ling Restoring Dan*, it's just perfect for this. Come, I'll help him use it."

He took out a jade bottle from his bosom and poured out a *dan* about the size of a mung bean. He got off the green bull and coming to Zuo Mo's side, he shoved the *ling* restoring *dan* in Zuo Mo's mouth.

Liang Luo stared with wide eyes at *Shixiong*'s enthusiasm. *Ling* restoring *dan* wasn't something cheap. One pill was twenty pieces of second-grade *jingshi*. Even they only were given a specified portion each month. *Shixiong* actually gave it to a stranger.

He stared dazedly at *Shixiong* who seemed like a completely different person feed another *ling* herbs and even aided him in absorbing the *ling* herbs.

Zuo Mo slowly woke up. When he opened his eyes, he saw a strange face. He was instantly startled and unconsciously sat up.

"Little brother, don't be scared. We don't have malicious aims." The other said with a smile and flashed to the side.

The befuddled Zuo Mo stood up and suddenly found his body was warm, wisps of *ling* energy spreading through his body. The previous exhaustion had all been swept away. Seeing him wake up, the female disciples instantly crowded over, talking over each other as they narrated everything that had happened.

It was only now that Zuo Mo knew he had been saved by the other people. He quickly went in front of Shi Xiang and Liang Luo to bow and give thanks: "Many thanks to both elders for your rescue! This junior can't thank you enough!"

"Little brother Zuo doesn't have to be so courteous. I felt you familiar at first sight. Just a minor thing, don't keep it on the mind." Shi Xiang smiled and responded: "We are from Chi Sword Sect. Actually, Chi Sword Sect and Wu Kong Sword Sect aren't that far away. Everyone is like one family."

Liang Luo wanted to roll his eyes hearing that. What was called not

that far away? He had never heard that there was a Wu Kong Sword Sect in the surroundings. What was with *shixiong* today? Why was he so strange?

Zuo Mo said gratefully: "If the two elders hadn't lent their aid....."

Shi Xiang waved his hands, interrupting Zuo Mo's words: "We'll regard each other as the same generation. I'll call you Little Brother Zuo. Haha, Little Brother Zuo has a limitless future, maybe it is us that are social climbing."

"Elder is exaggerating." Zuo Mo couldn't understand the other's meaning. This kind of praises made him puzzled: "Junior is only an outer sect disciple, there's nothing to speak of in terms of future."

Shi Xiang brushed away his annoyance: "Is it that Little Brother Zuo doesn't like us two? Elder, elder, it really is irritating."

"Uh....." Zuo Mo couldn't help but struggle. In the world of *xiuzhe*, other than in the same sect, there wasn't any distinction of age between different sects. And there was no age in cultivation, and it was hard to distinguish from the appearance. Usually, most of it was divided by the cultivation. Those stronger were elders, no matter their age.

Even though he couldn't detect the other's cultivation, but to be able to easily make that crowd leave, these two people were more than sufficient to be called elders by him. He was very sensible. Like that little thousand crane. If he hadn't been certain that the other wouldn't find him, he wouldn't have written such a reply.

Right now, facing the others, he was naturally docile.

Just at this time, Shi Xiang smiled and informed: "You can call us *da ge*.^[1] I am Shi Xiang, he is my *shidi* Liang Luo."

Zuo Mo was incomparably obedient and bowed again: "Shi *da ge*, Liang *da ge*!"

The female disciples all looked with admiration at Zuo Mo. To have relations with strong *xiuzhe*, there were naturally many benefits. This elder in front of them clearly was admiring of Zuo Mo *shixiong*.

Shixiong really hit the jackpot!

As expected, they heard Shi Xiang continue: "Since you have called me *da ge*, as the brother, I naturally have to have a meeting gift. This [Ice Crystal Sword], even if it is third grade, but its attributes lean towards cold and *yin*. I saw that Brother Zuo's sword essence leans towards ice and this flying sword is perfect for you."

Under a crowd of drooling gazes, Zuo Mo dazedly received this flying sword.

The sword was about two feet and seven or so inches. The body was translucent and sparkling as though it was carved from ice, and emitted cold air.

A pie fell down from heaven and hit him unconscious. The appearance of this flying sword wasn't ordinary, Zuo Mo straightforwardly converted it to *jingshi* in his mind.....

So many *jingshi*.....

Shi Xiang kept giving looks at Liang Luo. Liang Luo helplessly reached into his bosom and after fishing for a while, took out a folded seal paper with some pain. He threw it at Zuo Mo, coldly informing: "Spirit Travelling Seal."

Zuo Mo was so happy right now he almost fainted!

He wasn't clear about the price of the flying sword but he had some knowledge of the price of the spirit travelling seal. The conditions for a person to use the spirit travelling seal was not high. It was one of the rare paper seals that a *lianqi* could use. Putting this seal on the legs, travel a thousand miles without being tired. It was much faster than his flying paper crane.

Carefully taking the spirit travelling seal, he took a look, and determined inside that this was a third grade Spirit Travelling Seal!

Oh!

This two were so generous! However, the suspicions in his heart increased rather than decreased.

There was no such thing as uncalled for love in this world. These two items, any one of them was worth more than his entire wealth. The other had no reason to carelessly give to someone. This was what really puzzled him.

“Today, we still have other matters so farewell! After a few days, we’ll go to Wu Kong Mountain to find you and have a drink!”

Shi Xiang smiled as he bid farewell to Zuo Mo and, along with Liang Luo, rode the green bulls as they quickly disappeared.

Zuo Mo was dumbstruck. Seeing the two vanish, after a beat, he suddenly said to the female disciples: “Someone pinch me, is this a dream?”

Seven or eight hands simultaneously reached over.

A shriek echoed on the mountain path!

“*Shixiong*, what were you doing?” Liang Luo was slightly discontent. A Spirit Travelling Seal naturally wasn’t anything big to him but he wasn’t so generous to give it to a stranger. If it wasn’t that he was extremely trusting of *shixiong*, he wouldn’t have even paid attention.

Sitting on the green bull, Shi Xiang was pleased: “He is an outer sect disciple.”

“What about an outer sect disciple? There are many outer sect disciples in this world.” Liang Luo said unconcernedly.

Shi Xiang glanced at Liang Luo. He asked in return: “What does *Shidi* feel about Zuo Mo’s talent?”

Liang Luo choked. A moment later, he squeezed out a sentence: “Not bad, better than me.”

“*Shidi* has no need to undervalue yourself. If you train hard, you will naturally win over him.” Shi Xiang was afraid that his *shidi*’s confidence would suffer and comforted. He then said solemnly: “However, such talents, no matter in what sect, he should be one of the more important disciples in the sect. But he actually is only an outer sect disciple!”

Liang Luo wasn't stupid and instantly reacted: "Does *Shixiong* want to recruit him into our sect?"

"Why can't I? Such potential, that Wu Kong Sword Sect hasn't recognized it, wouldn't it complete us? An outer sect disciple entering another sect, if Wu Kong Sword Sect came up to our door, they wouldn't have a foot to stand on."

Liang Luo knew what *Shixiong* said was true. The turnover rate and mobility of outer sect disciples were extremely high. Those that entered another sect were countless. If they swindled Zuo Mo over, Wu Kong Sword Sect could not move based on this.

"Such potential, are his elders blind? Could it be an elder purposefully putting him in the outer sect disciples to toughen?" Liang Luo voiced a doubt.

Shi Xiang answered: "Haha, remember how he answered when I praise him for his limitless future? What he said proved that the definitely wasn't put in the outer sect by the elders. Thinking about that, I feel there is another possibility. It is probably that he only just comprehended the sword essence and his sect elders hadn't found out yet."

Liang Luo's mind jumped: "Then why didn't we just take him with us right now? If he returns to the mountain and something else happened, wouldn't it be ruined?"

"Don't panic. I saw that he was very cautious of us, and there were too many people. If we try too hard now, it would be unlikely to succeed. It's better to back off first and wait for a few days before we go find him. Move with feelings, entice with benefits, I'm confident it will work." Shi Xiang explained confidently.

Liang Luo realized: "*Shixiong* is wise!"

The two smiled at each other.

1. 大哥: eldest brother

Chapter Thirty One “Choice”

Zuo Mo had come to Dong Fu many times before and would always window-shop. However, to accompany women, especially a crowd of women to window-shop, this required a very strong endurance of the body, probably only those who cultivated the body could endure.

Seeing that they brought everything they needed, Zuo Mo sneaked away.

He first went to buy the gold ore. What Pu Yao had said last time, he remembered it. He also brought a jade stick full of basic seal formations. Even though there were teachings from the sect, but there were only just a few kinds. Seal formations were something that all *xiuzhe* had to learn. No matter if it was forging or making *dan*, it all required understanding seal formations.

Zuo Mo brought them to create *ling* fields in the future, even if it was far away. The jade stick didn't cost much, the expensive one was the gold ore. Twenty pieces of second grade *jingshi* was enough for him to suffer in pain for a long time but he still decided to buy it.

His attitude now was different than before. Before, he only looked at *jingshi*. Even if he still liked *jingshi*, but he put more importance on the future.

After Fourth *Shigu* revealed it, he was clear that he couldn't return to the past. Those simple aspirations were completely shattered. He was walking on a road that he didn't know the destination of. What was waiting in the front for him? Breaking into pieces? Finding the answer? He didn't know.

What had seemed fresh and exciting in the past was now dull and tasteless now.

He found a quiet place to sit down and started to think back to the last sword energy he had released. No one taught him. Even Pu Yao only made him experience it for himself. Towards Pu Yao, he only felt

grateful. If there wasn't Pu Yao, he might not even have the chance to seek answers.

Now that he had the chance, how could he not treasure it?

He hadn't realized his own transformation. He suddenly understood some of what Wei Sheng *Shixiong* felt. Obsession, unrelenting obsession! Every time he thought about his appearance being changed, his mind erase, his wooden face would burn with pain like it was reminding him there was a pair of hands that wiped away his face, that were was a pair of hands that wiped away his memories. This burning that seeped in his bones made him unable to tolerate himself muddle-headedly living.

He wanted answers!

He was very clear just how low his starting point was. He didn't want to waste even one second. He thought of all the ways, worked over his minds, used all his cunning to make himself stronger, to let himself have greater power — he wanted answers!

In the corner of the busy street, he serenely coiled his legs and mused.

In the roaring sea of fire, Pu sat on the gravestone and lazily listened to the sound tablet.

The female disciples finally brought all they needed. Everyone's faces were brimming with content. Zuo Mo finally released a breath. He was now in a rush to return back. Today's encounter let him have a taste of power. He desperately and impatiently wanted to keep training.

But in consideration of the safety of these female disciples, he still sat on the flying paper crane and slowly followed them. But he still took grasp of each bit of time.

Returning to the little yard, the first thing Zuo Mo did was put the black gold worm and the gold ore together, dig a small hole near the *ling* vein and bury them.

After burial, he entered his consciousness. Facing Pu Yao, he said:

“Pu, let’s continue!”

Unexpectedly, Pu lazily said: “Continue? Continue what?”

Zuo Mo blanked before quickly recovering his calm: “What conditions do you have?”

“Hee hee, it’s so convenient talking with smart people.” Pu smiled lightly and straightened: “This is correct, where in the world are there free meals? Hee hee, I want souls.”

“Souls?” Zuo Mo jumped in fear.

Pu Yao’s expression was relaxed and his voice carefree as he said: “Souls are good things. The taste fresh, full of vitality. Blood, human meat, they can’t compare.”

Just a few words and Zuo Mo became quite scared. In his mind, he couldn’t help but think of those great monsters, eating raw human meat, pulling tendons, sucking marrow, eating souls. For a *xiuzhe* whose dream was becoming a *ling* plant farmer, things like souls were enough to make him jump out of his skin.

“No way!” Zuo Mo resolutely refused. Pu Yao was truly a great monster!

Even though he wanted power, but he definitely didn’t want himself become a servant of power!

“Didn’t you want to learn the sword? Hee hee, other than the sword, I still have many other things to teach you, I have many talismans. Hee hee, as long as you have good souls, I can exchange all of it.....” Pu’s crimson tongue licked his lips, voice full of enticement.

“No way!” Zuo Mo suddenly relaxed. He sat down facing Pu Yao, stating: “I’m not interested in killing people.”

“Oh?” Pu Yao raised a thin eyebrow, his eyes narrowing: “You have to think clearly. Other people’s lives, how can they be as valuable as yours? Heehee, it actually is very simple to kill another. Oh, one soul and I will let you have a good comprehension of this sword essence and can teach you many things.”

“I just knew that you didn’t have good intentions.” Zuo Mo glared fixedly at Pu, coldly stating: “Pity you have the wrong plan.”

Pu Yao continued to chuckle.

Zuo Mo suddenly felt his body tighten and couldn’t move.

“I’m wrong?” Pu Yao suddenly raise his voice.

“Hehe, so many years, no one has ever dared to say I’m wrong in front of me!”

He slowly walked in front of the unmovable Zuo Mo, his icy hands touching Zuo Mo’s neck: “Afraid? Hee hee, great! I really tried many kinds and found that terror is the best flavour in all of the souls. Did you know? Souls that died with great terror, it’s like a beautiful wine that fermented perfectly. Just eating it once, ooh, it is unforgettable.”

A cold finger swiped across the blood vessel on Zuo Mo’s neck, Pu Yao’s expression was mirthful, the crimson red eyes flashed with craziness.

Zuo Mo’s body shook. He kept telling himself not to be afraid, but terror was like a spring that couldn’t be plugged, furiously sprouting out. No matter how he tried, his body wouldn’t move.

“Struggle is useless.” Pu Yao was still smiling, his eyes cold: “Your stupidity really makes me disappointed. Didn’t you know, pets need to realize that they are pets?”

He hated this feeling!

Being manipulated, being controlled, his body not in control.....

Something in Zuo Mo’s heart seemed to have lit up. Terror was swiftly taken over by anger. His blood seemed to have be burning. He couldn’t help swearing: “Go to hell!”

“Such a stubborn little thing.” Pu Yao shook his head and smiled, his right hand gently squeezing.

“Ah!” Zuo Mo gave a wail. His entire person seemed to be bound by an invisible hand into a strange shape.

The pain in his body was like countless thin needles piercing his body. His awareness started to dull.

Just at that moment, a warm stream suddenly rose up from Zuo Mo's chest.

"Want to interfere?" Pu Yao seemed to have found a naughty thing and his mouth had a light smile. His entire body suddenly disappeared from his spot and appeared next to Zuo Mo, his right hands easily thrusting into Zuo Mo's chest!

Easily taking his hand out of Zuo Mo's chest, a five colored bead appeared between his fingers.

This bead was the size of a mung bean. It looked like a rainbow glass, light swirling inside.

Leisurely examining the small bead for a while, Pu muttered to himself: "So it was this thing." Finishing, he prepared to crush the bead.

Just at this moment, his hand suddenly stopped moving.

Wisps of black smoke spread from the gravestone, slow and solid. In the blink of an eye, the sky above the sea of flames was covered by black clouds.

The dancing flames seemed to be quite afraid of these misty black clouds. They shrunk down, a rarely seen sight. The star that was in the sky was also robbed of light by the black clouds.

Pu dazedly stood, motionless. An extremely complicated emotion floated in his bloody eye, seemingly sorrowful, seemingly happy, seemingly fond, seemingly furious.....

After a long time, he said lightly.

"You really want to choose such a piece of rubbish?"

The black clouds moved, the layers roiling. The roaring sea of fire seemed to be suppressed, almost extinguishing while that star in the sky had almost completely disappeared.

Pu Yao stood like a tree, seeming to not have registered it.

The black clouds became even thicker. The entire sea of consciousness was now a patch of black, nothing could be seen.

He suddenly sneered, the light flashing in his bloody right eye: "You do know that to want to persuade me, it isn't that simple."

The surroundings became quiet. The black clouds didn't give a response and the two sides were deadlocked.

After an unknown length of time, the light in Pu Yao's bloody right eyes gradually dimmed. He suddenly laughed lightly, and with the burdens of the ages, he shrugged helplessly: "It's always like this, so boring."

His finger flicked and the glass bead in his hands entered Zuo Mo's body.

The black clouds instantly clear without a trace to be found.

The sea of fire that lost its suppressor started to once again burn fiercely. That star in the sky gave off light.

Pu Yao stared at the gravestone for a long time without speaking.

Zuo Mo slowly woke up. When he opened his eyes, he hurriedly inspected his body. Seeing it uninjured, he finally gave a breath of relief.

What had happened? Why did Pu Yao let go of him?

Just when he was puzzled, Pu Yao suddenly appeared.

"You really took a long time to wake up." Pu Yao's expression was full of mockery: "Such a fragile spirit. Originally, I had wanted to play. I hadn't bargained for a few thousand years. It ruined my fun. But it is normal. A person that doesn't have his features or mind, his heart naturally is also soft. I'm so pitiful."

Zuo Mo was silent. His fists uncontrollably tightened.

"Speaking about it, there is a place that has souls and you don't have to kill anyone. But it is very dangerous. How about it? Are you

interested?” Pu Yao’s expression was leisurely.

“What place?” Zuo Mo asked in spite of himself. Just now, Pu Yao’s words pierced his heart.

“Heehee, you don’t need to know now. Don’t worry, you don’t need to kill anyone. You just have to say whether you agree or not. As to payment, when your conditions are enough, I naturally will let you be satisfied.”

“I agree.” He didn’t think about it further. Zuo Mo nodded. As long as he didn’t have to kill anyone, he wasn’t afraid of danger.

He didn’t have anything else to lose.

“Ai, finally finished this transaction. For a few souls, this really wasn’t easy. Business, not doing it for a long time, I really deteriorated.” Pu Yao ruefully said in an experienced tone.

Zuo Mo didn’t know what to say.

Pu Yao turned his face over: “Alright, let’s discuss another transaction.”

“Another transaction?” Zuo Mo was full of wariness and some puzzlement.

“*Jingshi*, I require *jingshi*.” Pu Yao chuckled: “Want to experience sword essence? Ten pieces of second grade *jingshi* each time. How about it, isn’t it cheap?”

Zuo Mo stared with a gaping mouth.

Chapter Thirty Two “Refusal”

The little dark gold sword cheerfully flew around Zuo Mo's fingers. It was extremely fast, leaving behind a dash of gold light like a gold colored lightning bolt.

Zuo Mo's eyes showed happiness.

[Art of Aged Gold] finally reached the third level! After the third level, the aged gold energy also transformed. The once dark gold sands became even finer and shinier, the gold sword that was formed even more exquisite. It was like a narrow fish, nimbly darting and swerving.

The little gold sword was very small. The region it moved in was only his palm and the sword moves were all very simple. There was none of the grand moves. However, if an experienced sword *xiu* was here, they could be shocked to find that contained in the movements of this little gold sword was a faint strand of sword essence.

Zuo Mo could also feel this small strand of sword essence. Other than joy, he couldn't help but feel pain.

Returning home, no matter how hard he tried to remember, he still couldn't find the feeling of that last sword strike that day. With no other solution, he could only spend *jingshi* at Pu Yao's to experience sword essence.

Ten pieces of second grade *jingshi* each time!

He spent all the *jingshi* he had and finally comprehended a sliver of sword essence! It was this sliver of sword essence that caused his [Art of Aged Gold] to break through to the third level.

Compared to before, the present Pu Yao was a completely unscrupulous businessman that only recognized *jingshi* and nothing else. He didn't know what really happened the last time, why did Pu Yao release him in the end? It was clear that Pu Yao's attitude towards him had changed slightly.

He seemed even more impatient, even hard to communicate with, if there was no matter about him and he was called, he would ignore

But for some reason, Zuo Mo felt the present Pu Yao was much safer, even though he needed to spend large amounts of *jingshi*.

[Art of Aged Gold] reaching the third level meant that he only needed one more spell to reach the third level before he could become a *ling* plant farmer. If he became a *ling* plant farmer, his status in the sect would be drastically different. The sect would supply him with large amount of resources and then he could even more quickly increase his strength.

The question he was facing now was what spell to choose to make a breakthrough.

In the end, he chose [Art of Flora]. In the low level spells, [Art of Flora] was renowned for its complicated finger motions. This was also the reason that Zuo Mo chose it. Finger motions, its trace could be found in almost all low level spells. Low level *xiuzhe* didn't have enough cultivation and frequently needed the assistance of the finger motions to completely cast. Even though after the stage of *jingdan*, finger motions would almost completely disappear, but before that, finger motions was a very useful technique.

Just as Zuo Mo was concentrating on practising his finger motions, Pu Yao, sitting on the gravestone in the sea of consciousness, snorted and said to himself: "You just chose this piece of rubbish?"

After practicing for a long time, Zuo Mo found that he was stuck at the same level. If he wanted to improve more, it was very difficult. His finger motions were actually very proficient, but it was always lacking flow. Thinking about the special feeling when he used Art of Flora to help Li Ying Feng *shiji* and the others weed, he guess that was the direction he should work at. But the profound feeling, similar to when he had released the sword at the enemy last time, no matter how he thought, he couldn't find it.

Asking Pu Yao! It was a pity that Zuo Mo didn't have any more *jingshi*.

For the next following days, he still didn't have any ideas. The stubbornness in Zuo Mo's bones was aroused.

Wasn't it just finger motions?

He thought of a way.

He took out a basin of water. Submerging both hands in the water, he started to practice his finger motions underwater.

The feeling under in the water was expectedly different. The resistance was much greater. The finger motions, originally well practiced, instantly became scattered.

Zuo Mo instantly became alert. He felt he found the direction!

What he was most afraid of was not having a direction. If he could find the direction, he could overcome even the biggest problem.

Just at this time, Shi Xiang and Liang Luo came to visit as they promised. The two's visit was very unexpected to Zuo Mo. He had originally thought the two were insincere and just said it, and never thought they would actually really come.

Two *ningmaixiuzhe* coming to visit a *lianqi* outer sect disciple. No one would believe it.

"Haha, Little Brother Zuo, it's only been a few days, and you've improved greatly. I think that very soon you would enter *zhuji*." Shi Xiang smiled and then with a face full of concern, said: "Have you prepared what you need for *zhuji*? I have a few *zhuji dan* here, the grade isn't bad."

Zuo Mo was even more cautious. Unreasonable attention, if it wasn't malicious, it was robbery. The other was way too enthusiastic and he automatically was on the defence.

His mouth hurried replied: "Shi *da ge* is too kind. Just a while ago, Fourth *Shigu* bestowed a *zhuji dan*, it's enough for me."

Liang Luo and Shi Xiang quietly exchanged a look but this didn't escape Zuo Mo's watch.

Shi Xiang smiled, responding: "That's good, that's good!" Inside, he thought that it was not going well. Had Zuo Mo's elders started to pay attention to his potential?

"Such a genius such as Little Brother Zuo would always attract attention no matter the place. Haha. When are you becoming an inner sect disciple, we can come and celebrate." He didn't give up and probed.

Zuo Mo shook his head: "Our sect needs *zhuji* before it is enough to become an inner sect disciple. It's still too early."

Hope rose in Shi Xiang. His face was greatly shocked: "Oh, but such a great talent as Little Brother Zuo also have to be limited by such old fashioned rules?"

He didn't know what the other wanted. Zuo Mo said cautiously: "Shi *da ge* is joking, where do I count as a genius?"

At one side, Liang Luo was already impatient. He always liked being straightforward and crisply opened: "Little Brother Zuo, why don't you come to our Chi Sword Sect. If you are willing to come, you would definitely be a core disciple!"

Shi Xiang looked nervously at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo blanked. After a long beat, he finally reacted and smiled hesitantly: "Both *da ge*, don't joke. This brother knows how much I'm worth."

Shi Xiang said seriously: "We aren't joking and are inviting you sincerely. Little Brother Zuo's talents are exceptional, but the hardship in the long journey of cultivation, I'm sure that Little Brother Zuo is very clear. With your talents, you should try to enter *zhuji* as fast as possible and leave behind the common duties, concentrate on cultivating and be assisted by guidance from elders. I cannot promise that you could reach the top but becoming *jindan*, the possibility is very great!"

Zuo Mo stared dazedly at the two people.

"If you are always entangled in these common duties, no matter how

good your talents are, they would be wasted.” Shi Xiang said earnestly.

They were sincere.....

Zuo Mo believed in the two people’s words but suddenly he also felt this was preposterous. At what time did he become exceptionally talented and was invited by others to enter a sect?

Talent? He didn’t have that kind of thing. Otherwise, would the sect leader not have seen it? The sect leader had been the one that brought him back. In the past he would sometimes think that maybe it was that the sect leader didn’t have good enough insight but the presence that night the sect leader and the *shishu* had exuded made him understand that the *shishu* that usually didn’t appear were all powerful and extraordinary people.

The two people were only interested him because of Pu Yao. If other people had the same opportunities as him, they would definitely be much stronger than him.

He thought about two years ago, the instant that he opened his eyes.....

Thought about him sweating up a storm in the *ling* fields.....

Shi Xiang and Liang Luo didn’t speak. They were quietly waiting for Zuo Mo’s choice. Even though they didn’t understand what he had to hesitate about. They had given sufficient sincerity. This kind of benefits, giving them to a *lianqi* disciple, it had never happened at Chi Sword Sect.

After a long time, when the lowered head of Zuo Mo rose and the muddled eyes recovered clarity, the two knew that Zuo Mo had made a choice.

Zuo Mo said earnestly: “Many thanks to both *da ge* for your good will. This brother appreciates it. These years, I’m used to living in Wu Kong Sword Sect. The sect and the elders have been very attentive to me and I have no intentions of leaving!”

The tone wasn’t heavy but it was full of a kind of determination.

In his sea of consciousness, Pu Yao disdainfully spat out a word: "Idiot!"

Disappointed expressions came upon Shi Xiang and Liang Luo's faces. But they also knew that it wouldn't be effective to speak more. They didn't have the interest in chatting and after exchanging a few more words, they bid farewell.

Sending away the two, Zuo Mo returned to his little yard and stared into space. Then he continued to bury his head in practising [Art of Flora].

The time passed by extremely full. Pu Yao didn't pay attention to Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo was happy to not be disturbed. If the devil didn't torment him, he thanked the earth and the heavens. Every day, he would travel to Cold Mist Valley, learn to care for all kinds of *ling* herbs. After [Art of Aged Gold] reached the third level, the power increased greatly. He inspected all the *ling* herbs in Cold Mist Valley one by one and found some deeply hidden pests. After spending effort to exterminate those pests, his [Art of Aged Gold] became even more proficient.

He still couldn't imprint on the flying sword so he decided to use the little aged gold sword to practise sword scriptures and ruminate on sword essence.

In the water, he practised [Art of Flora] and reinforced his finger movements.

All the other time, he devoted it all to [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. The main use of [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was to increase consciousness but Zuo Mo found that it could also increase *ling* energy. The effects were much better than his mainstream crappy [Ten Principles Scripture]. He basically abandoned [Ten Principles Scripture] and changed to cultivate [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation].

Everyday, he only rested for four hours. All the other time was put on cultivation, continuous cultivation.

During this period of time, he wanted his [Art of Flora] to reach the

third level.

After this little while, the new cycle of planting *ling* grains would arrive. He would be occupied. In that case, there would be much less time left for cultivation.

In the basin of water, a pair of withered hands, from fingertip to wrist, were all immersed in water. The parts above the wrist were bare in the air.

Zuo Mo's eyes were closed, exhaling and concentrating.

Suddenly, the ten thin fingers moved, fast as light, creating layers of undercurrents, the movements adding a kind of cold flavour. The speed at which the fingers moved was extremely fast. The surface of the water was like boiling water, countless undercurrents restlessly moving but what was strange was that not even a drop splashed.

The two wrists seemed to be made of copper, not moving a sliver. The nimbleness of the ten fingers were astounding, the dazzling finger movements changing.

The closed eyes didn't open. Zuo Mo's breathing unconsciously became heavier.

The movements of his hands became even faster. The fingers under the water were unable to be distinguished. Splashes bloomed like flowers, the speed became faster, the collision between splashes suddenly became vicious.

The water in the basin seemed to have been lifted by an invisible hand. The surface of the water completely raised up two centimeters.

As the speed of the ten fingers became faster, the surface became even higher.

That pair of withered hands seemed to have a strange attraction, sucking the ball of water and holding it in midair.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo opened his eyes!

The ten fingers in the water suddenly became straight. Bang. The ball of water sucked onto the hands broke like a vase, turning into ten bursts of water arrows, slashing out!

Joy made its way onto Zuo Mo's eyes.

Chapter Thirty Three “The Spring Sprout Jade Medal”

Dong Fu.

As one of the thirteen primary towns of Tian Yue *Jie*, all kinds of authorities were very developed. Even though Tian Yue *Jie* was governed by Kun Lun *Jing*, and it was primarily made up of sword sects, but the requirements of sword *xiu* to need all kinds of resources wasn't small. So while the core disciples of all the sects cultivated the sword, they would still try very hard to attract other kinds of *xiuzhe*.

Different *xiuzhe* received different treatment. The same types of *xiuzhe* would also receive different treatment based on their cultivation. Due to this, the evaluations of all kinds of professions were extremely important. It would be a very difficult thing to get a sword *xiu* to determine the skill level of a *ling* plant farmer. For each *xiuzhe*, after being professionally licensed, they could quickly find a satisfactory job in every location.

All kinds of cultivators had their own authorities. The *ling* plant farmers had the Institute of *Ling* Plants, the beast speakers had the Institute of Beast Language.

“Congratulations, it's very rare to see such a young *ling* plants farmer in Dong Fu. And you have comprehended the fourth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], your future is limitless!” The *ling* plant farmer responsible for the exam smiled as he gave Zuo Mo a jade medal. Barely visible inside the medal was a small and tender sprout, five elements energy revolving around it.

The jade medals of a *ling* plant farmer were sorted into four levels. Spring sprout, summer flower, autumn fruit and winter hibernation. There were even finer distinctions at each level but those exams were extremely complicated. Many *ling* plant farmers only ever did

the licensing for the four levels.

Zuo Mo joyfully took the jade medal. To get this jade medal, he really hadn't wasted all his effort!

The *ling* plants farmer in Dong Fu only had the authority to give out spring sprout jade medals. To get a higher level jade medal, he needed to go to a more prosperous place. However, in the short term, Zuo Mo completely didn't have to consider that problem. The levelling up of *ling* plants farmers was extremely hard. The summer flower jade medal required all five kinds of spells to reach the fifth level. Other than that, they needed to know how to create *ling* fields above the fourth grade.

After giving thanks to the elder, Zuo Mo decided to leave the institute. Just as he came out of the Institute of *Ling* Plants, numerous people instantly circled around.

"Mister Zuo, our sect desperately needs a *ling* plant farmer, is Mister Zuo willing"

"Don't listen to him, he's only a small sect, can't give good benefits. Our sect is much more prosperous, you can ask for all the benefits you"

"If you are willing to come to our sect... .."

.....

The explosions of sound caused Zuo Mo's head to turn to a mess.

Just at this time, a deep voice suddenly interrupted: "Sorry, excuse me. Everyone, don't block my *shizhi*^[1]. Sorry, please make way." The voice wasn't loud but everyone heard it clearly. A hidden presence spread and the crowd naturally made way. Just this cultivation was enough to make everyone stop talking.

Seeing the smiling fat person not far away, Zuo Mo's heart jumped and he hurriedly went up to bow: "Third *Shishu*!" And then bowed to Li Ying Feng behind Yan Le: "*Shijie*!"

The smile on Yan Le's face was harmonious and affable. He patted

Zuo Mo's shoulder: "Not bad, not bad. Didn't think a *ling* plant farmer could come out of our sect. The sect leader will be ecstatic. If it wasn't that I had something to do in Dong Fu, I'm afraid I wouldn't even know."

At this time, Li Ying Feng added: "When *Shidi* went weeding a short while ago, I knew that our sect would soon have a *ling* plant farmer. But I didn't think *Shidi* would be this fast. *Shidi*, congratulations!"

"Just a fluke, fluke!" Facing Yan Le *Shishu*, Zuo Mo was extremely nervous. A great monster was still living in his head.

If *Shishu* found out

He barely kept his composure, his mouth going: "My luck was good recently. Originally, even I thought it would take longer."

"This clearly says that our sect is soon to rise!" The smile on Yan Le's face became energetic: "Let's go, today is a happy occasion. Pick whatever you like, it would be *Shishu*'s gift to you."

Li Ying Feng smiled from the side, adding: "Yeah, *Shidi* made this such an unexpected attack, as a *shijie*, I didn't even have time to prepare a present."

"No, no, *Shijie* is too polite." Zuo Mo furiously waved his hand. Standing beside Third *Shishu*, he was extremely nervous and didn't dare to even breathe heavily.

But Third *Shishu* started to talk and pull him at the same time.

Of the wealthiest in the sect, Third *Shishu* would be the wealthiest. Third *Shishu* had managed all the assets of the sect for many years and accumulated much wealth. Based on what could be seen now, Yan Le *shishu* seemed to want to nurture Li Ying Feng *shijie* into his successor. Zuo Mo felt this was pretty good. Li Ying Feng *shijie* was straightforward and honest, knew how to conduct herself and had a pretty good relationship with him.

The store that Third *Shishu* took him to was naturally much higher class than what he normally shopped at. All kinds of talismans

dazzled his eyes, a veritable feast.

What he picked most of was jade sticks. For him, the jade sticks that recorded all kinds of scriptures and spells were what he needed the most.

Yan Le also noticed it and his attitude towards Zuo Mo became even more amiable. The fact that Zuo Mo would get the spring sprout jade medal before he entered *zhuji* was proof of his exceptional talents. After getting the jade medal, he wasn't greedy and lived it up. What he picked the most were still jade sticks, that meant that he had strong motivations to keep going.

A young disciple that had both of those points, even if they didn't have good opportunities, they would definitely reach a pretty good height.

There wasn't an elder that didn't like this kind of disciples, especially Yan Le who was used to the mediocrity of the disciples in the sect. He knew that there hadn't been any attention paid to this disciple in the past. If he didn't rope him in now, then he would be too stupid. Today, he had been coincidentally been at Dong Fu to take care of matters. Hearing that someone had received a jade medal, he had come over to see if he could attract them and hadn't thought it would be a disciple of his sect.

He couldn't help picking out a pile of talismans that Zuo Mo could have a use for.

At the side, Li Ying Feng also recognized that even though her zombie *shidi* hadn't entered *zhuji*, but in reality, he had already become one of the core disciples.

Maybe in the Wu Kong Sword Sect of the future, Wei Sheng *Shixiong* would be in charge of fighting, Zuo Mo *Shidi* of internal matters, and she would take over her master's role and be responsible for external matters. Especially since no one could replace her and Zuo Mo in their roles. Looking at it now, Luo Li *Shixiong* was unable to threaten Wei Sheng *Shixiong*'s position. Also, Wei Sheng *Shixiong*'s relationship with Zuo Mo *Shidi* was extremely good. For the elders, they were naturally happy to see

everyone cooperating.

Li Ying Feng, who sorted out her thoughts, was also generous and gave two talismans to Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo's mind was completely blown. Holding a pile of talismans and jade sticks, his awareness was dizzy. Any item that he was holding now, in the past, was something he dreamed about. Now he was holding a pile in his hands.

The affable smile on *Shishu*'s face made him think of a previous life. In the past two years, after the first time he met the sect leader when he woke up, he had never spoken to another *shishu* after that.

And all of this, it was only because he received a jade medal.

The grey beaked goose flew steadily, it's back broad and soft. It was very comfortable sitting on the top, nothing that Zuo Mo's impotent flying paper crane could compare to.

"Little Mo doesn't have a steed yet." Yan Le said and turned to order Li Ying Feng: "I remember there are still a few more grey beaked geese, send one to Little Mo. Tell the people below to send over *ling* grass as necessary."

"Yes." Li Ying Feng noted it down.

Zuo Mo thought to himself, their sect does have some wealth.

When the three reached the gates of the mountain, the outer sect disciples had already lined up at the gates to welcome them. It was evident that the sect leader had already known of the news that he had received a jade medal.

Their gazes as they looked at him were extremely complicated. Jealousy, admiration, dissatisfaction.....

Just a day ago, everyone was the same outer sect disciples. Today, they needed to come out to welcome him. Not many people had been surprised that Wei Sheng *shixiong* would become an inner sect disciple since he had been the first among the outer sect disciples and established a powerful image in their hearts.

But among them, Zuo Mo hadn't been exceptional. Other than his [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] and that face that never had an expression, there were very few places which he had that people would remember.

Some of the people had caution and fear in their eyes as they looked at Zuo Mo. They had once bullied Zuo Mo and was afraid he was going to get back at them now. Even the most stupid knew that it was certain that Zuo Mo was going to become an inner sect disciple.

Seeing the looks of these people, Zuo Mo's heart wasn't comfortable either but felt slightly relieved. He had finally left this group, that meant that he had made progress. For him, any kind of progress right now was incredibly valuable and he didn't care about the looks of the other outer sect disciples.

The grey beaked goose didn't slow down but followed the mountain path past the outer sect disciples respectfully standing as it climbed.

Wu Kong Hall was the discussion place of Wu Kong Sword Sect. Many of the main matters of the sect were held here. When Zuo Mo and the others arrived, the sect leader and the other *shishu* were already waiting in Wu Kong Hall, faint expressions of joy on their faces.

The fact that someone from the sect could qualify for a spring sprout jade medal was definitely an unexpected delight. And such a young disciple, his future would be limitless. First there was Wei Sheng who had such outstanding talent and now there was a disciple in *lianqi* that could receive a medal. They were completely bowled over by joy!

Facing so many of the *shishu* for the first time, Zuo Mo couldn't help but be nervous. Xin Yan *Shishu*'s pair of cold eyes made him feel there was a blade behind his back, his entire body frozen.

Pleaseplease.....Pu Yao don't make a fuss now!

Just as he was nervous, the sect leader Pei Yuan Ran opened: "At the beginning when I picked you up, I didn't have too many

expectations for you, and didn't give much care. To be able to achieve all this, it is all your own efforts and extremely rare. To not give up in such a hopeless situation, swimming against the current, very good! In our sect, whatever strength you have determines the level of treatment. You showed your potential and so the sect will treat you better, do not have hate."

Pei Yuan Ran was very straightforward. The bits of hate in Zuo Mo's heart had dissipated much upon hearing the sect leader's words.

"This disciple doesn't dare." He said with his head lowered.

Pei Yuan Ran nodded his head and his voice became warmer: "Now that you have a jade medal, you are the only *ling* plant farmer in our sect. The treatment in the past is naturally not appropriate for you. I heard your Fourth *Shigu* say that you are responsible for the medicine fields of Cold Mist Valley now. This will depend now on whether you have the interest. From this day onwards, you are formally one of the inner sect disciples of our sect. You will receive the same allowance of *jingshi* as your other *shixiong*. Other than that, our sect's West Wind Valley has a patch of empty third grade *ling* fields, that will be given to you. The *ling* energy is thick in the valley, you could move to live inside the valley and try to enter *zhuji* earlier. If you need anything, you can ask your Third *Shishu*. As to the *ling* fields inside the valley, you can plant whatever you want. We will not interfere. You can also use the other empty *ling* fields in the sect, but at the end you need to give three tenths to the sect."

Zuo Mo's eyes widened, his gaze stupified. He felt that he was going to faint—the sect leader was giving an entire mountain valley to him!

Notes

1. 师侄: refers to disciple of a younger generation, 侄 means nephew

Chapter Thirty Four “Inner Sect Disciple”

Pei Yuan Ran looked at Zuo Mo who was stupefied and a mirth filled smirk flashed at the corner of his lips.

“All inner sect disciples must have a master. Since you received the spring sprout jade medal, you should go under your Fourth *Shigu*’s line. Your Fourth *Shigu* is skilled at making *dan*. No one else in the sect can compare to her knowledge of *ling* herbs. Even in Dong Fu, she is famous for this knowledge. What do you think of becoming her pupil?”

Zuo Mo shook and instantly reacted. Bowing his head to Shi Feng Rong he said: “This disciple greets Master!” Entering Fourth *Shigu*’s line, it was the best possible outcome for him. His skills laid in farming and that is very beneficial for making *dan*. The demands of *ling* herbs in making *dan* were very large.

“Stand.” Shi Feng Rong said lightly, her voice sounding like her usual iciness.

Zuo Mo obediently stood.

“*Shimei*, in the future, he’ll be in your care.” Pei Yuan Ran said solemnly.

“*Shixiong*, don’t worry. I definitely wouldn’t conceal any of my knowledge. But if he isn’t willing to put any effort in, *Shixiong* cannot blame me.”

Shi Feng Rong’s cold words were like a basin of ice cold water that instantly woke Zuo Mo from his joy. He suddenly had a bad feeling. The implication in Master’s words made him feel apprehensive.

Pei Yuan Ran nodded his head and spoke: “This is good,” Turning to ask Zuo Mo: “Do you have any questions?”

Zuo Mo shook his head rapidly to show he didn't have any more questions. Originally, he had wanted to ask if he could ask Second *Shishu* if he had any questions about forging.

He suddenly remembered that the snow white sword essence that tortured him countless times, and made him want to die, that it originated from Xin Yan *Shishu*? The words that reached his mouth instantly shrunk back. He felt that he was crazy, why would he ever have such a stupid idea?

Wasn't that walking straight into a trap?

Pu Yao was still in his consciousness.

After his fright dissipated, his brain instantly recovered its clarity. He felt that in the future, he had to be a bit more careful. He might be an inner sect disciple now, but if Pu Yao was exposed, he was certain that the first reaction of Xin Yan *Shishu* was to cut him up along with Pu Yao!

Subdue *yao* and exterminate *mo*!

That was too terrifying!

Even though he was not as terrified as he used to be when facing that sword essence but that was only in his consciousness. In the real world, one blow from Xin Yan *Shishu*'s sword was enough to tear him into countless pieces. Pu Yao might be arrogant in front of Zuo Mo, but Pu Yao estimated if he had to face Xin Yan *Shishu*, he would also be killed instantly.

He still remembered the scene when Xin Yan's sword cleaved the black sea.

Pei Yuan Ran detected Zuo Mo's nervousness but didn't put any importance on it. Which disciple in their sect didn't tremble when they saw the masters? The sect leader and the *shishu* were all very busy. Even though it was a delight that Zuo Mo became a *ling* plant farmer, but the *Shishu* wouldn't spend too much time on this matter.

The sect leader gave a few more words of encouragement and then left with the other *shishu*.

Shi Feng Rong moved away gracefully and Zuo Mo hurried to catch up.

Shi Feng Rong didn't turn her head back and said, seemingly to herself: "I have warned you, but in the end, you choose the road to walk. Since you are now my disciple, I naturally will have my demands. Your private matters, I will not interfere but what I order to be done, you have to complete it."

Following behind, Zuo Mo's heart almost jumped out of his chest as he answered: "Yes!"

"Go attend to your own matters. After a few days, I will send someone to find you," Shi Feng Rong said.

Zuo Mo carefully saw his master away, his heart very depressed. It seemed that his master wasn't easy to interact with!

Returning to his little yard, he found the outside was full of people. Almost all the outer sect disciples were waiting for him.

"Ai ya ya, *Shixiong*'s back!

"I had said it before, with *Shixiong*'s talents, wouldn't getting an inner sect position be easy?"

"*Shixiong*, this is a small token of Little Brother's regard. Not enough to pay respects, *shixiong*, don't look down... .."

.....

Zuo Mo's head swelled up. Originally, he had prepared to reject the gifts, but noticing the worried glances of these people, he accepted the various gifts. As expected, when they saw him accept the gifts, these outer sect disciples all gave expressions of joy. Knowing that they would disturb Zuo Mo, they only gave their congratulations and stayed for a short while before leaving.

The little yard finally returned to its normal silence. Releasing a breath, Zuo Mo held a large pile of various gifts as he walked into the yard and put the gifts down.

This entire day today was so fantastical.

Taking out the spring sprout jade medal, he gently caressed it, feeling the fineness and smoothness of the jade medal.

His body was very tired but his mental state was still excited. The sect leader had divided an entire mountain valley to him. Even though part of it was due to his *ling* plant farmer profession, but this kind of benefits was still very generous. Other than Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, it probably would be him that had the best benefits.

Suddenly remembering the jade box that he had buried in the *ling* vein of the seclusion room, he instantly became alert.

Quickly running to the seclusion room, carefully digging out the jade box, he opened it for a look. The gold ore had disappeared as expected, and the black gold worm had clearly changed. There was a new additional mark on the pure black shell similar to a coin, extremely eye-catching.

Zuo Mo ran into his sea of consciousness. Pu Yao was sitting on the gravestone, listening to the sound tablet. He didn't even blink an eyelid. Shrouded in the black clouds, the red rhombus shaped jewel was alluring and attractive.

After last time, Pu Yao had continued to maintain this attitude. He seemed like a completely different person than before.

"Pu, has this black good worm reached fourth level?" Zuo Mo tried his best to make his tone as friendly as possible.

"Five pieces of second grade *jingshi*." Pu reached out a palm.

As expected.....

When did this guy become even more greedy than he was? Zuo Mo didn't get it. Almost all of his *jingshi* ended up in Pu Yao's wallet, yet he hadn't found Pu Yao using the *jingshi* for anything. Pu Yao was like a bottomless hole that ate *jingshi*.

Supposedly *yao* could eat souls. However, compared to just a *lianqi* cultivator, *yaomo* was an insurmountably strong and incredibly distant entity. What function did eating souls have, only ghosts would know. In the future, he should go to the records in the sect where it

was possible to find some traces. In any case, now that he was an inner sect disciple, the records in the sect were open to him.

But right now, he could only comply.

“Okay.” Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and decided to spend the money.

When his voice landed, five pieces of *jingshi* disappeared from his wallet. On this point, Pu Yao was much better than before. He would never take extra.

“Yes.” Pu Yao spat out a word.

Glee rose in Zuo Mo’s heart. He remembered that Pu Yao had said that fourth grade black gold worms were able to find *ling* veins.

“How do I get it to find *ling* veins?”

“Fifty pieces of second grade *jingshi*!” Pu Yao made an outrageous demand without even raising an eyelid.

Zuo Mo was dumbstruck. After a moment, he gave a wail: “You’re killing me!”

This was definitely premeditated. Zuo Mo only had fifty two pieces of *jingshi* remaining. He hadn’t thought that Pu Yao’s opening quote was his entire wealth.

Pu Yao disregarded Zuo Mo’s struggle: “I increase the amount by ten *jingshi* every day.”

Zuo Mo almost spat blood, but Pu Yao was at a complete advantage. Zuo Mo had no other choice. Gritting his teeth, he said fiercely: “Fine! If it’s fifty, then fifty it is!”

Clink, clink, clink. The sound of *jingshi* moving was extremely clear.

Pu Yao was doing it on purpose!

Zuo Mo’s teeth itched in hate but he didn’t have any solution. An enormous benefit was enticing him. If the black gold worm really could find *ling* veins, it would be nothing less than a long-term benefit for him. Finding *ling* veins, he could then create high grade *ling*

fields. Adding on his techniques as a *ling* plant farmer, no matter what he planted, it was certain that there was more profit to be made.

Right now, he was an inner sect disciple. If he could find a new *ling* vein, other than giving up a portion to the sect, the large majority would still land in his pocket.

Jingshi was one of the factors of strength, especially when he had at his side a money-grubbing *yaomo* like Pu Yao!

Pu Yao threw a spell fragment at him. This spell allowed him to control *ling* worms, and it was very short and easy to learn. Zuo Mo easily learnt the spell in a short amount of time.

Zuo Mo treated the worm like treasure.

If his own yard had a small section of *ling* veins, it was possible there were more *ling* veins in the Wu Kong Mountains. Every section of *ling* veins were very valuable, even the thinnest *ling* vein.

Even though West Wind Valley had been assigned to him, but *ling* fields, especially high grade *ling* fields were in short supply. Just his master's place, it needed large amounts of *ling* fields to support. The price of high grade materials were just way too expensive.

He had started to try to engage in business. The benefits of a *ling* plant farmer was pretty good, but it wasn't as fast at earning *jingshi* like other kinds of *xiuzhe*.

The little section of *ling* vein in the seclusion room had disappeared already. Zuo Mo speculated that it disappeared due to the black gold worm absorbing all of the *ling* energy. Even though he had meditated there for a long time, the *ling* veins hadn't been affected at all. It must have been that he was in *lianqi*, and the amount of *ling* energy he absorbed each time he mediated was a pitiful amount so the *ling* veins hadn't been affected. In the process of the black gold worm increasing its grade, it needed too much *ling* energy and in the end, caused the *ling* vein to disappear.

However, this caused the last regret in Zuo Mo's heart to disappear.

The most valuable thing in this entire yard was this section of *ling* vein.

He decided to go take a look at West Wind Valley.

West Wind Valley was located between three peaks, but as none of the three peaks were high, the sunlight that streamed into the valley was plentiful. Compared to the coldness and humidity in Cold Mist Valley, this place was much warmer and welcoming.

Holding the copper medal the sect leader had given, Zuo Mo carefully avoided the *jinzhi* along the road. The *jinzhi* in this place wasn't as strict as Cold Mist Valley but far beyond anything that a *zhuji* cultivator could content, much less the little *lianqi* cultivator that Zuo Mo was. But his spiritual power just had to be much stronger than the typical *lianqi* so the pressure he felt from the *jinzhi* was much stronger than normal *xiuzhe*.

Carefully passing through the *jinzhi*, he could see this was much more desolate than Cold Mist Valley.

The geography of the valley was very flat. There was only a patch of about twenty *mu* of *ling* fields. Based on the looks, it seemed to be third grade. Even though the weeds were growing all around, but there were still people who came to this twenty *mu* of *ling* fields at intervals to take care of it. The grade hadn't dropped.

Twenty *mu* of *ling* fields wasn't very much but this twenty *mu* of *ling* fields was going to become his personal property. The entire West Wind Valley was going to become his private property. In here, he could do whatever he wanted.

This benefit was very generous!

Looking at the *ling* energy encapsulated in the *ling* fields, and the enormous mountain valley that belonged to him, a feeling of satisfaction rose. The only regret Zuo Mo had was that there wasn't a waterfall here. If there was a small waterfall, it would be perfect.

Looking at the old trees and weeds in the surroundings, his heart suddenly moved.

Taking out the black gold worm from his bosom, he casted the spell. The black god worm spread out on the ground and started to slowly crawl.

Since this place belonged to him, then if he explored it, it should be very reasonable!

Honk honk honk!

Zuo Mo's strange gong-like laugh echoed through West Wind Valley.

Chapter Thirty Five “Discovery”

The black gold worm, once it landed on the ground, was motionless. After a while, the antennas started to wave, reaching out in every direction. No wonder it was a fourth grade black gold worm, Zuo Mo praised it silently, this kind of intelligence was not something normal *ling* worms would have.

The black gold worm raised its head after a while, the two antennas in the front slightly shook as it quickly crawled along the ground. It sometimes stopped or sometimes slowly proceeded. Zuo Mo carefully casted the control spell, tightly following the worm from behind, not daring to relax his watch even slightly.

Other than the *ling* fields, various weeds dominated all other areas of the valley. This created some difficulties for Zuo Mo. He took out the ice crystal sword that Shi Xiang had given him to cut out a path. Grasping the translucent ice crystal sword in his hand, it gave off a kind of bone-aching cold. The good thing was the blade was extremely sharp and pretty good at cutting up grass and wood.

Suddenly, the black good worm stopped but then went at an even faster speed, it went deep into the grass covered land.

Zuo Mo instantly became alert!

Carrying the icy crystal sword, he followed right after.

The black gold worm stopped in front of a protruding rock. Following closely behind, Zuo Mo narrowed his eyes and started to examine this large piece of rock. The rock was a normal granite, about fifty or sixty feet tall. From the outside, there was nothing special about it. Was the mystery located inside the rock?

In any case, this place was his own private one. It didn't matter how he played with it. Lifting up the ice crystal sword, he started to dig at the rock.

Granite might be hard but facing a third grade flying sword, it was

like tofu. In a short while, Zuo Mo dug out a large hole. As expected, the black gold worm climbed into the hole. This caused Zuo Mo to be even more motivated, his hand moving faster.

This rock was even bigger than he had imagined. When he dug for more than an hour, and it was seventy or eighty feet deep, it still hadn't reached the bottom. In the end, Zuo Mo wasn't one of those that cultivated the body. His two arms seemed to be filled with lead, his entire body almost falling apart.

"No way, it's killing me." He collapsed on the ground, panting as he looked dispiritedly at the black gold worm lying on the bottom of the hole.

"Bro, you are really obsessed. *Ge* can't do it, need to sleep first." He grimaced at the black gold worm. Finishing, he fell into a deep sleep in the hole he had just dug.

When Zuo Mo opened his eyes, he saw a patch of blackness. Sitting up, the moonlight came in through the opening of the hole. The inside of the hole was slightly illuminated. The black gold worm was still silently motionless at the bottom of the hole, the gold coin on its back releasing a faint gold light in the dark of the rock hole.

It was already night. Zuo Mo drifted off into his thoughts for a while before he took up the ice crystal sword again.

"Brother, let us continue!"

Ding ding, dong dong. The continuous sound of a sword cutting rocks rang inside West Wind Valley.

Zuo Mo continued to dig mechanically straight down until the sky was almost filled with light. Zuo Mo suddenly felt the icy crystal sword in his hand had cut into empty space. His heart instantly jumped, his exhaustion swept away!

Putting power into his hands, he quickly cut out the last thin piece of rock. Behind the rock was a large black hole.

Zuo Mo's heart couldn't help but beat wildly!

The black gold worm didn't hesitate. Flashing into the black hole, it quickly vanished. Zuo Mo forced himself to swallow his spit and he hesitated for a moment before holding the ice crystal sword and squeezing into the black hole.

The black hole was much deeper than he had imagined. As he went deeper, his heart became heavier. There were clear signs of human cutting in here, but it would have been long ago since there was a strong moldy odor in the cave. Who had made a dwelling here? Was this the tomb of one of the sect's elders?

This guess made him very excited.

He walked quickly into the deeper regions. There was a thin connection being maintained between him and the black gold worm. He was able to know things about the situation ahead.

Very quickly, he saw the black gold worm. In the darkness, the gold coin mark of the black gold worm could be seen from far away. The black gold worm was spread out over a lump, unwilling to leave.

Zuo Mo scanned the surroundings. This was a very crude stone room. There was a spring in the corner, a stone desk, a stone bed, and nothing else.

When he went closer, Zuo Mo was frightened out of his wits!

The black gold worm was actually on a pile of bones! Zuo Mo's heartbeat increased. His mouth became dry, he resisted the great terror inside himself and walked for a closer look. He didn't know whose remains these were. It was spread out on the ground. From the appearance, it seemed to have been a long time ago. He looked around. His eyes suddenly became dumbstruck and then he showed a joyous expression.

This was the death place of one of the sect's elders!

With the fastest speed possible, he picked up the various jade sticks and talismans on the ground. He seemed like an extremely hungry beggar who suddenly saw bread. There weren't many talismans, and it had been too long since they were supported with *ling* energy, their functions were almost entirely gone. In comparison, there were

many more jade sticks, about twenty or so.

He explored every corner, not leaving anything behind before Zuo Mo's eyes once again went back to the pile of bones. The black gold worm was lying on that pile of bones, motionless, but the gold coin mark on the back seemed slightly brighter.

To have died here, it definitely was his sect's elders. He had received such a big convenience from them. Pondering for a second, Zuo Mo bowed three times to the pile of bones and then lightly buried the bones in a corner.

Moving away the bones, Zuo Mo found that there was actually a prayer mat underneath the bones.

Prayer mat.....

He blanked.

This white mat, it was almost the same as the mat that the nameless *shixiong* had left behind in the seclusion room at Zuo Mo's little yard.

He hurriedly poured out the jade sticks that he had put away in front of him. One by one, he poured *ling* energy in. After a while, he managed to generally understand the cause and effect.

This rock room was the death place of an elder in the sect, but this elder was actually an outer sect disciple. What Zuo Mo felt even more unimaginable was that this was the elder who had always been an outer sect disciple but almost managed to enter *jindan*, who was also the previous owner of Zuo Mo's little yard!

The matters of the world were just this fantastical.

Zuo Mo dumbly sat there and couldn't help but sigh. This *shixiong*, called Wei Nan, was an outer sect disciple from three hundred years ago. He had a special ability. He was naturally sensitive to *ling* veins. So he could find that weak *ling* vein, build the little yard and painstakingly cultivate. Even though he had the help of the *ling* vein, but he didn't have good talent at cultivating and just barely kept up with the other disciples.

He had great ambitions and didn't want to live a mediocre life. He racked his brains and thought of all kinds of methods.

In many places, Wei Nan *Shixiong* was extremely similar to Zuo Mo. Wei Nan also chose *ling* plant farmer as his best path to riches. However, his talents in the area of the five elements were not as good as Zuo Mo's, and it took him five long years before he barely became a *ling* plant farmer. But Wei Nan didn't tell anyone else. From then on, he started to learn how to make *dan*, yet his talents in making *dan* was also average. After spending ten years, he finally managed to make his first fourth grade *ling dan*.

He developed slowly in cultivation yet his talent developed rapidly. He was even able to detect the *ling* veins buried deep underground. When he was thirty seven, he found this *ling* vein.

Afraid that the sect would take it away if they knew, he quietly created this rock room.

Taking advantage of the *ling* veins, he finally reached *ningmai* at forty years of age. At this time, he was still an outer sect disciple. Wei Nan was extremely talented at concealment and pretence. No one in the sect managed to find that his cultivation had risen to *ningmai*. Due to the fact that his potential truly was too average, he was afraid that his *ningmai* cultivation would cause the elders in the sect to be suspicious and from that, find the sect of the *ling* veins. He was satisfied with seclusion. After painstaking management through the years, he had some measure of wealth. He continuously purchased all kinds of jade sticks. What he learned was extremely broad and mixed.

He didn't know what caused it but in that period of time, the progression of his *ling* energy became faster. He was extremely happy and put even more effort into collecting all kinds of jade sticks. The more odd the jade stick, the more he was obsessed. And no matter how strange the jade stick, he would always try it out. When he had reached fifty years old, the number of spells and scriptures he needed to practise each day reached fifteen kinds.

At that time, he knew he had no hope of entering *jindan* and killed off

his dream. In the following twenty years, he started to organize and study the variety of odd jade sticks and scriptures that he had collected.

His cultivation was limited but his scope of knowledge and spells was very wide. There weren't many that could compare to him. In addition, he had cultivated many of the unpopular scriptures for a few decades and had many conclusions. Comparing the different scriptures, he finally managed to finish the summary and organization of all the types of scriptures he had collected through his lifetime.

In total, there were twenty sticks. No name, nothing too profound. It was the last thing he left in this world.

Carefully putting away the jade sticks that were on the ground, Zuo Mo was full of respect for this Elder Wei Nan. He lifted the mat, went to the spring and carefully poured water over to wash it. Even though so many years had passed, after a gentle wash, the mat once again recovered its snowy white appearance. This mat wasn't something ordinary. It was made from Meditation Grass and its effect was to calm the heart. It wouldn't decay, won't have worms for hundreds of years. It was much rarer than the mat from the little yard.

He put the mat back in its original spot and sat on it.

A thick *ling* energy seemed to pour in through his skin!

He quickly entered mediation and became motionless. Beside the mat, the black gold worm was also motionless, abnormally quiet. Only the gold coin mark on the back flashed with a gold light.

When he woke up from meditation, Zuo Mo couldn't disguise the ecstasy in his eyes. This *ling* vein, compared to the *ling* vein in his little yerd, was much greater! If the *ling* vein in the seclusion room of the little yard could be said to be a small branch, then this *ling* veins was like the stem!

The abundant *ling* energy made one unconsciously comfortable.

With such a high quality *ling* vein, he could quickly enter *zhuji*. He

had decided, in the future, this would be his secluded cultivation room!

When Zuo Mo squeezed out of the rock hole, the blinding sun outside made him unconsciously narrow his eyes. Turning and carefully covering up the hole, he scattered the granite that he had dug out into the weeds. Nothing could be seen.

After finishing , he released a breath.

Just at this time, Li Ying Feng came looking for him with other people. Because there wasn't any buildings in West Wind Valley, if Zuo Mo was going to live inside the valley, then it required building a house. She was naturally in charge of this kind of matter and personally came to ask about Zuo Mo's preferences and needs.

After attentively listening to Zuo Mo's demands, she waved her hands and the other outer sect disciples instantly started to move.

In half a day, a little yard was built. Zuo Mo named it the Little West Wind Yard.

The Little West Wing Yard became his new home.

Chapter Thirty Six “Encounter Again”

The Little West Wind Yard became one of the important places in Wu Kong Sword Sect, especially for outer sect disciples. Its importance far surpassed the residences of all other inner sect disciples. The great majority of outer sect disciples farmed and what they were most afraid of were problems in the *ling* fields. Having a *ling* plant farmer in the sect, they felt more secure. At least when a problem occurred now, they knew they could find someone.

A brand new yard appeared in the valley. The outside walls were constructed from limestone. The fine patterns and the cool hardness of the limestone added a few hints of serenity and peace. The vines were like a waterfall, the stars in the sky occasionally reflecting, glittering and speckled. The pond in the yard wasn't the mud pond in his previous residence. First grade Purple Fire Lotus were planted in the pond. The purple lotus flowers were like purple flames that were burning in the water. In the night, they would release a hazy purple light. Between the purple fire lotuses, the silver scissor fish swam happily. It was like countless blades crashing together, dozens of silver lines intersecting, blinding to the eye.

Zuo Mo wasn't in the mood to admire the beautiful scenery. Just like before, he would go to Cold Mist Valley at the same time every day to make rain and take care of the plants. Now that he was an inner sect disciple, the rule that it was not allowed to fly inside the mountain was not valid for him. Putting on the spirit travelling seal, each of his steps was a small flight. His speed wasn't slower than those flying steeds. Other than saving a lot of time, he enjoyed the process very much.

These days, during the daytime, he was like normal as he cared for the *ling* fields. At night, he would quietly run to the *ling* vein in the rock room to meditate and practise [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation].

Even though the primary purpose of [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was to cultivate the spirit, but the increase in *ling* energy was also pretty good and much better than [Ten Principle Scripture]. Adding on the help of the *ling* vein, after a few days, his progress was astounding! Without him detecting it, his cultivation quietly broke through to the ninth level of *lianqi*.

The *ling* vein in the rock room became Zuo Mo's biggest secret other than Pu Yao. He was especially careful. In order to disguise the opening, he just didn't use a piece of granite to seal the entrance, he also planted large amounts of weeds and shrubs around the opening. From the outside, there was nothing that could be detected. His only worry was that elders like his master or the sect leader would come here so he didn't dare to put out any *jinzhi*. With his skill, the *jinzhi* he would create would be completely ineffective against the sect leader and the other and would arouse their attention instead.

His days were extremely leisurely. Other than the provision of *jingshi* each month, there was also a provision of *ling* grains. He had planted *ling* grains for two years yet had never ate it before.

The *ling* grains were filled with rich *ling* energy. And when it was absorbed, it was extremely gentle, unlike the forceful nature of the *ling* energy absorbed from the *jingshi*, and used if one had to go to some special places like Bloody Heaven Metropolis *Jie*. Three thousand years ago, *yaomo* were defeated. In order to preserve their strength, the last remaining one hundred or so great powers of the *yaomo*, using their own bodies and blood as the guide, as seven medium *jie* as the axis, forty nine little *jie* as the screen to create Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie* and stopped the *xiuzhe* in their steps. Inside Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie*, all of the *ling* energy became extremely unrefined and unordered. *Xiuzhe* basically had no way of absorbing it.

Those that travelled to Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie*, they always needed to bring large amounts of *jingshi* and *ling* grains. *Jingshi* was used to replenish the normal usage of *ling* energy, but due to the fact that the *ling* energy in *jingshi* was extremely strong, relying

only on *jingshi* could easily cause the cultivation to collapse. While the *ling* energy in the *ling* grains were not as potent as it was in *jingshi*, but it was gentle and could help *xiuzhe* stabilize their cultivation.

The disciples in some large sects would use *ling* grains everyday to increase the speed of cultivation.

But for a small sect like Wu Kong Sword Sect, they would only provide a certain amount each month. And it was only low grade *ling* grains. But even just first grade *ling* grains, Zuo Mo had never eaten any before.

Zuo Mo was presently studying the jade sticks that Elder Wei Nan had left. Even though Elder Wei Nan's cultivation had been limited but many of the roads he had walked were worthy for Zuo Mo to use as reference, such as farming. Elder Wei Nan had been a *ling* plant farmer, and had learned how to make *dan*. How similar was that to Zuo Mo? Zuo Mo hadn't thought to touch the obscure scriptures yet. How to earn *jingshi*, it was what he needed to think about right now.

What was easiest to earn *jingshi* with in *lianqi*? What to plant?

Finally getting twenty *mu* of third grade *ling* fields, Zuo Mo naturally wanted to organize it well. Right now, he had no money, completely wrung dry by Pu Yao. The allowance from the sect each month wasn't an insignificant amount but for him, it was just a drop in the bucket.

Things like *ling* veins couldn't be converted directly to *jingshi*. But even if it was possible to sell it, Zuo Mo definitely wouldn't sell it. To surrender long term benefits for short term gains, how would such a shrewd person like him do such a stupid thing?

Thinking of ways to earn *jingshi* was one of the most important matters of Wei Nan. Actually, for every single *xiuzhe*, *jins*hi was a problem that couldn't be avoided. The amount of *jingshi* earned directly influenced the speed of cultivation.

Talismans, jade sticks, materials.....

What didn't require *jingshi*?

Even though Zuo Mo was now an inner sect disciple and the sect would put effort into nurturing him and give him conveniences in each area, but it was limited.

But compared to Zuo Mo's circumstances, Wei Nan's past circumstances were much more difficult. The paths that he had explored were extremely worth of reference to Zuo Mo.

Sitting on the grey beaked goose that the sect had given him, Zuo Mo took big and small pouches as he sat idly on the goose's back. These things, all of them were what others had given him which he couldn't use. He planned on turning all of it into *jingshi*. Even though it really wouldn't be a lot, but right now he had no other way. Hoping that Pu Yao could spit out some *jingshi*, that was impossible.

Pu Yao always sat with his eyes closed on the gravestone every day. He seemed to be meditating. Did he need to cultivate too? Zuo Mo was very curious.

Right now, he wouldn't actively interact. Pu Yao's mood was fickle, ruthless and crazy. Yet his power was extremely deep. This kind of person, you never knew what his next step would be, you never could guess what he was thinking inside, you also never would know what his true aims were.

Zuo Mo felt that Pu Yao was a true devil. He would give you enticements that made your soul shake, and just when you are enjoying it to the limit, you would fall to the lowest level of hell.

The torments Pu Yao gave him, Zuo Mo had hated, had raged, had felt hopeless. But when Master had said that his features had been changed and his mind erased, these emotions that had trouble him dissipated like smoke.

Because he needed power!

Because he needed answers!

These petty torments, what was it really?

He clearly remembered the unfamiliarity he felt when he first woke up two years ago. In these two years, the voice that appeared in his dreams tormented him countless times. He had been afraid, terrified, hesitant, uncertain. He had thought of trying to find answers but had no clues. There was nothing he could do. So he muddled his way through the days and was never happy.

Right now, he was awake.

He only had one thought. He needed to find the answer. Who! Who did all this!

Unable to be forgiven!

On the back of the grey beaked goose, Zuo Mo looked at Dong Fu appearing through the clouds. He tightened his fist.

Dong Fu was the same as usual, people streaming. Zuo Mo headed straight for the free market and found Fu Jin.

Fu Jing's eyes were extremely sharp. Seeing the spring sprout jade medal on Zuo Mo's waist, his entire person blanked. After a while, he recovered. Even though shock still remained in his eyes, but he piled a smile on his face: "Congradulations Little Mo Ge, Little Mo Ge! Tsk tsk, such a young *ling* plant farmer, Little Mo Ge is definitely extraordinary! Come in, come in!"

Zuo Mo didn't waste pleasantries. With a bang, he threw the large bag at Fu Jin: "Sell these things for me."

"What things?" Fu Jin asked as his hands rapidly opened the cloth bag. With just one sweep, he could generally determine the value of these things. There were many items but they weren't valuable. It was actually normal. The *liangqi* outer sect disciples, they couldn't give anything valuable.

His brain moved rapidly and quoted a generous price: "Fifty pieces of second grade *jinshi*. How about it?"

Zuo Mo knew the market. These things definitely wasn't worth fifty pieces of second grade *jinshi*. He shook his head: "Too much, thirty pieces is good."

“Alright.” Fu Jin briskly handed over the *jingshi* and put away the items. With a smile, he said: “Now that Little Mo Ge has flourished, don’t forget to support this little brother!”

The two chatted a bit more. Zuo Mo listened very carefully. Don’t estimate the kind of small business people like Fu Jin. Their intuition was extremely sensitive. Any movements in the market couldn’t be concealed from their eyes. Between the words, Fu Jin was extremely worried. Recently, the price of the *ling* grains was continuously rising. This was the first time it had occurred in the recent years. Each year, people would go to Bloody Sky Metropolis to hunt *yao*, but the price of *ling* grains had never been as exaggerated as this. Connecting it to the recent rumors about Bloody Sky Metropolis, it made people worried.

According to Fu Jin, it wasn’t just Tian Yue *Jie*. The price of *ling* grains in all the other *jie* were continuously rising. All of this clearly showed that the conflict in Bloody Sky Metropolis was become even more intense.

Was the *yaomo* starting the counter attack?

After hearing Fu Jin’s words, Zuo Mo’s heart became slightly heavier. For low level *xiuzhe*, the greatest danger was turmoil. If a great war like the one three thousand years ago started, low level *xiuzhe* was the cannon fodder that would die the quickest.

“Ho, it’s really a small world, fate lets enemies meet.” A strange voice interrupted Zuo Mo’s musing.

He raised his head and a headache started.

The two people in front of him, one of them was the Dong Qi Sword Sect disciple whose flying sword had been cracked by him the last time. The person at the side was very unfamiliar. It probably was his *shixiong*. His presence was even greater.

Fu Jin was extremely perceptive. Seeing the situation, he instantly felt bitter inside but pushed a smile on his face: “Sirs, come come come. Everyone sit down and drink some tea.....”

Pah!

The voice instantly stopped. Fu Jin was thrown flying like a sandbag.

“Trash! Is there space for you to talk here?” The other took away his hand and said icily.

Zuo Mo hadn't thought the other would start punching right away. He hadn't managed to react in time. He hurriedly ran over to support Fu Jin. Looking at the hand mark on the face and the blood spilling from the corner of Fu Jing's mouth, Zuo Mo's eyes became dark. He carefully helped Fu Jin up and then slowly turned around.

“Who was so stupid and let their dog out?” Zuo Mo stared at the one that had moved, his finger caressing the gold sword ring.

That guy's face instantly became flushed. In a rage: “You f——.....”

The voice suddenly stopped.

—A sword energy, carrying a faint cloud of frost energy, pointed straight at his forehead!

Chapter Thirty Seven “Two Blows!”

The two *xiuzhe* from Dong Qi Sword Sect clearly hadn't thought that Zuo Mo dared to move first!

Especially the one that had moved first. In his perspective, if two *ningmai* hadn't suddenly appeared in that previous encounter, Zuo Mo would have been easily dealt with. This *lianqi* trash, he dared to actively provoke the two?

The sword energy almost reached the Dong Qi disciple's forehead, the faint cold energy made him abruptly wake up. He instinctively pushed out his flying sword but suddenly remembered that his flying sword had been ruined by this guy in front of him! He didn't manage to dodge in time and got brushed by the faint mist surrounding the sword energy.

Hiss!

A bloody wound the width of a finger appeared on his forehead. The Dong Qi disciple managed to steady himself, his eyes full of hatred as he stared viciously at Zuo Mo, wanting to cut Zuo Mo to pieces.

This damned guy in front of him. He was clearly only in the stage of *lianqi* but every time they met, he himself would become extremely sorry. Reaching up to touch the wound on his forehead, he saw the blood on his finger. His viciousness rose and he roared angrily: “You want death! If I don't kill you today.....”

Taking advantage of the time he took to speak, Zuo Mo sent out another blow!

The thin sword energy contained a faint mist as it headed for the other's open mouth. This sword energy was even stronger than the one before, the white mist shrouding it even thicker. If one listened carefully, they could almost hear a stream of tinkling as the icicles crashed.

The pupils of the Dong Qi disciple that had been spectating from the side suddenly shrunk.

Zuo Mo had been clever in his timing to send out the sword energy, the speed even faster than before. The other's flying sword had been ruined by Zuo Mo. He had actually come today with his *shixiong* to help him pick a new flying sword. He hadn't thought he would meet his enemy. When he detected the sword energy, he suddenly realized that it wasn't just his flying sword that had been ruined, but he didn't have any other defensive talisman on his body.

Usually, he amused himself by bullying others and neglected his cultivation. Seeing the sword energy coming near, in his panic, he completely didn't know what to do.

"Pah!"

The misty sword energy accurately landed on the other's mouth. The blood instantly flew, two teeth landing on the ground. This string of attacks completely stupefied him. He covered his mouth, looking in disbelief at the two teeth on the ground.

Zuo Mo kept his guard up. Compared to the excitement of the battle last time, he was extremely calm this time.

The only thing he could rely on was the gold sword ring. But the gold sword ring could only store three sword energies. Zuo Mo only had the last sword energy remaining. It was his last and only attack. If the other was only one person, he would unhesitatingly add it on. But he was very clear that the two people's strength were above him yet he could not just stand by and see Fu Jin be humiliated because of him.

The worst case would be getting beaten up viciously. He already prepared to endure it. He wouldn't release this last sword energy easily. He wanted to make it a vicious one!

They won't end well!

Zuo Mo thought viciously.

"Ah!" The other gave a shocking howl, his features twisted and his

eyes sprouting fire: “I.....”

The voice once again stopped abruptly.

It seemed that an invisible hand was choking his neck. His entire body slowly rose, leaving the ground. Compared to roaring a second ago, he was now like a fish out of the water, eyes bulging, speaking but unable to make any noise.

Zuo Mo was astounded, his eyes couldn't help looking towards the side.

A young person dressed in white slowly moved in their direction. He didn't even look at the Dong Qi disciple hanging in the air: “Dong Fu does not allow fighting, don't you all know?”

The other Dong Qi disciple furrowed his brows. He suddenly raised a hand. A sword energy shot out of his fingertip, stopped and twisted, like drawing a plum branch. The disciple that had been fighting with Zuo Mo landed with a plop, face deep purple and unconscious.

“Sir, you are too biased. Both sides were fighting yet you only blame one person. It isn't fair.”

The white-clad youth stared at the other: “Dong Qi Zong Ming Yan?”

“A little humble name. Didn't think that Sir would have heard it. Honored, honoured.” Zong Ming Yan raised his hands in a greeting, his expression still cold.

“Elder Zuo Mei Tian's disciple, it naturally rings in my ears.” The white-clad youth said noncommittally.

Zong Ming Yan raised an eyebrow: “Sir is?”

“Yu Bai.” The white-clad young person gave two characters.

“Oh.” Zong Ming Yan responded faintly but his voice then turned sharp: “So it is the honoured disciple of Elder Tian Song Zi. However, can Brother Yu tell me, why only punish my sect's disciples? Does Brother Yu discriminate against my Dong Qi disciples?”

Yu Bai smiled. He pointed with a finger at the jade medal at Zuo Mo's waist.

Only now did Zong Ming Yan notice the spring sprout jade stick at Zuo Mo's waist. He blanked for a second before nodding his head, "*Ling* plant farmer, I understand."

Giving a deep look to Zuo Mo, he turned to leave.

Yu Bai imperceptibly furrowed his brow: "Is Sir not taking your *shidi* with you?"

Zong Ming Yan didn't even turn his head, heading forward, leaving behind a sentence.

"A piece of trash that can't even win over a *lianqiling* plant farmer, what's the use?"

Yu Bai shook his head and didn't speak. He casually sent out a stream of white light that entered the sky.

Flying sword messages!

Compared to little thousand cranes, flying sword messages were much faster! As expected, in a short while, two *xiuzhe* flew over and landed, bowing to Yu Bai.

Yu Bai pointed to the unconscious Dong Qi disciple on the ground, stating: "This person broke the prohibitions of Dong Fu, and is now exiled from Dong Fu."

"Yes." The two bowed to Yu Bai and lifted the person with them as they flew away.

"If I didn't see it wrong, you are the disciple of Wu Kong Sword Sect's Elder Xin Yan." Yu Bai turned his face and said warmly to Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo shook his head: "My master is Shi Feng Rong."

The time that the other two had fought had been very short but no matter if it was *ling* energy or the manipulation of spells, they were hundreds of times better than Zuo Mo. And both of them had vast

and intimidating presences. Zong Ming Yan was cold and sharp, Yu Bai confident and carefree. They were all outstanding. However, Zuo Mo didn't feel very comfortable. No matter if it was Zong Ming Yan or Yu Bai, their bodies would unconsciously give an aura of being high up. Zuo Mo disliked the aura very much. Unconsciously, he didn't want to have deeper relations with Yu Bai.

"Elder Shi Feng Rong?" Yu Bai was slightly surprised at this answer. When the two had started to fight, he had already noticed. He hadn't detected anything in the first sword energy but had been shocked that a *ling* plant farmer could send out a sword energy. When he noticed the gold sword ring on Zuo Mo's hand did he understand.

At that time, he had prepared to wade in. Tian Yue *Jie* was a classical minor *jie* primarily composed of sword cultivators. *Xiuzhe* like *ling* plant farmers were a very rare resource. Not just Dong Fu, but in almost all the primary towns of Tian Yue *Jie*, there were prohibitions that protected production cultivators like *ling* plant farmers.

But just at that moment, Zuo Mo sent out the second sword energy.

Yu Bai's eyes were very skilled and saw it clearly.

The first sword energy only had a little sword energy, not enough to be of significance. But the sword essence in the second sword energy was very similar to Wu Kong Sword Sect's [Ice Dragon Sword] Xin Yan's sword essence.

Wu Kong Sword Sect's sudden rise had attracted everyone's eyes. And as the true ruler of Dong Fu, Tian Song Zi naturally would pay more attention. Yu Bai was the core disciple of Tian Song Zi and he knew much more about Wu Kong Sword Sect than normal people.

The apparition when Wei Sheng entered *zhuji* had alerted Tian Song Zi. That night, Yu Bai had accompanied his master to investigate. He had personally seen with his own eyes that sword energy that rose into the heavens at Wei Sheng's *zhuji* and had never been so shocked. And the scene when Xin Yan's sword had turned into a dragon made his mouth wide and unable to forget.

His talents were exceptional and the scope of his eyes far surpassed others in his generation. In the area around Dong Fu, the people who could rank with him could be counted on the fingers. But in one night, two successive blows, it created a great interest in him to the low key sect of Wu Kong Sword Sect.

He couldn't help closely examining Zuo Mo.

From the beginning, the expression on Zuo Mo's face had never changed. Yu Bai didn't mind that. He had met countless unique individuals. Those that had strength always had some unique qualities. What made him shocked was Zuo Mo's age and cultivation. It wasn't high, but low.

It was very hard to estimate the age of cultivators but a general decision could be made from the eyes, the manner of speech and conduct. The age of the Wu Kong Sword Sect disciple definitely wasn't high. Such an age, it was common to see a cultivation of *lianqi*.

So young, such low cultivation, yet he could comprehend sword essence. This made Yu Bai very surprised.

The sword essence carried in the second sword energy had been in a fledgling stage. The white mist surrounding the sword energy easily confused others. That wasn't mist that was caused by the coldness of the sword energy. In reality, it was composed of large numbers of even smaller sword essences. These scattered sword essences were far from complete like Xin Yan's sword essence but this *lianqi* disciple was able to control them in a certain range.

That wasn't easy to do!

Yu Bai almost couldn't believe it. He always had been confident in his own talents, but seeing this zombie-like disciple, he felt that he didn't know what to say. When he first comprehended sword essence, he had been in the middle stages of *zhuji*. He had sat quietly in his master's sword stove for more than thirty days before he had some understandings.

Even more, the jade medal of a *ling* plant farmer wasn't easy to get!

Yu Bai had grown up in Dong Fu and knew very well of the difficulty.

Another strong entity had come out of Wu Kong Sword Sect! Even if his cultivation right now wasn't high, but his future was limitless.

Wu Kong Sword Sect, already mysterious in Yu Bai's mind, became even more mysterious.

"Give my greetings to Elder Shi Feng Rong." Yu Bai warmly gave a bow. Noticing the alertness in Zuo Mo's eyes, he was a proud person, and his desire to form a relationship instantly faded: "Dong Fu might protect *ling* plant farmers, but you have to be careful and not have bad relationships with others."

Finishing, he raised his hands and floated away.

Zuo Mo's heart instantly landed back. He had already prepared to be injured and hadn't thought he would be safe. Even he found it wondrous.

Fu Jin wasn't seriously harmed and firmly refused the *jingshi* that Zuo Mo handed over. This crisis changed the relationship between the two. Zuo Mo didn't like Yu Bai but was very happy to interact with Fu Jin.

Everyone was little people!

Fu Jin was the local snakehead here. He was clear to what each place was selling. In two hours, he managed to help Zuo Mo buy everything he needed.

It was a giant bag of a variety of seeds of *ling* herbs and grasses. Thirty pieces of *jingshi* were completely spent by Zuo Mo.

Taking the things he brought, he bid farewell to Fu Jin and sat on the grey beaked goose straight back to Wu Kong Mountain.

He had decided that he definitely wouldn't leave the mountain before he entered *zhuji*. He was still scared about what happened today. He and Dong Qi Sword Sect were now at odds. If he encountered Dong Qi disciples again, it wouldn't end well for him. To have such good luck as today every time, that was a dream.

Dong Fu wasn't some safe place!

Chapter Thirty Eight “Fragrant Ginger Yard”

Zuo Mo needed to carefully plan out the twenty *mu* of *ling* fields. He had very little money in his hands and couldn't buy many of the *ling* herb seeds. Following the conclusions that Elder Wei Nan had made from his experiences, what he picked were species that had a high quality-price ratio. To guarantee his profits, Zuo Mo had attentively researched the present market before taking all his bags with him to the mountain.

But he couldn't start seeding it immediately.

Up until now, he only had experience planting *ling* grains. Any kind of *ling* plant had different needs and concerns. Thankfully, Elder Wei Nan had detailed descriptions in the jade sticks and he didn't need to experiment for himself.

Studying the jade sticks, labouring over [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. Other than that, he needed to care for the *ling* fields in Cold Mist Valley. He was extremely busy every day, his feet almost not touching the ground.

When he had studied pretty much all the jade sticks, he started to prepare the initial work. Luckily, they were all somewhat common *ling* herbs and grasses and didn't need anything rare or expensive. Otherwise, he could only just stare at it.

“I'm very poor, I'm very poor, I'm very poor poor poor poor poor poor.....”

Humming a tune, Zuo Mo directed the mud turning earthworm to plough the *ling* fields and seeded out the *ling* herbs and grasses he had brought.

After a few days, some sprouts had appeared in the twenty *mu*. The tender greens carried Zuo Mo's hopes.

Zuo Mo could finally slow down. Even he almost couldn't stand the amount of labor these past days. After planting down all the seeds, the labor required was instantly halved. He finally had the time to cultivate. This was why sword *xiu* never liked cultivating any kind of livelihood spell. Practicing any spell required large amounts of time and energy. For sword cultivators, they only focused on the sword. This was enough for them to have unrivaled attack strength.

This was also why, in all the *xiuzhe*, in one-on-one, sword *xiu* had the greatest power.

Of course, the actual situation would be complicated. There were many factors that could affect the fight between two *xiuzhe*. It was all tangled and complicated, like cultivation, talismans, seal formations, scriptures etc.

Zuo Mo didn't need to think about these things. At least, before he entered *zhuji*, he didn't need to consider it. For him, what was most important at present was *zhuji*. After that was the five basic five elements spells. This would directly influences how much he would earn.

He gave up [Ten Principle Scripture]. To try to rely on that to enter *zhuji*, it was a dream. [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] became his only choice. He cultivated it as though it was a *ling* energy scripture. After *zhuji*, the sect would pass on new scriptures. By then, he would have more choices.

This period of time was extremely busy, so busy he forgot the existence of Pu Yao. It was only now that he suddenly remembered Pu Yao and decided to take a look in his consciousness.

Entering the sea of consciousness, he stared with wide eyes and mouth.

Compared to before, the area of his consciousness was several times its previous size. This wasn't surprising to him because his spiritual power had increased greatly. He had already found that whenever his spiritual power increased, the size of his sea of consciousness would increase as well.

What shocked him was a river — at some unknown time, a new addition of a river had appeared in his consciousness.

A silvery shining river. The surface wasn't broad but it was abnormally straight. It followed the median line of the consciousness and divided the consciousness in two. When Zuo Mo came near, he was surprised to find that it wasn't water in the river, but countless large and small icicles. The light reflected through the icicles and created the silvery light. And when the countless icicles reflected the light at the same time, the bright light was enough to make the consciousness brighter. They slowly moved up and down like the movement of the tide. Layers of silver light flashed past like a secluded and deeply asleep ice dragon.

On the two shores were concentrated red flames. These red flames were like a red water plant that grew beside the rivers.

In the sky above his head, that star was even brighter. Neither the roaring flames nor the shining ice river could block its light.

In the sea of flames, on the edge of the river, under the star, a gravestone was shrouded in black clouds and Pu Yao sat silently on it, listening to the sound tablet.

Zuo Mo was completely stunned by the scene.

The sea of consciousness was very calm, only the sound of the sound tablet drifting. The dark red flames danced, like the most seductive dancers twisting their waists. The slowly flowing ice river was like a sword, cold and awe-inspiring. The star was mysterious and profound. All of this created an extremely harmonious picture, and gave him a peerless shock!

A beat later, Zuo Mo's mind refocused.

He still wasn't clear what the sea of flames and the star was, but this ice river was like the tidal icicle sword essence that he had comprehended! About this point, he was very certain. Because from what he saw, flowing in the river wasn't icicles but countless sword essences! This ice river would have formed exactly in this period of time. He felt that there was some faint connection but no matter how

hard he thought, he couldn't catch it.

The flames and the star had appeared very early. They must be related to [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. The time that the star appeared was when he had completed one breath. Did it represent one breath? What about the red flames?

He wanted to ask Pu Yao but he also knew that Pu Yao definitely wouldn't answer.

Oh, of course, if there was *jingshi*, that was a whole different matter.

Zuo Mo didn't disturb Pu Yao and left the consciousness.

When Zuo Mo disappeared from the consciousness, Pu Yao opened his eye. In his blood red eye was panic.

Even though he was at the ninth level of *lianqi* but there was still a distance before reaching *zhuji*. The amount of *ling* energy needed for *lianqi* ninth level was much greater than the previous levels. Zuo Mo wasn't impatient. With the help of a high grade *ling* vein, if he still couldn't enter *zhuji*, he didn't need to cultivate anymore.

He could feel that the increase in his *ling* energy was very fast.

The fire dragon grass had been moved into Zuo Mo's own fields. The sunlight in West Wind Valley was abundant and more suitable to the growth of the fire dragon grass.

Just like normal, Zuo Mo stood in front of the fire dragon grass. He cycled his *ling* energy, his two hands moving quickly. It was [Art of Crimson Flame]. After practising finger movements in the water, the nimbleness of his pair of hands were much stronger than before. The [Art of Crimson Flame], with its simpler hand movements, was much easier for him to cast.

A thin faint gold light dropped from the sky, passed through Zuo Mo's hands and was guided onto the fire dragon grass.

[Art of Crimson Flame] could concentrate the essence of pure *yang*. It was very beneficial to plants that were *yang*.

Zuo Mo didn't move, appearing like a stone person.

The crucial factors of [Art of Crimson Flame] were endurance and a peaceful mind. This wasn't a problem for Zuo Mo. After receiving the jade medal, he found that he had walked an indirect road. If he had picked [Art of Crimson Flame] in the beginning, he would have gotten the jade medal earlier. However, there wasn't a deficiency that was for nothing. Since he could do [Art of Flora], the most difficult of the five spells, the other spells were easily achieved.

Time passed little by little.

The strand of pale gold light that came from the sky turned slightly darker. A layer of light gold appeared on Zuo Mo's hands as though gold was plated onto them.

The leaves of the fire dragon grass became even brighter and fresher, vitality pouring from the entire plant.

After persisting for an hour, he finally stopped. His two hands moved and that thin gold strand instantly disappeared.

He inspected the fire dragon grass and was very satisfied. [Art of Crimson Flame] was extremely good for *yang* plants.

All plants were divided into *yin* or *yang*. Zuo Mo also divided his own *ling* fields into two. The parts with more sunlight, he used to plant *yang* plants. The parts that were shadier and had more moisture, he used to grow *yin* plants.

Zuo Mo prepared to cast [Art of Earth Energy]. Each day, he would cast a variety of spells on these plants. This was a duty that he had to complete every day. He didn't know if it was that he had used it too much but [Art of Crimson Flame] and [Art of Earth Energy] quickly entered the third level without any of the difficulty that came with the breakthroughs of the other three spells.

Afterwards, he had thought and then understood. Most of the credit had to go to [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. His spirit was much stronger than before. And no matter if it was the calm mind of [Art of Crimson Flame] or the communication and perception

of [Art of Earth Energy], it was all tightly linked to the spirit.

Suddenly a purple light landed beside his hand from the sky.

A purple flying sword the length of his middle finger suddenly appeared next to his hand.

Flying sword message?

Zuo Mo turned to look around. Seeing that no one else was around, he then was certain it was for him. He carefully reached for the flying sword. The moment his finger touched the flying sword, a voice sounded inside his mind.

“Come to Fragrant Ginger Yard at three.”

It was his master Shi Feng Rong’s voice.

Zuo Mo’s heart calmed down. Previously, he had been tortured to death by that pink paper crane and he had finally received a break. The pitiful Zuo Mo, his nerves had become very fragile and suspicious of these kinds of things.

These last few days, his master hadn’t sought him out. It must have been given him time to get settled.

Zuo Mo was very excited. Master’s proficiency in the area of *dan*-making was very deep, and according to Li Ying Feng *Shijie*, the *dan* that Master made, it was always easy to sell. In the previous times that Master had spent travelling outside, the income of the sect had been significantly impacted.

And according to the experiences of Elder Wei Nan recorded in the jade stick, making *dan* was a faster way to make *jingshi* than farming.

Exactly at three, Zuo Mo arrived at Fragrant Ginger Yard.

This was the first time he had come to Fragrant Ginger Yard. Entering the gate, he saw many female disciples at work. Some were drying *ling* herbs, some were sorting, others had *ling* energy on their hands as they ground up *ling* herbs. In this large yard, there were more than forty female disciples at work.

Seeing Zuo Mo, all these female disciples all stopped what they were doing.

“*Shixiong!*”

“*Shixiong!*”

.....

They all bowed in greeting and surreptitiously examined this *shixiong*. The news that Fourth *Shigu* had received a male disciple had spread through Fragrant Ginger Yard very early on. This crowd of female disciples already had a good handle on Zuo Mo's background. What made them feel comforted was that Zuo Mo had once helped the female disciples at the Eastern Peak that were responsible for the animals and wasn't one to harass others. They were all outer sect female disciples, and couldn't really count as Shi Feng Rong's disciples. Compared to Zuo Mo, their status was very far off and didn't dare offend him.

Zuo Mo frantically gave a bow in return.

Seeing Zuo Mo's embarrassed state, laughter sounded among the female disciples.

The front female disciple instantly turned her head, looking in dissatisfaction at the female disciples who were laughing. The laughter instantly stopped.

“Come in.”

Master's voice came from the inner yard, coincidentally releasing Zuo Mo from his predicament. He fled away.

Chapter Thirty Nine “Start Making Dan”

“From today onwards, you will learn how to make *dan* with me. The job this month is very simple. Five Fasting Pills, doesn’t matter what grade they are. Give them to me by the end of the month,” Shi Feng Rong coldly said, “I have prepared ten portions of ingredients for you. If there isn’t enough, buy more yourself. The method to make fasting pills is in the study. You can read all the jade sticks in the study. Those that are over your cultivation, you won’t be able to see. Everything is in the room in the west wing. In the future, that would be your *dan* making room. Alright, you can go.”

Finishing, Shi Feng Rong turned and entered her *dan* making room. With a bang, the *dan* room was shut tightly.

Zuo Mo dumbly stood.

This... .. this was called learning *dan*-making with his master?

He turned to look at the surroundings. Empty. Not a single person.

Zuo Mo grimaced. Why did he only ever encounter these kind of people? It was like this when he learned things from Pu Yao, there were never any explanations. And this master was even more extreme. Not just throwing him to the side, she also stipulated how much he had to make.

When Zuo Mo went into the study, he stared dumbly.

How to find the recipe?

In the study, there floated hundreds of jade sticks in different shapes and colors. They were like a group of mischievous children, drifting to and fro in the study. There was an energy whirlpool of various colors around each jade stick. It was these whirlpools that carried the jade sticks in flight.

“Fasting pill!” After musing for a long moment, Zuo Mo shouted helplessly.

The jade sticks unconcernedly floated about, not responding.

That way wasn’t right! But there wasn’t anything else in the room. Zuo Mo scratched hard at his head, he was at his wits’ end.

Maybe he needed to use his consciousness?

After hesitating for a while, he reached out with his consciousness. When his consciousness touched the energy whirlpool around a jade stick, something instantly flooded into his head.

“Energy diagrams of *ling* herbs. Authored by Dong Ming *sanren*^[1] of Little Link *Jie*. Includes more than four hundred *ling* herb energy diagrams.....”

Zuo Mo’s mind instantly jumped, his consciousness going to touch all the other jade sticks. The information from each jade stick was released inside his mind. Very quickly, he found inside one jade stick the method to make fasting pills. This jade stick had, in total, the recipe for three different basic *dan*.

Fasting pill was the most basic *dan*. Its use was very simple, to satisfy hunger. Using it would guarantee a long time without hunger. It counted as a type of useful *dan*. His consciousness locked onto this jade stick and the jade stick automatically flew in front of him. Picking up the jade stick, he poured *ling* energy in and the recipe to make fasting pills was revealed in his mind.

And then, the pitiful Zuo Mo could only stare dumbly again!

“Monarch Pachyma leaves, subject yellow stone, three by three flowing fire, cauldron energy sinking to bottom.....”

Zuo Mo recognized every character. However, if he put the characters together, it was like he was in a thick mist, completely lost.

Calm, he had to be calm!

Zuo Mo furiously told his frantic self. He had always assumed that

when he became an inner sect disciple, it meant that his hard days had come to an end and his good days were coming! But now he knew, he was wrong, extremely wrong! He had only jumped from one hole to an even deeper hole. He wanted to cry because he had willingly jumped, tried everything to jump in! He had thought his previous days were hard because no one was there to guide him. But now that he became an inner sect disciple, had a master, what was the difference?

After a long moment and then his emotions steadied.

He was completely disregarded by his master, Zuo Mo's stubbornness came on. Wasn't it just a fasting pill? Wasn't it just making *dan*? Wasn't it just not being taught?

After half a day's worth of effort, he had read every single jade stick in the room. The total amount was five hundred and seventeen jade sticks. And what he could see were only twenty one of them.

The twenty one jade sticks that he had picked out were all floating in front of him.

[Fire Cloud *Dan* Chapter], not what he wanted, thrown to one side.

[Blue Ice *Dan* Chapter] no, thrown to one side.

[Vaporized *Dan* Chapter], thrown.

.....

Only when he saw [Basics of Making *Dan*] did Zuo Mo's mind become alert. He grabbed it and brought it over. This was what he wanted.

As though he was starving, he read [Basics of Making *Dan*]. He quickly became enraptured. The contents inside the jade stick were extremely new to him, a completely new world for him to explore. There weren't any complex contents inside [Basics of Making *Dan*]. Everything was some of the basic fundamentals of making *dan*, like the matching of herbs, the usage of the cauldron, how to control the fire etc etc.

When he raised his head, he saw that the sky had darkened. Unknowingly, he had stayed for a number of hours in the study.

Exhaling a breath, he stood up and moved his sore neck and legs. His eyes were still slightly dull. He was still thinking. [Basics of Making *Dan*] wasn't a high grade jade stick but the details of the contents weren't anything that could be brought on the market. Having the experiences of being an outer sect disciple, Zuo Mo deeply understood the value in this opportunity.

As to whether his master would teach him, it had been thrown to the back of his head. It was like he had found treasure as he repeatedly started to read again.

The following days, he spent soaking in knowledge at the study. Any jade stick that he could read, he didn't miss a single one of them. They might be useful in the future. Putting in some effort now, he didn't need to worry in the future. If he converted these jade sticks into *jingshi*, it was enough to buy ten Zuo Mo.

If there was one day when he was in poverty, he could sell the contents of the jade sticks for *jingshi*.

In the study, Zuo Mo snickered.

After memorizing the jade sticks until he was dizzy, Zuo Mo finally managed to remember the entire contents of the twenty one jade sticks. Only now did he remember the *dan* room in the right wing was going to be for him and excitedly ran into the right wing.

What was most eye-catching in the room was a copper cauldron in the middle of the room. About two people tall, three round bellies protruding out, and several mats laid around it. There were a few tables against the wall with things piled up on it. The ten portions of materials that Master had prepared for him were also there.

Zuo Mo circled around the *dan*-making cauldron, muttering: "So stingy."

Don't just look at the size of the thing but in reality, it was only a first grade cauldron. The most important part of a cauldron was the *Li*^[2]

Fire Seal Formation. Beside the body of the cauldron, there was a *yinyang* eight trigrams plate. Pouring *ling* energy in that could control the *li* fire seal formation.

Controlling the fire was the most important step in the process of making *dan*. Like the 'three by three of flowing fire'. Three by three meant vertical three, horizontal three, and flowing fire was a very special kind of fire. Its main flame would roll along the channels.

Zuo Mo put his hands on the eight trigrams plate and added *ling* energy. As expected, a ball of fire lit up at the bottom of the cauldron.

According to the method recorded in [Basics of Making *Dan*], he carefully controlled the *li* fire seal formation. The *li* fire seal formation in a first grade cauldron wasn't some high end thing and only had six transformations. Zuo Mo quickly familiarized himself with the process.

As he played around with the flame, Zuo Mo suddenly felt that the feeling of controlling fire was very similar to him casting [Art of Crimson Flame].

The five basic spells of a *ling* plant farmer belonged to the five elements and *yinyang*. Supposedly, *ling* plant farmers believed that all things in the world were either *yin* or *yang* and belonged to the five elements. [Art of Crimson Flame] belonged to fire in the five basic element spells. Speaking from that perspective, the two were connected. However, while the five elements and *yinyang* had once been a popular path, but as sword cultivators rose, they gradually became a separate system and most practitioners were roaming cultivators.

Whether making *dan* had similarities to *ling* plant farmers, Zuo Mo wasn't clear.

But, if sword essence could merge with [Art of Aged Gold], he wouldn't be surprised at a connection between controlling fire and [Art of Crimson Flame].

The [Art of Crimson Flame] that he had brought was very rough.

Learning it to the third level was already at the extreme limit. There were no instructions for anything further. What he could study were only the first three levels.

Closing his eyes, his two hands were spread on the eight trigrams plate on the wall of the cauldron, he carefully experienced the subtle aspects of the *li* fire seal formation.

After a long time, he didn't have any breakthroughs. He had the feeling that those two could be combined together but no matter how he changed it, there was no reaction. With no other solution, he temporarily put the thought to the side. In the area of *dan*-making, he was the greenest of the green. It was too early to start discussing inventions.

He should obediently make the fasting pills. Otherwise if he couldn't give out five at the end of the month, he didn't know how his cold-faced master would punish him.

The method for making fasting pills, he remembered it, but what he was lacking was actual experience.

There were ten portions of materials piled on the table. They had all been treated. One of the jobs of the female disciples in the yard was to simply treat all kinds of medicines. Fasting pills were the most basic *dan* and naturally didn't have very complicated preparations.

Carefully putting each type of material in the cauldron according to the ratio, Zuo Mo sat down facing the cauldron. He sorted out his mind, his two hands on the eight trigrams, and sent *ling* energy in.

A light red light came out of the bottom of the cauldron. Zuo Mo carefully and nervously manipulated the *ling* energy.

Two hours passed. A fine layer of sweat appeared on Zuo Mo's forehead.

He felt it was becoming difficult. It was extremely laborious to continuously input in *ling* energy steadily for a long time. Damn it! Two hours had passed but the ingredients had just seemed to start combining together. Based on the progress, if it didn't take a few

hours, he guessed it was hopeless.

Thinking that he had to continue to maintain this level of *ling* energy for long hours, Zuo Mo felt that it was going to be trouble.

After another two hours, sweat poured down his back.

Suddenly, his *ling* energy became unstable.

Poof!

A black wisp of smoke came out of the cauldron. A burnt smell filled the room.

Huff, huff, huff. Having no time to be angry, Zuo Mo took back his *ling* energy and sat on the floor as he panted. His entire body was soaked in sweat. One factor was exhaustion from long term *ling* energy output, another was that he was very close to the cauldron. The fire inside the cauldron cooked him like a cooked shrimp, body completely red.

He didn't immediately start making *dan* a second time. He struggled up and climbed onto the grey beaked goose to return to West Wind Valley. It was lucky that he was an inner sect disciple and could ride a steed inside the mountain. He hadn't felt it a moment ago, but lying on the back of the grey beaked goose, he felt weak all over, not willing to raise even a finger.

He had never felt such deep exhaustion like today. Fighting was gathering up all the strength in the body at one and making *dan* was like spinning silk from cocoons. Bit by bit, until it wrung out the last bit of *ling* energy from the body. Even if his *ling* energy wasn't weak now, but facing such intense *ling* energy output, he couldn't bear it. And if he was the slightest bit inattentiveness, all the effort before were completely ruined.

Zuo Mo sighed in grief inside. From his perspective — as expected, any method that easily earned *jingshi*, none of them were simple.

Jingshi wasn't easy to earn!

Notes

1. 散人: title for a roaming *xíu*.
2. 离: One of the Eight Trigrams, *li* represents fire

Chapter Forty “Aid”

On top of the mat inside the stone room, Zuo Mo serenely mediated, motionless.

Through the twenty fourth point of the governing, the seventeenth point of the conception and the first point of the kidney vessels, thick *ling* energy entered his body. It especially entered from the governing vessel point. When the *ling* energy entered, it had a slightly cool feeling, extremely pleasant. After Zuo Mo had completed one breath, his breathing through the mouth and nose was much less important. Right now, he had only opened three points. If he could reach ten breaths, not only just all three hundred and sixty one points would be opened, all the pores in his body would be unblocked and he would breathe with the world.

Of course, for him at the moment, that was very far away. His consciousness had increased, but up until now, he hadn't found any uses for spiritual power. What he needed now was *ling* energy, continuous accumulating *ling* energy in hopes of entering *zhuji* soon.

When he woke up from the mediation, Zuo Mo's breath shot out like an arrow.

How was *Shixiong* doing in the Sword Cave, the thought popped suddenly into Zuo Mo's mind.

In reality, he was very envious about the road that *Shixiong* had picked. It only needed to pay attention to one matter. However, he was clear enough to realize that *Shixiong's* road wasn't suited for him. So he might be envious, but he would keep doing what he needed to do. He always felt that he didn't have too much talent in the area of the sword. If it wasn't for Pu Yao's existence, not just getting a sword essence, but it was impossible to do what *Shixiong* was doing.

His talents laid in the five elements.

Other than [Art of Aged Gold] which had been helped by Pu Yao, he had learned the other four spells on his own. So he was more enthusiastic about five elements spells. Sometimes he would think, had he once been a roaming *xiu* before?

Only roaming *xiu* liked five elements spells.

However, even if he had been a roaming *xiu*, he must have been a silent and unknown *xiu* living in the lowest classes.

But if that was the case, why was his appearance changed and mind erased? He unconsciously tightened his fist.

Carefully retreating out of the stone cavern, he walked to the opening. The sunlight outside made his eyes squint. The warm sunlight made Zuo Mo's mood unintentionally better. Walking to the *ling* fields and seeing the vigorous *ling* herbs, his mood became even better. A *ling* plant farmer was the profession that was the easiest at showing the relationship between work and result. When you paid in effort and worked hard, the joy at the bountiful harvest made life seem full of hope. Even Old Black, who had a harsh life, smiled when it was harvest time .

Zuo Mo calculated the time in his mind. The new cycle of *ling* grains should be starting soon. His previous yard had been yielded to Old Black. Old Black had been yearning for that five *mu* of *ling* fields for a long time. If it hadn't been for Old Black, he wouldn't have been introduced to Wei Sheng *Shixiong*. With that connection there, his friendship with Old Black was naturally different.

With nothing to do, Zuo Mo thought to go see him. However, he didn't find anyone at the yard. Zuo Mo guess that Old Black had gone to the *ling* fields and headed to the fields. As expected, he found Old Black in the fields. Also there was Guo Lu. However, the former Guo Lu *Shixiong* was now the present Guo Lu *Shidi*. That made him slightly unaccustomed. No matter the age or cultivation, outer sect disciples had to call inner sect disciples *shixiong* or *shijie*. This was the same in every sect.

Old Black saw Zuo Mo and made a happy expression: "Little Mo

Ge.”

It seemed that Guo Lu’s illness had healed. He wasn’t familiar with Zuo Mo and reservedly gave a bow: “Zuo *Shixiong*.”

Zuo Mo felt extremely awkward being called *shixiong* by two people whose ages far surpassed him. Thankfully, his face was frozen and nothing could be detected.

“Old Black’s *ling* grains are really well grown.” Zuo Mo scanned the *ling* fields and couldn’t resist praising it. He calmly started a spell, instantly a ball of clouds floated over and the silver strands poured down continuously. Old Black instantly revealed a happy expression. Admiration appeared on Guo Lu’s face. The fourth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], people rarely reached it.

Guo Lu had been recovering on the sickbed in the previous months but the big events that happened in the sect, he had heard them from Old Black.

In one year, three outer sect disciples became inner sect disciples. The sect had never been so flourishing. All the outer sect disciples were greatly encouraged and many of them became even more hard working.

Guo Lu attentively examined this young *shixiong*. Little Zuo Mo *Shixiong* was the inner sect disciple with the lowest cultivation in the sect, a *lianqi* disciple that hadn’t entered *zhuji*! But the genius of the little *shixiong* had passed on. To be able to receive a spring sprout jade medal in *lianqi*, Guo Lu had never heard of it.

His best was [Art of Aged Gold]. He had work hard these years but never could breakthrough to the third level. Looking at the little *shixiong* who had already become a *ling* plant farmer, his heart couldn’t help moving.

Thinking about it, he couldn’t help but be envious of Old Black. No matter if it was Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, or Zuo Mo *shixiong*, they all had good relationships with Old Black. The waters rose and the boat became high, Old Black was now extremely popular in the outer sect disciples. But Old Black was very down to earth and still planted his

ling grains. Because Guo Lu had been wounded last time when he had helped Old Black, and Old Black had taken care of him in the recovery, the two had a great relationship.

“This is two mud turning earthworms. It doesn’t have a great use, but it is useful in plowing fields.” Zuo Mo handed both of them each a small bamboo tube. Sealed inside each tube was a mud turning earthworm. He hadn’t thought that Guo Lu would be present but he had enough mud turning earthworms.

The two hurriedly gave their thanks.

Guo Lu saw Zuo Mo moving to leave and after struggling and hesitating for a second, he couldn’t resist speaking and at the very end: “Little *Shixiong*, my [Art of Aged Gold] has been stuck at the second level. Please, *shixiong*, give some advise. Guo Luo would be deeply grateful.”

Zuo Mo was astounded but still stopped in his footsteps. He was respectful of this old farmer-like *shixiong* who had stood up last time. Right now, his income didn’t depend on things like making rain so the two naturally didn’t have any conflicts in interest. Quite the opposite. If Guo Lu could break into the third level of [Art of Aged Gold], he could take on much of the pest problems in the sect for him.

Thinking through all the possibilities, he decided to help Guo Lu: “Killing worms is still killing. Gold’s main purpose is to kill. This [Art of Aged Gold] belongs to the path of killing. How to kill? There are countless ways in this area. Adding on aged gold energy can transform in many ways, if other methods of killing could be added in, the matter is half solved already.”

Guo Lu listened attentively, afraid of losing even a word. When Zuo Mo finished, he was pinned to his spot, face deep in thought.

Seeing the situation, Zuo Mo floated away.

Leaving behind the *ling* fields, he headed for the Eastern Peak. The recent changes made him felt that it was a different lifetime. The female disciples of the Eastern Peak had meant to rely on him, but

who would have thought he would become an inner sect disciple. Usually, he wouldn't be able to care for them anymore. But since he received benefits from them, that the black gold worm had been their present, Zuo Mo decided to help them.

When Xiao Guo saw Zuo Mo, a surprised expression came onto her round apple face. She timidly said: "*Shixiong!*"

The gold horned copper cow was still leisurely eating *ling* grass, not paying any attention to Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo felt slightly helpless towards this little girl, especially the always timid expression on her face.

Last time when he had fainted, the little girl had been afraid but still persisted in protecting him. When he had heard of this from the others, he was very moved and felt that he owed her a favour.

"What? Unhappy to see me?" Zuo Mo decided to tease the little girl. His face didn't have any expression in the first place. Adding on a slightly stern tone, it was quite frightening.

Xiao Guo instantly was frightened, her small head furiously shaking, mist rising in her large eyes, her mouth hurriedly explaining: "No, no....."

Zuo Mo instantly realized if he continued, she would really cry. He instantly regretted his action.

Wasn't this making trouble for himself?

He hurriedly relaxed his tone: "Alright. Coming this time, there's something to give to you."

The mist in Xiao Guo's eyes instantly stopped. She looked in puzzlement at Zuo Mo and asked timidly: "What thing? *Shixiong.*"

"This is some sword scriptures, you take it and practise and can pass it on to your other *shijie* and *shimei.*" He handed two jade sticks over to the little girl. One of the sticks stored some basic sword moves that he had picked out from the jade stick that Wei Sheng *shixiong* had given him. At the same time, he took off the

gold sword ring from his hand and handed that as well to her: "This is gold sword ring. It can store three sword energies. But you first need to learn a gold spell. En, one of the jade sticks has five elements spells inside. After practising the [Art of Aged Gold] for a while, you can use this talisman."

After explaining all this, Zuo Mo released a breath. This muddle headed little girl always made his head hurt.

The gold sword ring was not of great use to him now. And he had decided that before *zhuji*, he definitely wouldn't leave the mountain. After *zhuji*, if Master didn't give a flying sword, he could use Ice Crystal Sword. The power would be much greater than gold sword ring. And that jade stick that contained the five elements spells wasn't useful for him anymore. He hadn't thought of given Xiao Guo that jade stick at first, but if she didn't cultivate a gold attributed spell, it wasn't possible to use the gold sword ring. As though the simple sword moves in Wei Sheng *shixiong*'s jade stick. They were simple but useful. For *lianqi* disciples, they were a pretty good method of protection.

Female disciples, especially weaker outer sect female disciples, their circumstances would be harder than male disciples.

Zuo Mo could not spare the attention to take care of them like before, and decided to pass these things onto them. In this case, if they met some *xiuzhe* who wasn't too powerful, it wasn't as though they couldn't even counterattack. If they met a strong one, he had no solution neither.

Luckily, the Dong Qi Sword Sect disciple from last time had been expelled from Dong Fu. He didn't need to worry about encountering that guy nearby.

After handing over everything, Zuo Mo flipped up and landed onto the grey beaked goose's back, he waved his hand at Xiao Guo without turning his head back and floated off.

Looking at the disappearing Zuo Mo, Xiao Guo's hands as they held the gold sword ring and the jade sticks unconsciously tightened.

Finishing all this, Zuo Mo felt that his body was much more relaxed and headed straight for Fragrant Ginger Yard. He still needed to present five fasting pills at the end of the month. He didn't dare to offend his cold-faced master. If he didn't complete it, he would certainly receive punishment.

Entering the *dan* room, he didn't start moving immediately. The materials were limited. If he really ruined all of the materials, in his penniless state, there was no place for him to buy more.

In theory, with his present cultivation, making fasting pills shouldn't be hard. It really was the most basic *dan*.

Thinking for a long time, he felt that last time it was that he hadn't controlled the input of *ling* energy properly and wasted a lot of *ling* energy, causing his *ling* energy to not be enough.

After thinking for a long time repeatedly and entering mediation, he let the *ling* energy recover to the best state.

Then he started his second try.

Chapter Forty One “Spiritual Power”

Bang!

The smell of burnt materials once again rose out of the cauldron, spreading through the room.

Zuo Mo gasped heavily, sweat running down his face like a stream. The second try was still a failure! This time, he had continued for six hours, but still failed. Opening the cauldron and looking at the black remnants inside, Zuo Mo's mood was terrible. He was as tired as a dead dog right now and could only stare.

He had always thought *dan*-making was a technical job, not a strength job. If even the fasting pills were this hard, then those high-grade *dan*, wouldn't he kill himself in the process?

He had a deeper understanding in the second try than the first. His previous deductions were not wrong. He was still too new to *dan*-making. In the process of adding *ling* energy, he would waste too much *ling* energy. If his cultivation was at *zhuji*, this fasting pill wouldn't be hard. There would be plenty of excess *ling* energy to waste, but to a *lianqi* ninth level, just the slightest mistake and the *ling* energy wouldn't be enough.

According to the method on the jade stick, the entire process only needed ten hours.

That meant that he had to make it through ten hours at minimum. The difference between that and the present six hours was very large. Even though there was the *ling* vein in the stone room, but increases in *ling* energy was a slow process. It seemed he could only try to work on controlling *ling* energy.

After a while, Zuo Mo's breathes gradually steadied and his mind returned to clarity.

He thought carefully. He wasn't weak in the area of controlling *ling* energy. [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] required a strong control of *ling* energy. Even though he had strangely made his way onto the fourth level, but in the matter of controlling *ling* energy, theoretically it shouldn't be a big problem.

Mulling over it, Zuo Mo felt that he was still too unfamiliar with *dan*-making. If he had to familiarize himself, then how much material would that take? The ten portions that he had, he didn't even though if it could last him until he was familiar. He most likely wouldn't be able to fulfill the quota of five fasting pills by the end of the month.

Supposedly, when the heads took on new subordinates, they would always make a show of strength at the first interaction? Oh, was this the show of strength of his cold-faced master?

He thought humorously.

Returning to the Little West Wind Yard, he wasn't in the mood to eat. After meditation and recovering *ling* energy, he climbed onto the roof and continued to ponder the intricacies of *dan*-making.

The moonlight flowed down like the water, gently illuminating the mountain valley. Beside Zuo Mo, the grey beaked goose silently stood on the roof. Beside Zuo Mo's feet, the black gold worm climbed around. After reaching the fourth grade, its intelligence had greatly increased and it constantly followed Zuo Mo around.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo felt something was flying close. He couldn't help raising his head and looked at the mouth of the valley.

A pink little thousand crane spiralled down in the night.

Zuo Mo instantly recovered from his shock at the top of the roof. He felt his skin prickle. *Dan*-making was tossed far away. There was only one thought in his mind. Damn it, why did this cursed woman come again?

Just like last time, the pink paper crane elegantly unfolded in front of Zuo Mo.

"Ye, have you missed me? Hee hee, I've missed ye."

Looking at the paper floating in front of him, Zuo Mo had a strong impulse to kick it down Wu Kong Mountain!

Calm, he needed to be calm!

Suppressing the devious impulse inside, Zuo Mo spat out a stream of malicious swears in discontent, "Damned woman! You won't die well! You're just bored and have nothing to do! You mental case... .."

Swearing for ten minutes, Zuo Mo swore so much his throat was dry. The irritation in his heart decreased slightly. Looking at the pink paper that was still floating in place before him, Zuo Mo, who had a moment ago been full of righteous indignation, instantly became dejected. In helplessness, he grabbed the pink paper and jumped down off the roof. Finding a weasel bristle brush, he dipped it in cinnabar.

"What is it?"

After throwing the brush to one side, Zuo Mo messily folded the paper into a crane and threw it out the window. Even though he got rid of the crane, Zuo Mo still felt depressed.

He really had no solution against the owner of the paper crane. He had never thought someone would be bored to such a degree. This bored crazy woman. But her power was much stronger than him. Just any discomfort and the other would straightforwardly use brute force to suppress it.

When *ge* become strong, see how *ge* will sort you out! Zuo Mo bared his teeth.

Very quickly, another pink paper crane flew over.

"Don't be like this to me! I'm very hurt. Ye, what have you been doing recently?"

What a waste of words, Zuo Mo crisply made an evaluation but still grudgingly picked up the brush.

"Making *dan*."

West Wind Valley, the paper cranes flew in and out.

“Ah, *dan*-making! That’s fun! I’ve never played it before? I only know how to fold paper cranes!”

You only know how to fold cranes? When Zuo Mo saw the words, his face instantly became black. He wrote back with the brush: “Wrong, you also can draw flame exploding seals.”

“Hehe, I’m really not that good at flame exploding seals. What I’m best at is a thirty-six chain flame exploding seal.”

Threats, menace! This definitely was a threat.

Zuo Mo’s fist cracked as it tightened. From his teeth, he forced out: “Ge will endure!”

The reality was cruel. Under the threat of the other’s thirty six chain flame exploding seal, Zuo Mo could only swallow his anger and keep writing.

“Have to be a lady. A female, fighting and killing isn’t good.”

“But I’m very much a lady. Hee hee, I just like watching fireworks. My goal is one hundred and eight chain!”

Fireworks.....

Zuo Mo felt depressed. His fragile spirit was viciously struck again.

The whole night, Zuo Mo basically had no time to think about *dan*-making. The pink paper cranes were like a relentless nightmare, forcing Zuo Mo to keep writing.

Only when the sky lightened was he, under the other’s, “I’m going to be freed.” Zuo Mo had been tormented to crippleness. He felt that it was even more tiring to reply to letters the whole night than making *dan* the whole night.

Bending to scoop some cold water, he washed his face. Then he came to the *ling* fields. Different compared to the other spells, making rain was almost required every day. In a state of muddle headedness, he casted [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. The sounds of

water falling started. His mind was floating far away. [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] was his most familiar spell. Even if he closed his eyes, he could still cast it.

The *ling* energy gathered at both of his hands. There was a connection between the ball of clouds and his two hands.

The rain was very steady and continuous. He instinctively adjusted the *ling* energy. He was too familiar with the spell. He didn't need to add *ling* energy at every single spot.

Wait!

Zuo Mo was startled out of his daze. He realized he had a very important discovery.

He didn't need to add *ling* energy to every location!

He indistinctly felt that he found the crucial point and didn't dare to ignore it. He hurried and continued to think. [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] was his most skilled and most familiar spell. He was extremely familiar with every segment. He thought carefully. From starting with the finger motions of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], to concentrating the clouds, to the fall of rain, the amount of *ling* energy for each step was different. Some parts, like the rain falling, it almost didn't need any *ling* energy at all, just guidance.

As he thought even further, Zuo Mo became excited, his drowsiness fading.

If the process of *dan*-making was like casting a spell, then it should also have places that wouldn't consume *ling* energy. As he mused to himself, Zuo Mo felt that it was very rational and also felt that his actions of putting in a continuous flow of *ling* energy was very stupid.

Understanding the direction, then the next step was to find where in the process needed *ling* energy, and what times could *ling* energy be saved.

This question sent him back into deep thought. He was very familiar with [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] so he could find what places needed or didn't need *ling* energy. However, he was unfamiliar with

dan-making. To find the ways to save up *ling* energy, he needed to become familiar with the entire process. Yet to familiarizing himself with the entire process, that meant using up large amounts of materials.

Unfortunately he didn't have any *jingshi* left.

The stone-faced Zuo Mo grimaced inside. The question was once again difficult.

Was the only way increasing *ling* energy? That wasn't realistic. [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was only a scripture for increasing spiritual power.

Suddenly, his heart jumped. Spiritual power, maybe he could try with spiritual power. As his mind increased in strength, his greatest change was becoming much more sensitive to everything in the surroundings. Like some of the high level *jinzhi*. Before, when he passed them, he wouldn't feel anything. But now he could detect the strong killing intent and danger embodied in them.

How to use his consciousness was a question he had been puzzled by. Other than [Art of Aged Gold], he had no knowledge of how to use his consciousness. What [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] cultivated was the spirit. The increase in the *ling* energy was just a side-effect. After he cultivated [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], the increase in his spirit far surpassed his progress in *ling* energy.

Maybe he should think about how to use the consciousness. Zuo Mo felt that this might be the breakthrough point.

Zuo Mo spent the whole day casting the five spells in the *ling* fields.

But today, he didn't focus on casting the spells, but rather on using the consciousness to detect the entire process of casting.

This method was extremely effective. Zuo Mo was pleasantly surprised by his results!

Each step, the change in flow of *ling* energy each time, under the scan of the consciousness, it became clear as it never had been

before. He could even feel the hair-thin *ling* energy flowing.

It seemed that he had a treasure mountain but didn't know! Zuo Mo was irritated. If he had known earlier to use the consciousness, his spells might have entered the third level much earlier.

The soul was peaceful, untainted and serene.

Under the guidance of his consciousness, he focused on making slight changes to each spell. He didn't let go of any change in the *ling* energy. How to increase the effect, how to save on *ling* energy, how to make it flow... ..

He was like a stone mason, slowly performing changes on his work, slowly experimenting. He didn't know that in his sea of consciousness, the star became brighter than it had ever been, standing out in the darkness. The dancing red sea of flames was strangely quiet and motionless. Only the ice river was slowly flowing, unaffected.

On the gravestone shrouded in black clouds, Pu Yao raised his head. The corner of his mouth rose, cold like a blade.

"This is the person you chose? Looking at it now, your eyes are still this crappy."

He closed his blood eye again, entering meditation.

Chapter Forty Two “Dan Completed”

Zuo Mo held the fasting pill in front of him, his eyes filled with joy.

This was his fourth try and he finally succeeded!

The fasting pill was the size of a longan fruit, its color was an attractive blue-green, with a delicate fragrance being emitted. Just a look make one unable to resist wanting to eat it. Fasting pills were mostly prepared for those cultivators who were in seclusion and who had the money.

He didn't immediately start making a second one. The success of this fasting pill meant that his direction was correct. With that in the front, what he needed to think about now was the success rate. There were only six portions of ingredients left. At the very least, he needed to make four fasting pills. In other words, he could only fail two more times.

In reality, on the third try, he had almost succeeded. However, he slipped up at a small place and everything failed. His consciousness could help him detect the changes of the herbs inside the cauldron and he could accordingly adjust his *ling* energy.

Spiritual power was really a good thing! Zuo Mo thought blissfully.

Other than *dan*-making, after he swept over the other spells with his consciousness and made adjustments, not only did his consumption of *ling* energy go down, the effects also greatly improved. He did have a few fractions of self-awareness. Even though spiritual power was amazing, but his own experience and knowledge was extremely limited. Even with the help of his spiritual power, the changes he could make were limited. But even those minor changes were very effective.

He mused that he should go to the records of the sect to take a look and see if he could find any jade sticks about this area. He was an

inner sect disciple now, it would be dumb if he didn't seek out some benefits for himself!

Ending up with a cold-faced master who couldn't be relied upon. It was more realistic to rely on himself.

Sword cultivators might prioritize *ling* energy and not spiritual power, but Zuo Mo believed what Wu Kong Sword Sect had accumulated over the years definitely surpassed his aimless fumbles. Of course, that was for the future. Right now, he had many things to work on. Other than *dan*-making, taking care of the *ling* fields was also an important job.

Even more, for him who had no money at the moment, earning *jingshi* was the question he must consider at the present. It had been awhile since those *ling* grass and herbs had been planted. Some were nearing the harvest time. How to sell them off was also a headache for him. Before he entered *zhuji*, he didn't want to go outside the gates of the mountain.

Suddenly remembering Master had said if he didn't have enough materials, he had to use his own *jingshi* to buy, did that mean that the sect's materials could be brought? Then did that mean he could sell them?

Zuo Mo walked out of his *dan* room. In the yard, a crowd of female disciples worked hard at preparing all kinds of herbs. Scanning around, Zuo Mo's gaze landed on a female disciple. He remembered clearly that the first day he arrived, she was the first to greet him. She seemed to be quite authoritative among this group of female disciples.

She was dressed in cotton cloth and an apron, no makeup on, sweat beading her forehead.

"This *Shimei*," Zuo Mo went to greet her. Even though his age was most likely smaller than the other, but due to the rules of the sect, he didn't dare to overstep.

She saw Zuo Mo and hurriedly stood: "Zuo *Shixiong*."

“I’ve just gotten here and do not know many of the rules in the yard. Master is focused on making *dan*, so I can only trouble *Shimei*.” Zuo Mo said warmly. But it was a pity that his face was frozen and it looked slightly frightening.

After the initial panic, the female disciples quickly calmed down and said: “*Shixiong* is too polite. What is *Shixiong*’s question?”

Zuo Mo asked her his question.

This female disciple brushed away the hair in front of her head and smiled: “*Shixiong* might not know but all the herbs in this yard belong to the sect. Other than a certain amount that can be withdrawn, all others need people to pay with *jingshi*. But the price is two tenths lower than the market price. *Shixiong* is a *ling* plant farmer. If you have *ling* plants and grasses, you can sell them to this yard. The purchase price of normal herbs are about two tenths lower than the market price but other than *jingshi*, *Shixiong* will receive contribution points to exchange for scriptures and other things. If it is rare and valuable *ling* herbs and grasses, our sect’s purchase price is the same as the market. In the future when *Shixiong* becomes accomplished at *dan*-making, the sect can help sell the *dan* that *Shixiong* makes. Our sect’s Yan Le *Shishu* is skilled at business and usually can sell them for a good price. He only takes two tenths as a commission. But like before, other than *jingshi*, *Shixiong* can receive contribution points.”

Finishing, she handed Zuo Mo a jade stick: “The price of *ling* grasses and herbs will change each month. Yan Le *Shishu* will order someone to make it into a jade stick. This is the inventory list of the prices for this month of *ling* herbs.”

Zuo Mo took it and gave his thanks.

“*Shixiong* doesn’t have to be too polite. *Shimei* is Xu Qing and the first seat of this yard’s outer sect disciples. In the future, *Shixiong*, please take care of me. If *Shixiong* has any questions, come find me. You can also find me if you need to purchase any materials.” Xu Qing said respectfully.

“Thanks, *Shimei*!” Zuo Mo said gratefully.

Taking the list, Zuo Mo went back to the *dan* room and studied the list. He calculated and found the cost of the raw materials for the fasting pill was about three pieces of second grade *jingshi*, and its price was only half a second grade *jingshi* over the cost of the materials. If the success rate was accounted for, there was basically no profit. As expected, it was basically impossible to rely on low level *dan* to make money. It really was just practise. But that was normal. If fasting pills were really that profitable, then countless people would be breaking their heads for a chance to learn how to make *dan*.

In the following days, Zuo Mo continued to make fasting pills. In the process, he had failed once, but as he became more familiar, it took a lot less effort.

Ten portions of materials, it made six fasting pills. This kind of result could only be called just passable. There was nothing that was worth being proud of. Other than leaving behind the five pills, the last one he sold to Xu Qing and received three pieces of second grade *jingshi*.

Adding on that he would have an allowance of twenty pieces of second grade *jingshi*, he finally wasn't penniless.

In the *ling* fields of West Wind Valley, Zuo Mo carefully examined each stalk of *ling* herbs and grass. In the jade sticks of Elder Wei Nan, there had been detailed introductions of these herbs and the methods of cultivating them that he had found.

Like Snowy Foxtail Grass, it was snowy white and soft, named for its foxtail-like shape. It's biggest use was to make a famous kind of paper [Snowy Fox Paper]. Snowy fox paper was soft and pure white, extremely well-suited for making paper seals. Paper was a kind of widespread material. Other than all kinds of paper cranes, it was an essential ingredient in making seal curses and seal soldiers.

But the cultivation of snowy foxtail grass wasn't easy as its growth was slow. Especially for snowy foxtail grass which was above third grade. The price was never low. Only third grade snowy foxtail

grass could be used to manufacture fourth grade snowy fox paper.

Elder Wei Nan had discovered a method for cultivating snowy foxtail grass. The most effective way was to plant it with butterfly grass.

Butterfly grass was an extremely common kind of *ling* grass. Only the most docile and hardy *ling* beasts would eat it. Basically, no one would plant it. But if butterfly grass and snowy foxtail grass were planted together, the growth speed of snowy foxtail grass would increase, and the blue-purple butterfly grass would become a rare sky blue.

This sky-blue butterfly grass was deeply favoured by all kinds of *ling* beasts, especially high grade *ling* beasts. The price wasn't low.

Many times, Zuo Mo couldn't help but be in awe of Elder Wei Nan who he had never met. In Elder Wei Nan's jade sticks, there wasn't any profound scriptures, but useful techniques like this one were countless. Like the method of growing butterfly grass and snowy foxtail grass together, he felt that even the most experienced and powerful *ling* plant farmers wouldn't have thought of it.

Maybe, it was because Elder Wei Nan didn't have very high cultivation so he would spend so much effort studying those things.

Every day, Zuo Mo would cast the spells of a *ling* plant farmer on the plants in the *ling* fields. The amount of work was much greater than he had imagined but he had endured. Over time, he had gotten used to it.

He kept on cultivating [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] each day in the rock room. In the past, he hadn't know the many uses of spiritual energy and had more or less been inattentive. Now that he had seen the effects, he was much more focused. In a reversal of the past, he actually was not in a hurry to enter *zhuji* anymore. His spiritual power was much stronger than before but there was a lot of room for him to improve.

With the help of the *ling* vein, the progress of the *ling* energy in his body was faster than his estimations.

Zhuji wasn't far away – he had a premonition.

Dong Fu, Dong Fu Hall.

Dong Fu Hall was the residence of the master of Dong Fu. It had been constructed for Dong Fu *xianren* and had been used since then. It took up the biggest secret paradise in Dong Fu and it was Dong Fu's one true secret paradise. The so-called secret paradises that were sold on the market were only places with slightly more abundant *ling* energy and couldn't be really considered a secret paradise.

Yu Bai slowly woke up from his meditation, satisfaction gleaming in his warm eyes. The density of *ling* energy in Dong Fu Hall was multiple times what it was outside. The fact that he could become the leader of the younger generation of Dong Fu was in large part due to this point.

The effects of his daily meditation was two or three times what other people had. After accumulating over the years, this kind of advantage would increasingly become greater.

"Master." Seeing Master, he hurriedly stood.

"How have you been feeling recently?" Tian Song Zi asked as he smiled harmoniously. Tian Song Zi was wearing the robes of a Daoist, a knot on his head, extremely carefree.

"Relatively stable, but still far from becoming *jindan*."

"No hurry, no hurry." Tian Song Zi waved his hand: "You are still young, don't rush. Becoming *jindan* is a process. Did you hear the news about the Sword Test Conference?"

Yu Bai paused: "Does Master want this disciple to attend the Sword Test Conference?"

Even though he had a shining reputation in Dong Fu, but he really hadn't much confidence in attending the Sword Test Conference which was a large scale completion for the entire Kun Lun *Jing*. And from what he had seen, Master never really cared about worldly rewards, so why would he suddenly become interested in the Sword

Test Conference

Tian Song Zi smiled, answering: "Wait for me to finish. The internal happenings of the Sword Test Conference are layered but we don't have to touch that dirty water." His expression became sever, his gaze worried and said solemnly: "I received news that two thirds of Bloody Sky Metropolis has already landed in the hands of *yaomo*."

"Ah!" Yu Bai paled in shock: "How could that be so?"

"*Yaomo* are starting to recover their strength." Tian Song Zi sighed: "Three thousand years have passed. *Yaomo* recuperated and have adapted. Would they be satisfied being suppressed?"

Yu Bai's expression was incomparably bad. He knew what this meant.

"The situation in the future is hard to predict. My Dong Fu needs to prepare early." Tian Song Zi said heavily: "I will host a Dong Fu Sword Test Conference in hopes of finding some potential talents. When the nest is being attacked, will there be unharmed eggs? I will tell the other sects. Right now, it has to be a united front in order to fight for a chance at survival."

Yu Bai was silent. A beat later, he said: "I'm afraid Master will put in the effort but not be thanked."

"Do within the limits, and depend on the heavens." Tian Song Zi sighed and waved his hand: "Go and create a list of youths that should be taken note of."

"Yes." Yu Bai bowed and retreated with a worried expression.

Chapter Forty Three “First Grade Lingdan”

His cold-faced master seemed to have no intentions of wanting to come out of her *dan* room.

With *jingshi* on his hands, Zuo Mo decided to start working on his *dan*-making skills. At the very least, for basic *dan* like fasting pills, he shouldn't have problems such as the efficiency rate. Buying the materials from Xu Qing *Shimei*, Zuo Mo started to furiously practice making fasting pills. His income and costs basically was even. The biggest question Zuo Mo faced was how to avoid failure. Failing once meant losing three pieces of second grade *jingshi*.

His level of familiarity had greatly increased. The time needed for the process shortened from the previous ten hours to six hours, but the cost was also enormous. His twenty something pieces of second grade *jingshi* had been completely squandered. It was all due caused by the failures. But thinking about the future, he could only grit his teeth and bear it.

This was the last portion of ingredients for the today. If he could successfully make it, he could just manage to return to Xu Qing *Shimei* the three pieces of second grade *jingshi* that he owed her. These days, as he had become familiar with Xu Qing *Shimei*, he could leave a tab as he brought materials daily.

Zuo Mo didn't want to owe any debts. After making this fasting pill, he wanted to rest for a time and wait for the *ling* herbs in the *ling* fields to mature. Even though there was only a single portion, he wasn't nervous. After the repeated high-intensity practice of the past days, he was now extremely familiar with the process of making fasting pills. He didn't know if it was caused by the spiritual power, but his head seemed to be functioning better. He hadn't been weak before, but it had felt like he was in the clouds and mists. Now, he seemed to have left behind those clouds.

Did cultivating [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] make someone smarter?

This idea was too nonsensical. Even Zuo Mo felt it was extremely absurd and threw it to one side.

Just like normal, Zuo Mo threw the different herbs into the cauldron and put his hands on the eight trigrams plate to start. The consciousness was especially sensitive to changes in *ling* energy. He occasionally was able to even feel the *ling* energy changes in the herbs inside the cauldron. Some became excited, some flashed and disappeared, some slowly became weaker... ..

Even though he was very familiar with the fasting pill, but the kinds of *ling* energy transformations, and vibrations between the herbs still attracted his attention.

Unconsciously, his consciousness became muddled. It was like the hands that were controlling the eight trigrams plate suddenly were possessed and abruptly changed their position.

A thin string of gold light dropped from the sky and landed in his hands, then was deflected into the cauldron.

After a while, he slowly became clear headed again. When he saw the gold string, he stared in shock. How did he end up casting [Art of Crimson Flame]?

He shook. Damn it! Don't ruin the *dan*! He still owed Xu Qing *shimei* three pieces of second grade *jingshi*. If this *dan* was ruined, then he really had outstanding debts.

His consciousness penetrated through the cauldron. A reaction had not occurred inside. Zuo Mo's heart jumped and he hurriedly opened the cauldron.

A green *dan* was lying silently on the bottom. Zuo Mo released a breath. It looked as though that it hadn't been ruined. He raised the fasting pill and prepared to put it in the pouch when he saw a glitter of gold light from the corner of his eye. He first blanked, and then rushed to hold this fasting pill on his hand in front of his eyes for a

closer examination.

Only upon close examination did he find that this fasting pill was different than the fasting pills he had made previously. The color was deep green, not the blue-green. If he looked even more closely, he found that there were extremely thin gold patterns mixed inside. That was the cause of that gold light that Zuo Mo had detected just now. Also, the weight of it was slightly heavier than normal fasting pills.

Was this still a fasting pill? Zuo Mo wasn't so sure.

Eating it to try it out, Zuo Mo didn't dare. But he didn't bear to throw it away. Selling it to Xu Qing *Shimei*, he was afraid of conning someone else. He knew that the transformation definitely was caused by the [Art of Crimson Flame] that he unconsciously cast when his thoughts had been wandering. Theoretically, [Art of Crimson Flame] was used to gather the essence of the sun. Its base attribute should lean towards fire and logically, the *dan* shouldn't be harmful.

Pondering for a while, he still decided to keep this *dan*. After Master came out of the *dan* room, he would then ask her.

Master had entered the *dan* room over ten days ago yet the door to the room was still tightly shut. Sometimes, Zuo Mo couldn't help but think, was all skilled *dan* cultivators like this?

He had finished his quota a long time ago, but Master didn't show any signs of coming out of the *dan* room. Zuo Mo decided to work on his own cultivation. Under the present circumstances, he had reached his limits with the five spells of a *ling* plant farmer. To progress, he needed to have jade scrolls about future stages.

Other than practicing finger motions to avoid becoming out of practice, he spent the rest of his time on [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] and refining his sword essence.

He didn't know if refining was the word commonly used but he felt that it was very descriptive. Right now, his sword essence had only formed. It was like a sword embryo that needed continuous hammering and grinding before it could become a true sword. Xin

Yan *Shishu*'s sword essence was deeply engraved in his head. Under that sky-shattering sword essence, he had died countless times.

What he needed to do was to try to mimic *Shishu*'s sword essence. If he couldn't get the aura, at the least, he had to form the appearance. Then he could frighten people with it.

He was resolute that unless it was necessary, he wouldn't show it. Even Yu Bai could clearly see his origins. If it landed in the eyes of Master and the *shishu*, it would be strange if they weren't suspicious. Xin Yan *Shishu* had never taught him. If they pressed, Pu Yao's existence most likely couldn't be hidden. Whenever he thought about Yin Xan *Shishu*'s icy gaze, Zuo Mo felt shivers go up his spine.

No matter the sect, stealing was a great crime.

Zuo Mo was very regretful now about having fought in Dong Fu. Who would have thought that Yu Bai's eyes were so keen that he could see the origins of his sword essence?

不过现在后悔也没有用了，反正兵来将挡，水来土掩，光脚不怕穿鞋的。他反而更加认真地练习。

But regret was useless now. In any case, it was dealing with it as it came, the barefoot wasn't afraid of those wearing shoes. He actually put even more effort in practicing now.

He couldn't use a flying sword. As a result, he could only work with [Art of Aged Gold]. He faithfully followed the basic sword scriptures that Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had left behind in the jade sticks. He hadn't felt it before but after comprehending sword essence, Zuo Mo found that while these basic scriptures might be simple, but every one of them was important. So he turned back and started to practice these most basic scriptures.

Before this, Zuo Mo had never cultivated the sword and really could be considered a blank page in this area. After being sliced countless times by Pu Yao using Xin Yan *Shishu*'s sword essence, he finally comprehended something. But his fundamentals were really lacking

and so even with his comprehension, it was not rooted. If he didn't steady it, the comprehension would quickly be worn away.

Because of it, he was now turning back to cultivate the most basic of the basic sword scriptures.

These basic scriptures were all gathered from Wei Sheng's experience of countless battles. They were practical and effective. Zuo Mo, who had a slight comprehension of sword essence, could look from a higher viewpoint to judge these basic scriptures and he learnt extremely quickly. These basic sword scriptures managed to help fill the gaps of Zuo Mo's fundamentals.

In the Little West Wind Yard, Zuo Mo solitarily practiced those basic sword scriptures.

The sword scriptures were very simple. It could be learned on the first try. But it was like Zuo Mo was enchanted as he patiently practiced over and over.

Before meeting Pu Yao, before meeting Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, the spell he was most skilled with, [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], had been refined like this. He never hoped for any kind of enlightenment. In his mind, nothing was more practical than working at something bit by bit.

Behind the most beautiful and exquisite things, was the most dullness and loneliness.

He was very skilled with [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] and his *ling* energy was steadily increasing. In comparison, his spiritual power progressed much faster. He was like a cultivator in seclusion, each day was scheduled to the fullest, and no time was wasted.

What was worth celebrating was that the damned crazy woman hadn't bothered him recently.

Time passed like this.

A sword energy fly out of the sky. Zuo Mo, who had been practicing sword scriptures in the yard, stopped. Master had come out.

Jumping onto the roof, climbing on to the back of the grey beaked goose, the grey beaked goose gave a clear call and flew up with spread wings. It carried Zuo Mo towards the Fragrant Ginger Yard.

Fragrant Ginger Yard.

There was tiredness on Shi Feng Rong's face. The *dan*-making process had been more than a month and it had taken a heavy toll on her. When Zuo Mo arrived, Xu Qing was reporting to her what had happened in the yard during the time.

Seeing Zuo Mo come over, Shi Feng Rong's face became cold: "Have you made five fasting pills?"

"Completed." Zuo Mo presented the five fasting pills he had prepared beforehand with a lowered head.

Shi Feng Rong's expression eased slightly and indicated for Xu Qing to take it. Nodding her head, she said: "Not bad, it seemed that you hadn't been lazy. You've just started *dan*-making, so if you have any questions, you can ask them now." At the side, Xu Qing gave an admiring expression. She might be the first seat of Fragrant Ginger Yard's outer sect disciples, and was very trusted by Shi Feng Rong, but she could only learn, but didn't have the right to ask questions. However, she quickly refocused. She hadn't been thrown out, that meant she was allowed to listen. This was a rare opportunity.

Hearing this, Zuo Mo was overjoyed and asked several questions he had been puzzled by.

Shi Feng Rong answered them one by one.

Zuo Mo suddenly thought about the *dan* that he had used [Art of Crimson Flame] to make and rushed to take it out: "Master, this is a *dan* that I accidentally made. It seems to be different from the fasting pill. This disciple doesn't know what it is. Master, please take a look."

Shi Feng Rong took the *dan* and couldn't help but make a sound as she carefully examined it.

After a while, she asked: "Tell how you made it."

Zuo Mo narrated the entire process in detail. When he mentioned that he had accidentally cast [Art of Crimson Flame], Shi Feng Rong seemed have understood something.

When Zuo Mo finished, Shi Feng Rong said: “This fasting pill has essence of the sun added in. The effects are extremely *yang* and can enter the ranks of first grade *dan*. After consumption, it can make one stimulated, and arouse *ling* energy. But the side effects afterward would most likely not be minor. I have never seen this kind of *dan* before. You can name it and find your Yan Le *Shishu* to sell it and earn some *jingshi*.”

Zuo Mo asked dumbly: “How much could it sell for?”

Shi Feng Rong’s face turned cold: “Go ask yourself.” Finishing, she started to ignore Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo didn’t know where he had offended his cold-faced Master and could only leave. However, he quickly became happy again. He had accidentally managed to make a *lingdan*. Fasting pills could only be considered a kind of medicine *dan* and couldn’t be really called a *lingdan*, much less enter a grade. Zuo Mo was very clear that any *lingdan* that could enter the grade, its price wouldn’t be low.

For Zuo Mo, who was in desperate need of *jingshi*, what would make him even happier than finding a way to earn *jingshi*?

Countless *jingshi* were waving their hands at him.....

He mused inside, he need to find a time to go see Yan Le *Shishu*.

Chapter Forty Four “A Tragedy Caused By One Piece of Jingshi”

Zuo Mo named this *lingdan* “Great Strength Pill”. It sounded extremely crass but he didn’t care.

He had planned on making a few more to give to Yan Le *Shishu* to sell for *jingshi* but very quickly, he could only put this matter to the side. In the *ling* fields, a batch of *ling* grasses and herbs were ready for harvest. He had farmed attentively each day. Like [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], [Art of Earth Energy] and [Art of Crimson Flame], he would cast it multiple times each day. And [Art of Flora] and [Art of Aged Gold] would be used once every couple of days.

Zuo Mo had never farmed like this in the past. Due to his diligent care, the growth of the plants in West Wind Valley was extremely outstanding. Some of the *ling* plants with short growth periods were ready for harvest.

For Zuo Mo whose purse was rusted, this was really a perfectly timed rainstorm. Due to its importance, he even asked for a break from Master.

Inside West Wind Valley, a skeleton bent over the *ling* fields and sweated.

“Finally all done.” Zuo Mo sat on the ground as he panted. Looking at the small pile of *ling* plants in front of him, he was filled with satisfaction. Then he turned to look in the corner. The third grade fire dragon grass was almost full grown. A bright fiery red, very beautiful.

He sorted out the *ling* grasses and herbs by type and then by grade. Then he carefully wrapped them. After all that, Zuo Mo rode the grey beaked goose towards Yan Le *Shishu*’s residence.

When Yan Le saw Zuo Mo, especially the big bag on Zuo Mo’s back,

his eyes instantly lit up: “Did *Shizhi* grow something good?”

Putting down the large bag, Zuo Mo wiped the sweat on his forehead: “This is a bunch of *ling* herbs that were just grown. *Shibo*, please help me sell them.” Letting someone else sell them required given two-tenths to the sect but Zuo Mo still decided to let the sect sell them. Other than the fact that Yan Le *Shibo* knew more about the market than he did, the sect’s contribution points were very useful. And the more one contributed to the sect, their status within the sect would naturally become higher.

Even though Pu Yao was in his sea of consciousness, but this fickle and perverse *renyao* could not be relied on. Pu Yao was a completely dangerous factor. If he didn’t have to touch him, it was best not to.

In comparison, Zuo Mo was much more willing to take advantage of the sect’s power. At the very least, the elders of the sect appeared to be normal people. But this way, raising his own status in the sect had become very important.

Cultivation, the higher it went, the more resources it needed. Trying to rely on an individual’s power, it was far less realistic than using the power of the sect. Even roaming cultivators had their own little circles. Cultivators who truly secluded themselves were the rarest of the rare.

Yan Le crouched down and flipped through the *ling* grasses Zuo Mo had brought, the joy on his face becoming heavier.

“Lots of good stuff! En, en, third grade south wolfberry, third grade seven leaf chrysanthemum, woah, and there’s also daystar grass, also third grade! This can be sold for a pretty good price... ..” Yan Le seemed to be very familiar and recognized all of the *ling* grasses and grains.

Zuo Mo was in awe and hurriedly flattered: “*Shibo* is really great, you recognize all of these.” Shi Feng Rong was the smallest of the four so Zuo Mo’s address of Yan Le turned from *shishu* to *shibo*.

“Haha, in business, you have to recognize those.” Yan Le felt very

good about Zuo Mo's flattery. His originally small eyes became a line and he said amiably: "As expected of a *ling* plant farmer! To grow something, not just faster than others, but better than others. *Shizhi* has put thought in. All you planted are things easy to sell and at a good price."

He didn't know if it was that he felt guilty, but Zuo Mo felt that Yan Le's gaze seemed full of meaning. Did *Shibo* also know about Elder Wei Nan?

He forced himself to remain calm: "*Shibo* should also know just how poor this disciple is. If I don't plant something to sell, I won't even have the *jingshi* for learning about *dan*-making."

He was very grateful for his zombie face. It really was the best disguise.

Yan Le nodded: "Haha. Without *jingshi*, you can't learn anything. You are a *ling* plant farmer now, don't worry about *jingshi*. As long as you keep farming, us elders wouldn't treat you unfairly."

"Of course, of course." Zuo Mo smiled in agreement but his expressionless face truly gave others a strange feeling.

Yan Le randomly picked two plants out: "South wolfberry, and this gold-grain red tulip, don't sell it, you keep it. In the future, you'll use it in *dan*-making. I remember your master had especially asked me to help gather it for her. These two are easily sold but it's hard to buy."

Zuo Mo hurriedly put away those two *ling* herbs.

"Everything else I'll go help you sell. What the sect needs, I will give to you according to the market price." Finishing, he took out a piece of *jingshi* to hand to Zuo Mo: "This is a piece of third grade *jingshi*. It's a down payment. Take it. I'll get your Li Ying Feng *Shijie* to send over the remainder in a few days."

Zuo Mo stared dazedly at the third grade *jingshi* on Yan Le's hand.

Third grade *jingshi*! This was the first piece of third grade *jingshi* that he had ever seen!

Seeing Zuo Mo's dumb gaze, Yan Le couldn't help but start to laugh. He threw the *jingshi* at Zuo Mo: "Alright, outside, don't embarrass me like this."

Zuo Mo's brain still hadn't managed to fully recover. Previously, he had thought that this harvest would be of some value but he had never thought that just the down payment was a piece of third grade *jingshi*! The wealth that dropped down from the sky pounded Zuo Mo into dizziness. He felt that his entire body was floating.

He suddenly remembered another matter. Zuo Mo, who had been walking away, turned back and took out "Great Strength Pill": "*Shibo*, can you see how much this *lingdan* is worth?"

Yan Le took the *lingdan* and narrowed his eyes for an examination: "You made it? What's its use?"

Zuo Mo narrated what Master had said.

"Then I'll try to help you sell it. Everyone takes some time to accept new *lingdan*, I cannot guarantee how much I can sell this for." Yan Le said after thinking.

Zuo Mo naturally was very grateful. His purse being the fullest it had ever been, he completely forgot that he had thought of using great strength pill to earn *jingshi*. Even as he returned to the Little West Wind Yard, he was still muddle headed.

Like a miser, he looked at this third grade *jingshi*.

The color and intactness of a third grade *jingshi* far surpassed a second grade *jingshi*. All the edges were regular and complete, the entire body transparent and glowing without any signs of impurity. It was like a clear crystal. But the *ling* energy inside was extremely powerful!

He gently caressed the *jingshi*, a drunken expression in his eyes.

Suddenly, his hand seemed to have been cut by something, and the *jingshi* in his hands lit up unexpectedly. Zuo Mo stood, paralyzed, as he looked at the glowing *jingshi*. A strong pounding feeling rose in his heart as through something was going to erupt.

The glow from the *jingshi* gradually faded, but the pounding in Zuo Mo's heart became even stronger.

What was going on?

He was slightly panicked.

"Idiot, you are entering *zhuji*!" Pu Yao suddenly appeared with a mocking smile as he looked at Zuo Mo.

"*Zhuji*?" Zuo Mo couldn't attend to the disdain in Pu Yao's voice and hurriedly asked: "What's going on? Why am I suddenly going into *zhuji*?"

Pu Yao shrugged his shoulders: "When there is enough *ling* energy, naturally it is time for *zhuji*. You just had been stimulated by the *ling* energy in the *jingshi* so the *ling* energy inside your body, hm, woke up."

"Woke up? What am I supposed to do?" Zuo Mo didn't know what to do.

Damn it! He hadn't thought he would get to *zhuji* so soon. He hadn't even make any preparations. He didn't know what was going to happen next, or what he needed to do. He had always felt that *zhuji* was far from him.

Right, he could go ask the *shibo*! Zuo Mo hit his head and prepared to run towards the grey beaked goose.

Under the shadow of the hair in front of Pu Yao's face, a blade-like curve silently appeared.

"Don't you want power? I have a method for *zhuji*, pretty good, guarantee you will successfully *zhuji* and your cultivation will increase greatly." Pu Yao's cool voice was filled with intense enticement.

Zuo Mo's footsteps stopped.

"What do you want?" Zuo Mo asked between his teeth.

"Hee hee." Pu Yao pointed to Zuo Mo's hands with the third grade

jingshi.

As expected, this *renyao* didn't have good intentions! So he was aiming for his third grade *jingshi*. Zuo Mo was enraged and snorted: "I should asked *Shibo*....."

"Hee hee, *zhuji*, it's the first gate for a cultivator. But many people don't know that it's also one of the most important gates. It would directly influence your future cultivation. Don't blame me for not warning you. Using those *zhujidan* won't be of any benefit to you~~!"

Pu Yao said leisurely.

The pounding in his heart became even stronger. Zuo Mo felt as though his heart was going to jump out of his chest. Pu Yao's words landed in his ear but became hazy and intangible.

"Hee hee, those *shibo* of yours. It's not that I'm underestimating them but they can't give you much power. Look at your master, she's just not the opponent of the person that changed your features and erased your mind. How about it? I've never cheated you. [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] is useful right, sword essence, oh, you've reached the threshold! Me, I'm very trustworthy."

Pu Yao smiled gently, peerlessly beautiful.

"One piece of third grade *jingshi*, this is really cheap. Just a piece of third grade *jingshi*. If you put some effort it, you'll earn it again. But the benefits you'll receive would be endless. Is there a business more profitable than this one in this world?"

The pounding inside his heart became even stronger. Everything in his vision seemed to become twisted. Zuo Mo felt that something inside his body seemed to have been lit up.

Thirsty! He licked his lips and swallowed the saliva.

He had a feeling that going to find Master now, there wouldn't be enough time.

"Here!" Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and threw the third grade *jingshi* hard at Pu Yao. He wanted to smash this *renyao*.

“Hee hee, the smart choice!” Pu Yao easily caught the *jingshi*, his thin lips opening: “Hm, take that fire dragon grass to Cold Mist Valley.”

“Fire dragon grass!” Zuo Mo’s eyes widened as he forced the words through his teeth.

This guy... ..

Zuo Mo wanted to cry. The kind of terrifying thing that was fire dragon grass, only terrifying people like *Shixiong* could tolerate it! People like him, there was only one outcome, that was, *ling* energy collapsing and death.

Pu Yao’s right eye curved into a crescent and reminded Zuo Mo: “There’s not much time left.”

The feeling of burning inside his body became even stronger. Zuo Mo wanted to rip off the clothing. The blood vessels were like burning metal pipes. He was abnormally thirsty, abnormally uncomfortable! There wasn’t much time left!

Unable to care about that much, he took out the spirit travelling seal and pasted it onto his legs. All the *ling* energy in his body moving, he grabbed the fire dragon grass, and ran towards Cold Misty Valley like a ball of red clouds.

He shouted inside.

— Pu! You cursed *renyao*!

Chapter Forty Five “Struggle”

Cold Mist Valley, beside the icy pond.

Zuo Mo looked horrific, his entire body looked like a cooked shrimp, red to the point of dripping blood. Bloody veins filled his eyes, which were extremely shocking.

In the yard, his body had been like a ball of fire. Right now, he felt his entire body was firewood that had been completely dried and then lit up, and was cracking as it burned!

He looked around, slightly dazed. Everything in his vision seemed to have been twisted by the high temperature. His awareness was muddled. Hot! He seemed to be struggling in a sea of fire, the relentless waves of fire suffocating him. At any moment, it seemed he would turn into dust.

“Eat the fire dragon grass.”

A far away voice floated into Zuo Mo’s ears.

Instinctively, Zuo Mo shoved the fire dragon grass in his hand into his mouth. A wave of heat travelled through his mouth into his throat.

Boom!

It was like throwing a pot of hot oil onto fire! In a daze, Zuo Mo felt the sea of fire seemed to have collapsed, and countless fine and scorching flames spread through his organs. The rush of heat was like liquid metal bouncing around in Zuo Mo’s meridians.

“Ah!”

Zuo Mo couldn’t stop himself from screaming. A hot stream rushed into his head. His fragile head seemed to have been branded with hot metal.

Poof! A flame suddenly ran onto his clothing. The fire quickly spread. In the blink of an eye, all the clothing on his body turned to flames.

What was strange was the fire didn't wound Zuo Mo at all.

Zuo Mo was naked in the air, his entire body red like a metal skeleton that just came out of the forge. It was possible to see with the naked eye the waves of hot air that were surrounding his body.

"Ah ah ah ah!"

The howls were deep and rough, like those of a beast. All the blood vessels in Zuo Mo's body were enlarged, like metal threads that were being burnt as they encompassed his entire body.

"So pleasing to the ears." Looking on from the side, Pu Yao's face was intoxicated as he sighed: "Even the soul is in pain. It's been so long since I've heard such an enchanting sound, I really missed it."

"Ah ah ah!" Zuo Mo completely lost his mind. He was like a wild beast whose entire body was burning, and howled instinctively. The fire didn't seem content rushing inside his body and burrowed out of his skin, shrouding his body. He became a ball of fire. If Zuo Mo was clear headed at this moment, he would be shocked to find the fire that was burning his body was deep red and alluring, extremely similar to the fire in his sea of consciousness.

Looking at the deep red flames that were furiously dancing on Zuo Mo's body, Pu Yao's gaze instantly darkened. The corner of his mouth, however, swept up. It was unknown what he had been reminded of.

The sound of Zuo Mo's howls became even deeper, even rougher. The flames surrounding him seemed to burn even more ferociously.

Pu Yao's expression changed. After a while, his gaze returned to normal and he said to himself.

"The person you chose, I'll give him one chance."

Finishing, he pointed a finger at Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo seemed to have been struck by a large hammer and was sent flying, landing with a splash in the cold pond.

Zuo Mo was like a stone, quickly sinking. Strangely, the deep red

flames around his body were not affected in the slightest by the water, and were still furiously waving.

Just at this time, the ice river in Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness suddenly started to grind. The icicles crowding in the ice river were pushed by an invisible force and slowly started to flow. The silent and straight ice river, in the blink of an eye, transformed into a river where countless big and small sword energies were moving.

Hiss hiss hiss!

These sword energies followed the surface of the river as they headed for the flames surrounding the river.

As the icy sword essences touched the dancing flames beside the shores, the unexpected happened! The fire grew dramatically. In the sea of consciousness, the fire reached the sky, even the star in the void overhead was almost consumed by the fire. Only the gravestone in the sea of consciousness was still shrouded in the black clouds, not affected in the slightest.

Inside the ice river, the icicles rose up and down even fiercer, the sword essences continuously shooting out with white mist towards the sea of fire.

An astounding change was also appearing on Zuo Mo's body. A thin layer of ice had appeared on his entirely flushed body. Yet in the blink of an eye, this thin layer would melt and disappear. But after a while, the layer of ice would appear again and repeat.

The cold pond wasn't deep. Zuo Mo quickly reached the bottom of the pond. The temperature at the bottom of the pond was multiple times colder than the water at the top, no fish or shrimp to be found.

As though it was affected, each time the thin ice appeared, the time it stayed became longer. However, the fires around Zuo Mo's body wasn't weakened at all, they were still burning weirdly in the water. A faint light suddenly appeared in Zuo Mo's chest. This light travelled through Zuo Mo's channels. Every place it passed through, the flame would become smaller but then very quickly, the red flames would once again continue their dancing.

Zuo Mo seemed to have entered a very strange place. He had completely lost control of his body. Hazily, he felt that he was being burned in a furnace, and then suddenly thrown into the polar regions, but no matter the torment, he didn't have any room to struggle.

“Don't forget... ..”

“Even in death, you must not forget.....”

The voice appeared again. A basin of cold water seemed to have been poured over Zuo Mo's head. His consciousness recovered clarity for a short moment. Upon clarity, the extreme pain of burning and the bone-aching cold flooded him like the tide.

“Ah.....” he couldn't help opening his mouth. The icy pond water instantly poured into his mouth.

There was nothing that could describe his feelings at this moment. His entire body was furiously burning, the extreme pain from his flesh and bones burning bit by bit almost made him faint. The pond water that had poured in almost froze him to an ice cube. His clear mind instantly became dizzy again.

Was this *zhuji*?

Was this the power of the fire dragon grass?

That dream... ..

In a daze, Zuo Mo's relaxed hands suddenly turned into fists. His entire body bowed, all the strength in the body gathering at this moment. His eyes widened furiously, bright red.

Who?

Who wanted to control me?

Who changed my face and erased my mind?

Who... .. who did it... ..

Who f— did it!

From the depths of his mind, countless thoughts uncontrollably

streamed through.. From the depths of his body came a pain of his flesh burning and the bone-breaking coldness. Inside his angry eyes, the flames were swallowed by a bloody red tide!

Who did it... ... who did it who did it... ...!

Bastard!

The blood in his chest roared. The anger and grief that came from the deepest part of his heart erupted like a volcano. In an instant, it swallowed the fire and the ice.

Zuo Mo seemed to be cursed. He gathered all the energy in his body and threw out his fist!

Accompanied by the deep red alluring flames, his fist heavily smashed onto the rock side of the pond.

Boom!

With Zuo Mo's fist as the center, a spiderweb of cracks appeared on the rock face. Scorch marks spread out from the center of the impact.

Boom!

Another punch! Stone fragments flew into the water. A few of them brushed past Zuo Mo's body, creating a few marks. The fresh blood flowed out, quickly dissolving in the water.

Boom boom boom!

Zuo Mo was completely stuck in a trance. His eyes bright red, the tendons tight, he furiously threw out punches. The silent bottom of the pond turned into a muddy mess.

Beside the pond, Pu Yao detected the vibrations of the ground. Looking at the whirlpool that appeared in the body, his expression was normal as he raised a hand and caught a water droplet that flew out from the waterfall. Opening his hand, the water drop floated above his bond, round and clear as it reflected his blood eye.

"You're still not giving a hand? Do you still stupidly believe he could

suppress the fire of the Sky Yao?" A faint mocking smile appeared on his face as he slowly stated: "You are always like this, never listening to me. Three thousand years have passed yet you are still so stubborn. Do you not know that your choices are forever this idiotic?"

He gently blew and the perfect water droplet floating in his hand turned to a gust of mist and dissipated into the air.

"Your actions, I was sick of them long ago." Pu Yao patted his hand, his expression indifferent.

The vibrations under his feet stopped, the pond recovered its quiet.

"It's done." Pu Yao's sharp lips rose and he shrugged: "Haha, this only proved once again your idiotic choices."

He just turned his head when he stopped in his steps.

Wu Kong Mountain, Xian Yan who had been in meditation suddenly opened his eyes. He jumped up, his body disappearing. In the blink of an eye, he appeared at the peak. A few seconds later, Pei Yuan Ran, Yan Le and Shi Feng Rong also flew over and appeared beside him.

The four exchanged looks and with shocked faces, they raised their heads to look at the sky.

Dong Fu, Tian Song Zi was browsing the list that Yu Bai had written.

"This Zong Ming Yan is Zuo Mei Tian's disciple." Tian Song Zi nodded as he remarked: "In Dong Fu, if we're talking about strength, it's between Zuo Mei Tian and Xin Yan. Zuo Mei Tian had been very fierce in the past, a person everyone was afraid of. This point was very similar to Xin Yan. But I wonder what his disciple is like."

Yu Bai said respectfully: "This disciple had met that Zong Ming Yan once. Even though we didn't fight, but this disciple gathers from his composure that he most likely isn't weak."

"Haha, there's isn't many youths that you call not weak. I heard that Zuo Mei Tian had put in a lot of blood on this disciple. It's natural he

wouldn't be weak." Tian Song Zi chuckled: "In the future, Dong Fu is probably yours, Zong Ming Yan and Wu Kong Sword Sect's Wei Sheng's world."

"This disciple will not disappoint Master's hopes." Yu Bai responded respectfully.

Tian Song Zi waved his hands: "Don't care too much about things like reputation. I only hope you can protect yourself in troubled times. This estate, I might not bear to part with it, but your safety is even more important."

Yu Bai was moved and responded: "Yes!"

Seeing Yu Bai's face was full of worry, Tian Song Zi couldn't help but comfort: "This master is only planning ahead. Don't worry too much. If something really happens, haha, us old people will be at the front." Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a name on the list and was slightly shocked: "Hm, when was there a Zuo Mo out of Wu Kong Sword Sect? How is he special?"

"The first time this disciple heard this name, he had been in a conflict with Zong Ming Yan and another Dong Qi disciples. Because he is a *ling* plant farmer, this disciple had been planning on resolving it. I did not expect that he managed to comprehend sword essence!" Yu Bai added another sentence: "He has not entered *zhuji*."

"Oh!" Tian Song Zi's expression changed: "Another dangerous character in Wu Kong Sword Sect? Comprehending sword essence before entering *zhuji*. This kind of sword talent, it's very rare! The heavens really have blessed Wu Kong Sword Sect!"

Between his words, he was slightly envious.

Just at this time, his expression suddenly changed and flew out the window. Yu Bai paused before hurriedly following.

He only saw Tian Song Zi staring in a daze at the sky above.

At the same time, on the highest plum peak of Dong Qi Sword Sect, a long haired black-robed man stood against the wind. With a shocked face, he raised his head to look at the sky.

Chapter Forty Six “Zhuji”

The peak of daytime, the sky was blue and clear, yet what raised people's hairs was that the blue sky was filled with blazing stars!

“Stars in daytime... ..” Pei Yuan Ran muttered to himself. The other three's expressions all changed.

“*Shixiong*.” Shi Feng Rong's voice was slightly trembling: “What is happening here?”

“I don't know.” Pei Yuan Ran's expression was heavy as he shook his head: “The apparition of stars appearing in daytime, it happens once every few thousand years. I've only seen it in some records. But it doesn't seem to be a good omen.”

Even though the four were all *jindan*, looking at the strange scene in front of them, their hearts couldn't help but feel cold.

In Dong Fu, Yu Bai stared with wide eyes at the stars dotting the sky and that proud sun hanging high up in the sky. Fear rose up from the deepest part of his heart and spread through his body.

Tian Song Zi muttered: “Stars in daytime... ..”

The Plum Peak of Dong Qi, light erupted from Zuo Mei Tian's eyes as he murmured: “Stars in daytime... ..”

In the entire Sky Moon *Jie*, countless strong people were all alarmed. Looking up at the sky over the thirteen primary towns of Sky Moon *Jie*, it was completely filled with cultivators. In the wilderness, on the mountaintops, no matter what the *xiuzhe* were doing, they all stopped their hands and floated in midair. All of the cultivator's gazes, they were completely focuses on this sky that they were so familiar with.

No matter their cultivation, shock was on everyone's face.

In Cold Mist Valley, Pu Yao's pupils shrunk. He gazed at the pond before him. In his blood red vision, he could clearly see a pillar of

light that glittered as it came down from the sky and entered the pond. If one used a normal vision, where could they even see a pillar? No *ling* energy, no vibrations. Only through his blood eye could this intangible pillar of light be seen.

“Do you think you had wagered correctly?” Pu Yao said coldly, murderous intent in his right blood eye.

When the sound landed, the clear pond suddenly became as dark as ink. The sound of the waterfall disappeared without a trace. The waterfall was like a broken mustang, docilely flowing into the pond without a splash.

The valley fell into a strange silence.

Looking at the black water pond, Pu Yao wasn't afraid. He took a strong stride forward, pressing: “For this trash, you decide to fight me?”

The black water pond was silent and motionless as though it was dead.

A *yao*, a pond. They confronted each other like this.

Time slipped away.

Pu Yao suddenly took back the leg he had stepped with, his expression returning to normal. A kind of disdain was at the corner of his mouth: “Stars in daylight, *hei hei*, do you really think this is still three thousand years ago? You made it too big.” He was somewhat rejoicing at the calamity.

The black water pond wasn't affected.

Pu Yao shrugged: “So what if its stars in daylight? Can it extinguish Sky Yao Fire? The sky *yao* fire even you can't extinguish?”

The black water pond suddenly started to flip as though it was boiling. Explosive sounds came out of the inky black water.

Pu Yao raised his head to look at the sky and lightly said a sentence that instantly made the pond water quite.

“Oh, it seems everyone wants to see.”

In the blink of an eye, the pond regained its clarity. The obedient waterfall resumed its ferocity and roared, the water splashing.

Pu Yao gave a light laugh and disappeared.

An extremely strong consciousness scanned over Cold Mist Valley.

When Zuo Mo opened his eyes, he instantly shuddered. So cold! The coldness of the water told him where he was situated. The cold pond of Cold Mist Valley. Last time, it had been here where he had broken through to one breath. He was very familiar with this situation. But after he had achieved one breath, he had never felt suffocated in the water. In the past, Zuo Mo had actually been suspicious that he might turn into a fish.

Ouch!

Zuo Mo bared his teeth. So painful! Any movement and a heart wrenching pain would come from all over his body. His features instantly twisted.

Thankfully, he wasn't dead!

What he could remember up until was when that hazy voice told him to eat the fire dragon grass. What happened after, he didn't know at all. But right now, he wasn't willing to think, too lazy to move, his entire body was hurting and very quickly, he found he wasn't wearing a scrap of clothing.

How would he get out?

He wanted to laugh but couldn't. Right now, he didn't want to think about anything. He just wanted to go to sleep. But the pond water was really too cold, so cold it reached his heart. This wasn't a good place to sleep.

Why was it that every time, he would torment himself so much.....

Forcing himself alert, he gritted his teeth and entered mediation. He wanted to know what his situation really was like.

The *ling* energy in his body abruptly appeared in front of him. He was first struck dumb and then was overjoyed! *Zhuji*! He had completed *zhuji*!

Internal vision, this was internal vision! In a trance, he “saw” the three dimensional diagram of the *ling* energy moving through his body. Each strand of *ling* energy was so clear for him to “see”. He felt as though he could see all objects, his mind becoming clear.

Zuo Mo didn’t know how long it was until his thoughts refocused. He hurriedly inspected his *ling* energy again and to his surprise, he found his *ling* energy was three times what it had been originally been.

No wonder the distance between the tenth level of *lianqi* and *zhuji* was a great canyon. It really was a canyon. He had just entered *zhuji* and his cultivation had increased three times. Think of the power disparity!

It might have been caused by excess happiness, but the pain from his body seemed to lessen greatly. Zuo Mo struggled out of the bottom of the pond and floated towards the top. When his head came out of the water, he couldn’t help sucking in a breath!

He hadn’t thought that he would really make it through the fire dragon grass.

Even now, he was still somewhat in disbelief. Fire dragon grass was something that only terrifying and abnormal people like *Shixiong* could endure! But he actually made it through! But he still had lingering fears. The danger involved could be deduced from the pain of his entire body.

But, he finally made it through!

He opened his mouth and wanted to laugh but found that his throat was dry and painful, unable to make a sound. His hands pushed against the side of the pond, trying to climb out. His body shuddered in great pain and almost made him faint. With no other solution, he could only use his hands to grab a rock beside the pond, his body soaking in the water.

The joy after surviving a calamity made everything seem so beautiful.

After a long time, the pain lessened slightly and his strength had slightly recovered. Struggling to climb out of the pond, he found the jade scrolls and other times scattered on the ground. He carefully picked them all up. What really made him feel pain was that third grade spirit travelling seal. It had burnt down to only a small scrap.

Did his body really combust?

He still remembered the strong feeling of burning before he became unconscious but that was all he remembered. Thankfully, most of his belongings, like talismans and jade sticks, were still undamaged. But since the spirit travelling seal was gone, and he was naked, how would he get back to West Wind Valley?

Suddenly, he had an idea. Casting [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], he saw a white ball of clouds appear in front of him.

He snickered, his hands maintaining the spell as his body sneaked into the cloud. Oh, cold, very comfortable. Very quickly, he found that the pain in his body seemed to have lessened slightly. Did [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] have healing properties? But this wasn't the time to study it. He should think of a way to get back.

Old Black had finished his work in the fields and was preparing to return home.

Walking on the road, he couldn't help but ponder what he had just seen. Thinking about it now, he felt his heart tremble. Stars appearing during daytime. There were many strange things in the world, natural abnormalities. Was this a bad omen?

He couldn't help but raise his head. In the blue sky, other than the sun, there was nothing else.

Old Black exhaled. Normal was good, normal was good. Normality was the best. Please don't have any change. As he thought aimlessly, he walked back towards his residence. Where he was living now was the big yard that Zuo Mo had lived in previously.

Detecting that someone was coming opposite him, he raised his

head. At a glance, he was pinned to the ground, his expression dumbstruck.

After a pause, he recovered and stammered: "Little Mo ge, you, you are... .."

Zuo Mo was completely shrouded in a white cloud. Only his head was left sticking out. Looking down, Old Black could barely make out a pair of bare feet.

Old Black felt this white cloud seemed familiar. He suddenly realized, wasn't this the cloud from [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]?

Was he taking a bath?

Thinking about the rain of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], Old Black felt that this creativity was pretty good.

But... .. he didn't need to bathe on the mountain road... .. and wash as he kept on walking.....

Zuo Mo was extremely embarrassed and wanted to find a crack in the ground to hide himself. But due to his zombie face, there wasn't any bashfulness, no embarrassment. He seemed very at ease. His entire body was in pain. Any movement, and the pain would pierce his heart. He could only laboriously move his feet step by step.

Old Black decided to give a compliment. He reached out with his thumb: "Little Mo ge, this trick is great!"

Zuo Mo felt that there weren't any words that could describe his feelings right now. He could only nod his head solemnly in acknowledgement and then slowly walk down the path!

Looking at the back of the white ball slowly moving, even Old Black couldn't help but feel that Little Mo ge's bearing had really improved.

What made Zuo Mo feel hopeless was that he had encountered quite a few outer sect disciples as he made his way. Their strange gazes made Zuo Mo's hair stand up. When he reached West Wind Valley, he almost wept tears of joy. But when he appeared at the gates of his own little yard, the gray beaked goose at the rooftop

was suddenly alarmed and quickly used its wings to cover its eyes. Zuo Mo's heart instantly shattered into countless pieces, landing on the ground.

So this grey bird was female.....

What made Zuo Mo feel depressed was that this female bird sneakily created a small opening through her wings and peeped through from behind. And what made his teeth itch even more was that this female bird's gaze turned from curious to disdainful!

Damned bird!

Humiliated, Zuo Mo angrily sent out a sword energy.

Honk!

The grey beaked goose shouted in alarm and nimbly dodged. It flew into the air and then suddenly extended its neck, full of disdain as it spat at the ground.

Zuo Mo almost fainted in anger. He throughout hatefully, you are a dead bird, just wait!

What he was thankful for was that he hadn't encountered an elder on his way. If Master saw his state, she would beat him halfway to death and throw him down the mountain to feed the dogs.

Laboriously moving into the room, he collapsed on the bed. He didn't want to move, he didn't want to think, didn't want to move a fingertip. He was exhausted. Very quickly, he slipped into a deep sleep.

Before sleeping, he lightly muttered: "*Zhuji!*"

Chapter Forty Seven “Shixiong Xu Yi”

Waking up, Zuo Mo almost couldn't open his eyes in the bright sunlight.

He gave a comfortable groan. The soreness made his entire body feel relaxed. He wanted to keep sleeping. After struggling for a moment, he still decided to get up. In *zhuji*, there really wasn't any need for sleep. But other than to recover strength, sleep's most important purpose was to let the mind rest.

In the sunlight, he stretched out his spine, his entire skeleton cracking like popcorn. Zuo Mo instantly was frightened and quickly inspected his body. Not finding any problems, his heart was then reassured.

He always felt that he muddled through all his breakthroughs. He never had the knowledge of what happened. Like [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] going to the fourth level, [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] breaking into One Breath, it was all like this. This time wasn't an exception. Other than these crisp sounds, and the increase in cultivation, he had not found any other benefits that *zhuji* had brought.

He was too greedy. Zuo Mo laughed at himself. Just in the increase in cultivation was enough for him to receive countless benefits.

Walking out of the room, Zuo Mo, after the calamity, felt that the warm sunlight was all the more precious. Even the damn bird on the rooftop wasn't as terrible in his eyes as yesterday.

Suddenly stopping, he took a deep breath. The slightly spread ten fingers suddenly moved, creating an afterimage. His gaze was focus, his ten fingers coming alive, darting quickly. The complicated transformations would dazzle a person's eyes. After learning [Art of Flora], a spell that prioritized finger movements, this almost became

one of his most practiced spells.

There wasn't too many spells to practice in *lianqi* involving manipulation of *ling* energy. Like [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], Zuo Mo had almost practiced it to the limits of what a *lianqi* cultivator could do. And how to use spiritual power, he didn't have one word of instruction, and couldn't even touch the doorway. The only thing that time could be spent upon, and that he felt useful, were finger movements. Therefore, [Art of Flora] that used finger movements was his only choice.

The increase in cultivation didn't cause an evident increase in the finger movements. This point raised Zuo Mo's attention. *Zhuji* was only the first stage in the journey of cultivation. The dangers of the road ahead, only trying it personally could lead to understanding.

His goal, from a long time ago, it wasn't earning *jingshi* or just living anymore.

To search for the answer, then what was required was sufficient strength. Even Master, a *jindan*, was cautious when speaking of the guy that had changed his features and erased his mind. How powerful the other's power must be! In other words, at the least, he needed power that surpassed his master.

Master was a *jindan*.....

Zuo Mo took a deep breath, raised his expressionless face, and the hands that had been at his side silently turned to fists.

It was very far, far enough to make him feel it was impossible. There were countless cultivators, how many would become *jindan*? To say of nothing else, but in the second generation of the entire sect, the only one that had hopes of becoming *jindan* was Wei Sheng *Shixiong*. Himself? A guy that only had some talent in the area of five elements... ..

If it was becoming a strong *ling* plant farmer, Zuo Mo didn't have any doubts of whether he could achieve it. But achieving *jindan*, his most optimistic prediction was only just a hope of one in ten thousand.

After he learned of his changed features and erased mind, he had continuously asked himself, was it really worth it to pursue after such an illusory and distance goal? Right now, as a *ling* plant farmer, his life would become better and better. If he formed a relationship with someone, his own descendants would have a pretty good life. But this, gambling his living, his life, to pursue that goal that had almost no chance of winning, was it worth it?

Whenever he started to sway, he would always think of that dream that frequently appeared, that kept on repeating “Even in death, you must not forget.” Every time he would ask himself, what was it that he could not forget even if he died?

He didn’t know.

He was a cowardly person. In order to live, he could flatter, could bow his spine, but

He wanted to know.

The change in his frame of mind caused the change in his attitude to his cultivation to change completely. He worked more, worked harder. He knew just how low his starting point was. He also knew that his own innate talents were not good. But he also knew he had his own advantages.

Pu, even though he had cursed this damned perverse *renyao* countless times, but Zuo Mo still needed to thank him. Without Pu Yao, he couldn’t even see a hint of sunlight. For this sliver of light, even if he had to pay some things, he was still willing.

This time, *zhuji* had been a painful ordeal for him. But for some reason, his mental state became calmer, his thoughts clearer. Being a *ling* plant farmer could dramatically increase his position in the sect, but clearly, a *ling* plant farmer could not help him complete his goal. What he could rely on in this area was still sword scriptures. *Ling* plant farming, in the future, it was an important technique to earn *jingshi* but not his main path of development.

There were many paths to increase attack power but of the many types of cultivation, the one with strongest attack power were sword

cultivators. Even more, he was situated in a sword sect and naturally wouldn't abandon what was near to reach for the far. He might not have much talent with the sword but he just needed to work harder.

Thinking about sword cultivation, he remembered that after *zhuji*, he could imprint a flying sword. Very quickly, he ran into difficulties. He didn't have a scripture for imprinting a flying sword.

In Fragrant Ginger Yard, Shi Feng Rong was shocked when she saw Zuo Mo but instantly recovered: "Even with *zhuji*, you cannot be lazy. Go to the records room. You will be able to read some of the jade sticks. Coming out next time, I will personally test you. If you were lazy, there will be a heavy punishment." The last few words were extremely threatening.

Zuo Mo cowered under Master's scolding, and could only murmur in affirmation. Inside, he wailed at his misfortune. It seemed he had hit Master's sore point somehow and couldn't help but wonder who had irritated Master.

Only when Master's anger had decreased some did he cautiously open: "Master, this disciple wants to request a scripture for impressing a flying sword."

"Impressing a flying sword?" Shi Feng Rong couldn't help but frown and said with some dissatisfaction: "Your priority should be *ling* farming and *dan*-making. Don't be greedy. Too greedy and you cannot digest it all. Don't you understand that?"

Zuo Mo heard this and grimaced. He just knew he wouldn't receive a good scripture. His mouth went: "This disciple understands. But our Wu Kong Sect is a sword sect. If this disciple doesn't know how to even impress a flying sword. Walking out, wouldn't it shame the sect?"

"That's true." Hearing this, Shi Feng Rong thought it was reasonable: "You can go see your *shixiong* Xu Yi and find a scripture to practice. Do not spend too much effort."

"Yes." Zuo Mo agreed docilely.

“Go.” Shi Feng Rong discourteously sent him away. The stars in daytime that had appeared yesterday caused his mood to be bad to the extreme. She had heard some of the rumors about stars in daytime. There were all kinds of strange ones but one point was unusually unanimous. That was, it wasn’t a good thing. If this kind of incident had happened in one of the other *jie*, she could go spectate but since it happened in Tian Yue *jie*, her mood became bad. Especially when she saw the worry in her sect leader *shixiong*’s eyes, her mood became worse.

She knew Sect Leader *Shixiong* very well. Sect Leader *Shixiong* never was panicked. Since even he was worried this time, the situation probably was worse than she had imagined!

If this lady knew who was the one behind all this, humph humph! Murderous intent flashed through her eyes, causing Xu Qing at the side to jump in fright.

Even as he left Fragrant Ginger Yard, Zuo Mo felt that his chest was heavy. He knew that Master was looking out for him but he could not tell his reasons to Master. It seemed that he had thought too simply. Zuo Mo grimaced inside. Originally, he had assumed that if his contribution to the sect was large, the sect would naturally increase his benefits and he wouldn’t have to worry about things like scriptures. Now he knew that he had expected too much. His benefits would naturally increase but benefits were also sorted into areas. Things like spells were the very core of a sect. Would they easily give it to others?

Right now, he could only hope for Wei Sheng *Shixiong* to come out of the Sword Cave and teach him some moves.

He still decided to take a trip to Xu Yi *Shixiong*’s place. He might not get a good spell but he could seek a substitute. He’ll take an average one. He had nothing in terms of sword scriptures. He was a page of white. Learning something would help his fundamentals.

Humph, if the sect won’t give, then he’ll just buy it.

If the *jingshi* that he threw out was numerous enough, he would naturally be able to buy a pretty good sword scripture.

Ge is a *ling* plant farmer, am I someone that would lack for *jingshi*? He completely forgot that his last piece of *jingshi* had been extracted by Pu Yao.

In the sea of consciousness, the sea of fire roared. If Zuo Mo came in, he would certainly be in for a fright. The dancing deep red flames had grown a section higher. The temperature of the ice river seemed to have decreased. And the biggest change was the star in the sky.

Bright as a diamond, magnificent and dazzling.

On the gravestone shrouded in the black clouds, Pu Yao lazily used his hand to support his perfect and flawless chin, the other hand rubbing a pile of powder, muttering to himself: "Used up all the *jingshi* , ah. This guy is really a piece of trash, even getting a *jingshi* requires almost killing himself."

He said to the air: "If I knew earlier, I'd have gone myself. Now it's great, you made the incident big, so many powerful guys have arrived from outside. Even dead, you're still making trouble for me. It really is inflexible to the death."

The white powder dribbled from the cracks in his hands.

A lonely yao sat on the gravestone and said ruefully: "The landlord doesn't have any surplus either!"

In the Hall of Hearing Principles, Xu Yi was slightly shocked when he saw Zuo Mo but quickly recovered his composure. He smiled opening: "It's a rare occasion for *Shidi* to come. Come come come, sit."

Zuo Mo looked at Xu Yi *Shixiong*. The other was a person that he had admired very much when he had been an outer sect disciple. He had never thought that he could sit on equal ground with him now. The affairs of the world, it really was fickle. He couldn't help but sigh.

"Zuo Mo has to thank *Shixiong* for guidance in the past." He sincerely gave a bow.

Xu Yi blanked and then hurried to help Zuo Mo up: "*Shidi* doesn't have to be so courteous. That was just my duty."

After this exchange of words, both felt that they were much closer to each other.

“It’s rare for *Shidi* to come, have a taste of my tea.” Xu Yi’s hands twisted a set of tea equipment appeared in front of him. A yellow bamboo tea tray carved with two clouds. Simple and humble. On top was a purple clay teapot. The light flashed across the purple clay teapot, formations clearly were carved on it. Seven small cups like the seven stars of the Northern Dipper.

Xu Yi took out a square jade box. When it was opened, Zuo Mo felt a fragrance spread towards him. The box was half full with *ling* tea. The *ling* tea was as green and bright as jade, it was a branch with three leaves clustered at the end, tender and glistening.

“This is Fragrance Tea.” Xu Yi introduced: “Produced by the Ivy Aromatic Shop. It took a lot of effort to buy this.” Then he gave a smile: “I don’t have any other indulgences, just this one.”

Xu Yi *Shixiong*’s eyes were focused as his hands skillfully started to wash the pot and cups. When had Zuo Mo ever seen such things? His eyes widened, unblinking.

He saw Xu Yi *Shixiong* first take out a small amount of tea leaves to put into the purple clay pot, pour in cold spring water and then the thumb and index finger of the right hand gently pinched. A red flame floated in front of him. The movements of *Shixiong*’s long and white fingers were extremely gentle as he gently placed this red flame inside the purple clay pot.

Hiss splat, hiss splat!

Inside the purple clay pot, countless water droplets exploded. The spring water inside the pot became a ball of green mist yet not a drop spilled. Xu Yi *Shixiong* quickly lifted the teapot and a rush of green tea poured into the teacup.

Inside the teacup, the tea soup was green and enticing. A fragrance completely different than the one before wafted out.

“Drink quickly, the effect wouldn’t be as good if it’s cold.” Xu Yi

Shixiong's expression was solemn. He directly held up a cup and put it to his mouth.

Copying *Shixiong*, Zuo Mo also picked up a cup. Mimicking *Shixiong* whose expression was intoxicated as he sipped, he also took a drink!

Boom!

It was impossible to describe the feeling that occurred the instant the tea soup touched the tongue. It was as though countless flavors had gathered and exploded at once inside the mouth. At the same time, Zuo Mo's tears and snot streamed out.

Seeing Zuo Mo's sorry state, Xu Yi almost choked on a sip of tea and then grinned widely.

Zuo Mo couldn't care about *Shixiong*'s laughter. All of his attention was on pondering this strange feeling. A rush of coolness spread through his limbs, his body unspeakably light. All the pores seemed to have opened, so comfortable he could groan.

"This tea soup has dense *ling* energy. You just entered *zhuji*, this is good to stabilize your level." Xu Yi reminded.

Hearing this, Zuo Mo hurriedly swallowed the remaining tea soup, got into lotus position and entered meditation.

Looking at Zuo Mo's gulps, Xu Yi *Shixiong* only shook his head, seemingly dissatisfied with Zuo Mo wasting such a good thing. With a small mouthful after another, a face full of pleasure, he slowly drank.

When Zuo Mo woke up from mediation, he felt his body refreshed and unspeakably comfortable. He didn't waste words and raised his hands to Xu Yi *Shixiong*: "Many thanks, *Shixiong*."

Xu Yi Waved his hand: "Just invited *Shidi* to drink tea. Coming this time, *Shidi* must have a matter."

Zuo Mo narrated how he had requested a spell for impressing a flying sword from his master. Hearing this, Xu Yi nodded: "I

understand. I hadn't thought that since *Shidi* had received the jade medal, you still want to cultivate the sword."

"I'm just playing around." Zuo Mo hurriedly replied. After being cracked down by Master, he felt it was better not to say anything.

"Haha, a man wanting to improve the sword, it isn't something embarrassing. Wielding a sword in the world, kill *yao* and exterminate *mo*, it is amazing! He he, *Shixiong* had been like this before, but later, found that my talents were average and hard to achieve anything so turned to learning forging." Xu Yi first laughed at himself and then said seriously: "Since *Shidi* is interested in the sword, *Shixiong* has spent some more time in the sect so knows a bit more, and can chat about it with *Shidi*."

When Zuo Mo heard "Kill *yao* and exterminate *mo*", he couldn't help but grimace bitterly inside. Thinking about the perverse *renyao*, he felt it was more likely that he would be killed and exterminated.

But he still said solemnly: "Thank you *Shixiong*."

Chapter Forty Eight “The Black-Hearted Records Room”

“Our sect is a sword sect, our strongest sword scripture is the [Void Sword Scripture] that our founder created. But our sect had gradually declined. This sword scripture that had been ranked sixth grade could not be learned by anyone in the sect. Somehow, after that, it was split into [Shapeless Sword Scripture] and [Empty Sword Scripture]. The one that Luo Li *Shidi* practices is [Empty Sword Scripture]. But these two scriptures that were split only reached third grade. Other than this, the other one of importance is Master’s [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture]. This sword scripture is a fourth grade sword scripture. In the hands of Master, it blossomed and managed to enter the ranks of fifth grade. In the past, it was with this sword scripture that Master had killed countless *yaomo* in Yao Hunt and received the title of Ice Dragon Sword.

As he talked about his master Xin Yan, Xu Yi wandered away in his thoughts.

A fourth grade sword scripture that was able to elevate into fifth grade, it was enough to show that Xin Yan *Shishu*’s abilities with [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture] didn’t just reach deeply, but that he had improved this sword scripture. No one who was able to do this was ordinary.

“Other than this, the ancestors of our sect were also skilled. [Cloud Sword Scripture], [Red Flame Sword Scripture], [Emerald Sword Scripture], they are all fourth grade. Haha, *Shidi*, don’t just think that our sect doesn’t have any reputation in Dong Fu. But in Dong Fu, other than Dong Fu Hall, only we have a sixth grade sword scripture. Even fourth grade scriptures, not just any sect in Dong Fu has one.

Zuo Mo’s eyes widened. He had never thought that the sect was so strong.

Xu Yi noticed Zuo Mo’s eyes and smiled: “*Shidi*, don’t think too

optimistically. Sword Scriptures above fourth level, the sect wouldn't easily pass it on to the disciples. What the sect leader and the *shishu* believe is better to have nothing than accept a shoddy choice. In the past, Luo Li *Shidi* was unparalleled in the second generation but even so, he was only passed on the third grade sword scripture [Empty Sword Scripture].”

Seeing the disappointment in Zuo Mo's eyes, he comforted: “*Shidi*, don't be too disappointed. There are very fine ones among the third grade sword scriptures. Like the [Empty Sword Scripture] that Luo Li *Shidi* learnt, and that [Shapeless Sword Scripture] that also came from [Void Sword Scripture], they are the extreme best among third grade sword sects. *Shidi*, you have to pay attention. They might all be third grade sword scriptures, but there are still differences.”

Zuo Mo instantly raised his ears. It was too hard to pursue those good ones, but he shouldn't pick the worst ones. He was very practical. The item less a bit, but the *jingshi* difference wouldn't just be a bit.

“Usually, five elements sword scriptures are the worst. *Shidi* is a *ling* plant farmer and your understanding of the five elements definitely is deeper than mine. The five elements encompass millions of changes yet lose their purity. To cultivate the sword, what cannot be lost is purity. But the five elements birth and defeat each other, and are difficult to make pure. I had never heard of a five elements sword scripture that went above third grade. *Shidi*, don't try to pick this kind of sword scripture. The other sword scriptures, they all have their attributes. Some are fierce and powerful, good for killing and battle, some are strange and unpredictable, good for ambushing, some nurture the mind and increase cultivation.”

“Nurture the mind? Aren't sword scriptures primarily for killing? How can it nurture the mind?” Zuo Mo couldn't help asking.

“Ha ha, cultivation is long and difficult. If there isn't a strong and resolute heart, how can one achieve the path? To use the sword to nurture the heart, to harden the core. Many people practice this kind of sword scripture. Like me, I have [Heaven Heart Sword Scripture]. This kind of sword scripture, it doesn't have much power but to

nurture and fix the mind, it's pretty good." Xu Yi smiled as he explained.

"The sect records at River Sight Peak. You are an inner sect disciple now and can go in to read. But it requires contribution points each time. If *Shidi* has spare time, remember to earn more sect contribution points. In the future, you'll need to use them." Xu Yi emphasized.

Bidding farewell to Xu Yi *Shixiong*, Zuo Mo headed straight for River Sight Peak. There was a river below River Sight Peak, the mountain was steep and so the records room was built against the cliff. It wasn't big, just a small compound. There were some thin bamboo stalks planted beside the walls, the outer wall slightly crumbling. Zuo Mo was somewhat disappointed. He had never been here before. This place was only open to inner sect disciples.

The person guarding the door was an old one. At the beginning, Zuo Mo fantasized that the other was some high master but he was quickly disappointed. This old man guarding the door only had a cultivation of *lianqi* ninth level. However, Zuo Mo didn't dare to disrespect him. The common saying was good, the existing official wasn't as good as the existing manager. Don't just look at how bad the old man's cultivation was but he guarded the records room. If he wanted to make trouble, it was a very easy thing to do.

Respectfully handing over his medal, the old man scanned it and lowered down his face, saying: "Two hours on the first level is two contribution points, two hours on the second floor is four contribution points. The jade scrolls in the first level can be copied. The second level is restricted from copying. Go in." He threw the medal back to Zuo Mo.

So black!

Zuo Mo swore inside. The contribution points of inner sect disciples were not the same as outer sect disciples and they could not be converted. Zuo Mo only had in total ten contribution points. Five of them had been the reward the sect leader gave him for receiving the jade medal. The other five were from last time when he let Yan Le

Shishu sell his plants.

Ten contribution points. It was enough for him to stay ten hours on the first floor and five on the second.

If it was copying a jade scroll, even the most basic would be two or so hours. And if it couldn't be copied then it had to be memorized. That wasn't something that could be accomplished in a few hours.

Now he understood why Xu Yi *Shixiong* reminded him to earn more contribution points. So the big cost was here! He was suddenly grateful that the *dan*-making records room of his Master didn't require contribution points. Otherwise, he could only cry. Zuo Mo guessed that Xin Yan *Shishu* definitely would have a private forging records room. Otherwise, Xu Yi *Shixiong* would be in a terrible bind.

Time was tight, and didn't allow Zuo Mo to think. He ran straight into the first floor.

He saw rows of jade scrolls, organized neatly. Zuo Mo couldn't help twist his mouth. From what he saw, this was much worse than Master's records room. A layer of dust had accumulated on the wooden boards. It looked like there usually weren't many people. Even though it lacked care, but the arrangement of the jade scrolls was easy to follow.

There were all kinds of jade scrolls. Sword scriptures, five elements, cultivation scriptures, forging. These were the jade scrolls that the elders of the sect that searched and gathered over the generations. The grade of these jade scrolls weren't high, didn't have much practical value but it would have been a pity to throw them out so the sect had created a records room to support the inner sect members to study. This kind of jade scrolls were only useful to those who had just become an inner sect disciple. As they spent longer with their Master, the worth of these jade scrolls would decrease.

It had been a long time since Wu Kong Sword Sect had new inner sect disciples come in. After Li Ying Feng became an inner sect disciple, she spent each day with Yan Le *Shishu* taking care of all the different business. And after Wei Sheng *Shixiong* became an inner sect disciple, he received Xin Yan *Shishu*'s meticulous

teachings and then entered the sword cave, therefore, he naturally didn't come here.

So when Zuo Mo came in, he saw this dusty scene.

Even though there wasn't high level spells but the roomful of jade scrolls still made Zuo Mo's eyes turn dizzy and drool. Don't just think that these jade scrolls weren't important. If they were thrown onto the market, each one could be sold for a pretty good price. For *lianqi* disciples, each jade scroll would be a treasure.

Zuo Mo headed straight for the sword scriptures. It was also the largest topic on the first floor. Wu Kong Sword Sect was a sword sect, so naturally, it would put all possible effort into gathering sword scriptures. There were large numbers of second and third grade sword scriptures on the first floor. Naturally, they weren't of high quality. After making a cursory examination, he quickly put them down. As expected, there was nothing really good. It wasn't bad as a reference but for a primary method, it wasn't really good.

Looking at the stairs for the second floor, he hesitated a second and then decided to go up to see.

The second floor was slightly smaller and there was a dramatically smaller number of jade scroll. But the scene was very similar to Master's records room. The jade scrolls were all floating in midair, each jade scroll surrounding by differently colored whirlpools.

Having had a similar experience, Zuo Mo naturally knew what to do.

He scanned through the jade scrolls about sword scriptures one by one. Even now, he still hadn't decided what kind of sword scripture to cultivate. If it had been before, he might have chosen to be like Xu Yi *Shixiong* and practice something like [Sky Heart Sword Scripture]. This kind of sword scripture cultivated the resolve of the cultivator, something that was crucial. However, for him that was pursuing strength, finding those sword scriptures that had greater power was more realistic.

Undecided, Zuo Mo flipped and read through them one by one.

He had never seen so many jade scrolls at the same time. The jade

scrolls from the second level, if it had been in the past, they would all have been treasures that he would have dreamed about. He couldn't help but feel as though he was in a dream.

As expected, the sword scriptures that Xu Yi *Shixiong* had mentioned were all absent. The second floor were entirely third grade sword scriptures but were distinctively of higher quality than the jade scrolls downstairs. They should be the finest of the third grade.

There was a set of [Wind and Thunder Sword Scripture]. After cultivating it, one would float like the wind, power like thunder, the effectiveness shocking. Supposedly it had originally been a fifth grade sword scripture but after continuous loss over thousands of years, its power declined and it was demoted to third grade.

And another even stranger was [Autumn Rain Sword Scripture]. It required a set of one hundred and eight swords. The moves were like rain, extremely difficult to block. But just like [Wind and Thunder Sword Scripture], much of its contents had been lost, especially the method of making the swords. The power of each individual sword dropped dramatically and it entered an awkward state. But its manipulations were very exquisite so it was put on the second floor.

Each sword scripture had its unique strengths but similarly, they all had a great flaw.

Seeing that the jade scrolls he hadn't read become less and less, Zuo Mo started to become panicked.

Was he unable to find an appropriate sword scripture for himself?

He completely forgot that time was flowing away. As the number of the jade scrolls decreased one by one, his heart started to sink to the bottom bit by bit.

At last, he was facing the last jade scroll.

[*Li* Water Sword Scripture]. *Li* Water, these two characters clearly connected to the five elements caused Zuo Mo's heart to jump.

Xu Yi *Shixiong*'s words were by his hears. *Shixiong* had kept

reminding him of the weak nature of five element sword scriptures.

Zuo Mo, who had a rough understanding of the five elements, was very clear just how correct *Shixiong* was. The five elements had many transformations but it was hard to purify. If the sword essence was not pure, then the power would decrease.

Completely disheartened, Zuo Mo unconsciously read [*Li Water Sword Scripture*].

“Eh!” He suddenly found something and his mind roused itself. Just as he wanted to take a closer look, his eyes suddenly flashed and then he found himself standing in the yard.

“Time has ended. You have used all your contribution points.” The old man’s eyelids didn’t even raise as he gave a dismissal.

Zuo Mo wanted to cry.

Chapter Forty Nine “Purchase Order”

Spending ten contribution points but not a spell to show for it, Zuo Mo felt like a fool.

Enraged, Zuo Mo raised his head to look at the decrepit building before marching away without a second glance. Humph, when ye has contribution points, ye will lie down on the first floor, lie down on the second, sleep every day here! Zuo Mo didn't feel good but was helpless. Very quickly, his brain turned to how to earn *jingshi*.

The contribution points of inner sect disciples were not easy to earn. Previously, when he had been an outer sect disciple, he had never been troubled by contribution points. But then he turned around his thinking. The contribution points of inner sect disciples were much more valuable than outer sect disciples. Before, no matter which jade scroll from the second level, he would treat it like a treasure. When would he be so picky?

There were many ways to earn contribution points. Just the *ling* grasses and herbs that Zuo Mo planted, and then if the sect sold them, they all would have contribution points. However, rules like the records room, Zuo Mo guessed, were common and there would be other places that would need to use contribution points. This question was very important and he needed to be clear.

He ran to the Hall of Hearing Principles and found Xu Yi *Shixiong*.

After hearing Zuo Mo's words, Xu Yi *Shixiong* explained: “*Shidi* thought correctly. Contribution points are more useful than *jingshi* in the sect. Other than [Void Sword Scripture], all the other spells in the sect, including Master's [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture], and the other fourth grade sword scriptures can all be exchanged using contribution points. Of course, the amount of contribution points needed is astonishing. Other than spells, some high quality items, like flying swords and talismans, can also be exchanged using

contribution points. You can even use your contribution points to get my Master to teach you the sword or forging. I can also pay using contribution points to let Shi *Shigu* teach me *dan*-making. Basically, contribution points are omnipotent in the sect.

“Then how does *Shixiong* earn contribution points?” Zuo Mo asked.

“He he, I usually make some talismans for the sect for Yan Le *Shishu* to sell. Or I forge talismans for the other *shidi* in exchange for some contribution points. If *Shidi* needs some talisman in the future, come find me. My price is much lower than the sect.” Xu Yi didn’t give up a chance to promote his own talismans and continued: “Like *shidi*, if you become skilled at *dan*-making in the future, it would be very fast to earn contribution points. For other people, Luo Li *Shidi* might only be *zhuji* but he has achieved [Empty Sword] and his attack power can compare to a cultivator in the initial stages of *ningmai*. Most of his time is spent in the mines guarding the *xiu* slaves. Underground is dark and uncomfortable, extremely dull. Other than Luo Li *Shidi*, no one is willing to go so the contribution point that the sect gives him is extremely high.”

When Xu Yi *Shixiong* mentioned Luo Li, Zuo Mo remembered something: “In the second floor of the records room, I didn’t see [Empty Sword Scripture] and [Shapeless Sword Scripture].”

“He he, *Shidi* is in too much of a rush. These two sword scriptures, while they are third grade, but they are the finest among the third grade. It is also possible to find the shadow of [Void Sword Scripture] from those two. The sect naturally is very cautious. When *Shidi* has spent more time in the sect, naturally you will be able to exchange for it.”

Zuo Mo understood.

Leaving Xu Yi *Shixiong*’s place, Zuo Mo had a general idea of what he needed to do. It wasn’t easy receiving contribution points in the sect. It seemed that his only realistic method right now was relying on planting *ling* plants.

When he got to the entrance to the valley, he saw Li Ying Feng

Shijie. He hurriedly greeted: "Why hasn't *Shijie* gone in?"

"The *jinzhi* on *Shidi*'s valley is very heavy. *Shijie* doesn't want to be too presumptuous." Li Ying Feng joked.

Zuo Mo's heart jumped. Due to the fact that there was a *ling* vein beneath the rock room, he was very cautious and had set down layers of *jinzhi* at the mouth of the valley. Looking at it now, it seemed very risky as it caught people's attention.

He forced himself to calm, responding: "There are many *ling* grasses growing inside the valley. I'm afraid that some animals like rabbits and foxes would get it and damage the grasses. Then this little brother won't even have the time to cry."

"That's true." Li Ying Feng nodded: "If *ling* grasses are ruined by those little animals, they wouldn't be worth anything. I actually have a jade scroll right now about *jinzhi*. I'll sent it over to *Shidi* since you can use it."

Zuo Mo was overjoyed and gave a deep bow: "Many thanks, *Shijie*!"

"*Shidi* is too polite." She replied: "You and I both came up from the outer sect. It's rational for us to give mutual support."

"Of course." Zuo Mo agreed. Both of them were clever people. This conversation quickly set down their relationship as allies.

It might appear that everyone was good to him on the surface but inner sect disciples that came from outer sect disciples usually would be pushed aside by the other inner sect disciples. Not just Wu Kong Sword Sect, almost all sects were like this. There weren't many second generation disciples in Wu Kong Sword Sect and most of them were outside. Other than Luo Li and Hao Min, Eldest *Shixiong* Qin Cheng, Eldest *Shijie* Gong Sun Qing and Third *Shijie* Xu Yi Xia were all not in the sect.

The battle over Eldest *Shixiong* between Wei Sheng and Qin Cheng was undoubtedly the focal point.

If nothing unexpected happened, it was almost set in stone that Wei Sheng would supplant Qin Cheng as Eldest *Shixiong*. But Qin Cheng

was also a disciple of the sect leader, and after being Eldest *Shixiong* for this many years, he was well loved by the other second generation disciples.

Eldest *Shijie* Gong Sun Qing supposedly was engaged to a disciple in a certain large sect. She wouldn't be spending too much time in the sect but her influence in the sect was the greatest among all second generation disciples. She could even influence the sect leader. This was probably due to her fiancé.

Third *Shijie* Xu Yi Xia was deeply loved by all the *shishu*. Yan Le *Shishu* had meant for her to take over his work. However, her personality was lively and carefree, uninterested in business.

Zuo Mo sighed ruefully. No place was spared from conflict. Many times, it wasn't a question of whether you fought or not. He and Li Ying Feng weren't unfamiliar with these matters. The outer sect disciples fought even more viciously, the little groups as plentiful as trees in a forest. Both of them were experienced. Zuo Mo had went from being bullied by all at the beginning to the end where everyone flattered him. From an outsider perspective, his experiences went deep. And Li Ying Feng, to become the top dog of the Eastern Peak female disciples, there were no doubts to her abilities.

Zuo Mo saw it very clearly. Wei Sheng *Shixiong* might be the leader of the three of them but on these matters, *Shixiong* wouldn't pay attention. Other than the sword, *Shixiong* was indifferent and unconcerned with other matters. Zuo Mo was certain that *Shixiong* would be happy not to be Eldest *Shixiong*. That way, he could concentrate on cultivation.

Shixiong might not have to consider these things, but he couldn't not consider. *Shixiong*'s talents and power was displayed there. Even Qin Cheng would treat *Shixiong* with the utmost respect. But Li Ying Feng and his circumstances would be much trickier. There was a large difference between good and bad.

Li Ying Feng was also very satisfied with the tacit understanding between the two of them and thought inside, this Zuo Mo *Shidi*'s appearance might be frightening, but he had a clever heart. A clever

companion was much better than a stupid one.

Some things only need to be touched upon. She changed the topic: “Coming this time, it’s to deliver *jingshi* to *Shidi*.”

This was undoubtedly the words that Zuo Mo liked to hear the most. He instantly became alert: “Oh, how much?”

“This is seventy six second grade *jingshi*. That’s after taking away the down payment.” Li Ying Feng handed Zuo Mo a jade scroll: “This has the detailed accounts. *Shidi* can take it back for a look.”

Zuo Mo took the jade scroll, his happiness unrivalled. The profit this time far surpassed his expectations.

Suddenly remembering a matter, Li Ying Feng asked: “Does *Shidi* still have some of the Great Strength Pill?”

Great Strength Pill.....

If Li Ying Feng hadn’t mentioned it, Zuo Mo had almost forgotten that *lingdan*.

“Last time, a cultivator had brought it. Two days ago, he came asking if there was any more. He wants to by another ten. Each one twenty pieces of second grade *jingshi*.” Li Ying Feng said.

Ten pills! Each one twenty pieces of second grade *jingshi*. In total, two hundred pieces of second grade *jingshi* . That was, two third grade *jingshi* !

Zuo Mo seemed to see countless *jingshi* flying towards him. This was the biggest order he had received up until now. Two pieces of third grade *jingshi*! The raw materials for Great Strength Pill were only three pieces of second grade *jingshi*. With twenty pieces of second grade *jingshi* as the sale price, the profit from one pellet reached seventeen pieces of second grade *jingshi*. No wonder his heart was beating so frantically.

His only worry right now was the success rate. He had accidentally made Great Strength Pill. He wasn’t certain that he could successfully make it.

“I’ll try first.” He was still very cautious.

“En, okay. If *Shidi* gets results, tell me anytime.” Finishing, Li Ying Feng left.

Seeing *Shijie* leave, Zuo Mo instantly rushed into the valley, flipped onto the grey beaked goose to rush for Fragrant Ginger Yard. One pill was twenty pieces of second grade *jingshi*! This was almost half of his income every year in the past.

Entering Fragrant Ginger Yard, he brought a pile of materials to make the Great Strength Pill from Xu Qing *Shijie*, and then burrowed into the *dan* room.

Nothing would make him more enthusiastic than *jingshi*.

He didn’t start the process immediately but sat down first and thought back to every action that occurred last time. When his emotions had calmed down, he then folded his legs to enter meditation and started [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation].

Four hours later, he woke up from meditation. The face was frozen like it was dead, but the eyes were clear and serene.

Zuo Mo’s mind was peaceful, completely absent of the glee he had before. His consciousness, mind and *ling* energy were all at their best. Putting the raw materials for Great Strength Pill into the cauldron, Zuo Mo’s hands touched the eight trigrams plate and his consciousness silently spread out.

Adding in *ling* energy, the *li* fire seal formation on the *dan*-making cauldron suddenly started, the *ling* energy inside the cauldron twisting and turning.

In the middle of the process, Zuo Mo’s spell changed and [Art of Crimson Flame] was cast at full force.

A gold line dropped into his hands from the sky. Then its direction was deflected and it entered the cauldron.

Up until now, nothing was different compared to last time. Zuo Mo’s heart relaxed slightly. Just before, when he had thought back to

every action in great detail but last time, it had basically been an accident that had created this strange *lingdan*. He was muddled about many places and didn't remember clearly.

Suddenly, his heart jumped and he cried misfortune. The *ling* energy inside the cauldron was vibrating abnormally.

As expected, a sharp and burnt smell spread through the *dan* room.

Zuo Mo had made enough mental preparations. It wasn't too difficult to accidentally make a new kind of *lingdan*. What that needed was luck. But to actually grasp the method for making the *ling dan*, that was knowledge. Anything that required study, it had to be built from the ground up, there were no tricks.

He knew the general idea, the basic steps, and the raw materials. There was also enough profit. Was there anything other than this that was more appropriate for a greenhorn like Zuo Mo?

As to the difficulties involved, Zuo Mo wasn't afraid.

In this world, was there something good that would earn *jingshi* without any difficulty?

Chapter Fifty “Finding The Way”

After three continuous failures, Zuo Mo had to stop experimenting.

Even though he had sufficient wealth at this point, but it wasn't enough for him to squander it. He had to plan it out and spend wisely. Three continuous failures. That meant there was a crucial step that he had missed.

He entered into deep thought.

What he didn't know was that the difficulty of this matter far surpassed the limits of what he could cope with. He had swallowed down some records, but in the area of *dan*-making, he was the newest of the new, his experience was almost zero. Going through speculations to find the basic changes in a certain part of the *dan*-making process, many cultivators that were far more experienced may not be able to do it.

But no one had told Zuo Mo this point.

If Zuo Mo knew this, he most likely would have thrown the matter to the side. Why was he making Great Strength Pill? It was for *jingshi*. If it was too difficult, the risk too high, it wasn't profitable. Then he should go to find a more realistic method. He wasn't afraid of difficulty, he was afraid that his ignorance and those questions that were far out of his level would be tangled together. In Zuo Mo's eyes, that was an unprofitable business.

But Zuo Mo hadn't realized that the problem he was facing was out of his range. He twisted his brain as he thought in the *dan* room.

In the Sword Cave, not even the fingers on a hand could be made out. The rock underneath the feet was ice-cold, the blood river not far away roiled relentlessly. Wei Sheng panted heavily and couldn't persevere any longer, falling to the ground to enter meditation.

The exhaustion between his brows were unable to be disguised. He made a sorry figure, half naked, about ten or so scars criss-

crossing, alarming to the eye. On his lower half, there was only a short length of pants. He quickly entered mediation, almost immediately after sitting down. In meditation, Wei Sheng's spine was as straight as a sword, a few hints of dignity and imposingness faintly appearing through his serene appearance.

Time slipped away yet he remained motionless.

A black shadow quietly neared Wei Sheng. In mediation, Wei Sheng did not detect it. Suddenly, the black shadow leapt at Wei Sheng!

In mediation, Wei Sheng unexpectedly opened his eyes. With an unknown move, a green sword energy flashed in the dark and the shadow was split in half.

Squeak!

The scream the black shadow gave was dissonant as it turned into black smoke and disappeared without a trace.

Wei Sheng stood up from the cold rock ground, his face unaffected. In his eyes were an eternal resolve. Barely visible was sword essence roiling behind. In the silence and darkness, he raised his bare foot, following the blood river, as he slowly and steadily headed deeper.

In a place extremely far away from Tian Yue *Jie*.

"Stars in daytime... .."

"Yes. This matter has alarmed many people. There are already many that are rushing to investigate in Tian Yue *Jie*. Some people say that stars in daytime is a great treasure appearing!"

"Great treasure appearing?" The person who spoke had heavy disdain, "People die for wealth, bird die for food. This rationale is unchanging."

"Then we....."

"Send someone! Pay attention to this matter!" The person who spoke gave an unquestionable order.

“Yes.”

In the Fragrant Ginger Yard of Wu Kong Mountains, seeing Shi Feng Rong come out of the *dan* room, Xu Qing hurriedly followed. She could become the first seat of the outer sect disciples of Fragrant Ginger yard, one point was she was obedient and could listen, and she was reliable at her job. The other important reason was that she could tolerate Shi Feng Rong’s strange temper.

Shi Feng Rong looked at the surroundings and furrowed her brows, “Where’s your *Shixiong*?”

Xu Qing hurried responded, “After *Shixiong* entered the *dan* room a few days ago, he hasn’t come out.”

“*Dan* room? What *dan* is he making?” Shi Feng Rong’s brow smoothed as she asked casually. It seemed that Zuo Mo was really focused on *dan*-making. She was very satisfied.

“It’s probably fasting pills. *Shixiong* had bought some materials for fasting pills from me a few days ago.” Xu Qing answered. She had been at Fragrant Ginger Yard for a long time and her experience in the area of *dan* was much deeper than Zuo Mo.

“Fasting pills!” Shi Feng Rong’s brows furrowed again as she said discontent, “Why is he still making fasting pills now? How can he improve that way?” Fasting pills were the most basic *dan*. It couldn’t even be considered a *lingdan*. As a *zhuji* cultivator, it was a very comical thing to spend effort on that.

Xu Qing’s heart jumped and she regretted what she had just said. If *Shixiong* was punished by *Shishu* because of what she said, it would be bad for her.

As she spoke, Shi Feng Rong moved in front of the door to Zuo Mo’s *dan* room. Without knocking, she pushed open the door.

Once the door was open, a thick and choking burning smell rushed out. Shi Feng Rong’s expression became even uglier. Failure at making fasting pills? Was it that the five fasting pills last time had been brought to deceive her? Her expression became dark.

Zuo Mo was like a puppet, blankly sitting on the ground. He didn't even notice Shi Feng Rong and Xu Qing entering.

Shi Feng Rong noticed that Zuo Mo's empty eyes were full of blood and the rage inside slightly decreased. She could see that Zuo Mo was deep in thought. Suppressing the fire inside, she didn't disturb Zuo Mo, walking straight to the waste piled beside the cauldron. It really was the materials for fasting pills. She was sure after one look. The rage inside instantly shot up again. She decided that later she would have Zuo Mo make one in front of her.

Her gaze was just going to move away from the waste when it suddenly stopped. She bent down and started to flip through the waste, and occasionally took up a bit to examine carefully.

Xu Qing was so envious. She sighed. Inner sect disciples were really inner sect disciples. She had spent so many years at Fragrant Ginger Yard, but had never seen *Shishu* been this concerned for another disciple.

Zuo Mo only managed to wake up at this time. Seeing that two more people were in his *dan* room, the fire that had formed due to his struggles shot up. It was common knowledge that the *dan* room wasn't a place that others were allowed to enter, especially when making *dan*. That could easily cause the *dan* to fail.

But when he saw who the person was, the curses that had reached his mouth instantly shrunk back into his stomach.

Danger!

It's a catastrophe... ..

He hurriedly stood up and respectfully gave a bow to Shi Feng Rong: "Master."

"You are making that *lingdan* from last time?" Shi Feng Rong's head didn't even rise as she unconcernedly crouched by the waste.

"Yes." Zuo Mo obediently answered: "But I haven't succeed once yet."

Shi Feng Rong threw away the waste in her hands and stood up, the expression on her face cold: "When you don't know how to walk, you want to run?"

Hearing this, Zuo Mo sweated, and said: "Please, Master, give me guidance."

"In the path of *dan*-making, the amount of ways to change the recipes involved, there are too many that cannot be passed on through just words. You should first follow the records. form a good foundation before considering these matters." Finishing, Shi Feng Rong left with a cold face.

Returning to the Little West Wind Yard, Zuo Mo was extremely disheartened. He had thought that he had a method for earning lots of *jingshi* but it was really just a mirage, unable to be touched. In the next few days, Zuo Mo was somewhat dispirited. There were no *jingshi* that could be earned, no contribution points that could be earned, no sword scriptures that could be practiced. With no other choice, Zuo Mo could only practice [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation].

Sitting above the *ling* vein in the rock room, Zuo Mo woke up from meditation. [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] which had always progressed rapidly had started to slow down recently. This was the first time that Zuo Mo had encountered something like this after breaking through one breath. Was he going to break through two breath?

According to the records in [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], after one breath was two breath. If one could achieve two breath, not only would the entire body's points be able to breathe but at that time, his presence could be restrained. Many people that had higher cultivations wouldn't be able to detect it.

This spell was much better than those concealing spells recorded in Elder Wei Nan's jade sticks.

Thinking about that, Zuo Mo suddenly remembered that Elder Wei Nan had made *dan* and was a *ling* plant farmer. Would he have met similar problems? Once the idea was seeded, he hurriedly took out

the jade sticks and looked carefully.

As expected, he quickly made a discovery.

In Elder Wei Nan's *dan*-making experiences, Zuo Mo found a similar method. But what Elder Wei Nan used wasn't a fire method, but a rarely found water method.

There were many methods to make *lingdan* and they all couldn't be counted. The most mainstream one right now was naturally using a cauldron, which was the fire method. The core of the fire method was using the power of the fire to stimulate the *ling* energy in the materials. Then the *ling* energy of different attributes would be merged together to form a *lingdan*. However, many *ling* herbs and grasses were of the *yin* attribute, like those *ling* grasses grown in water. If fire was used, it would ruin their effects. At this time, it required a different method such as the water method. Other than water and fire, there were still countless other methods of *dan* making.

Water was warm and gentle, far from the fierceness and power of fire. So most water methods required a longer time to form *dan*. The path it walked was nurturing the *dan*.

Only now did Zuo Mo know that the cold spring in the rock room had such a purpose. Before, he had completely dismissed the *ling* spring. He had wondered why Elder Wei Nan had made a spring in the rock room since after cultivators reached *zhuji*, they almost didn't need to consume anything.

The jade stick recorded a method that Elder Wei Nan used with [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] to make [Moisture *Dan*]. [Moisture *Dan*] was a kind of *dan* that couldn't enter the grade. Its use was even more frivolous. It could change a person's appearance and skin but it was only effective for cultivators with *lianqi* third level or below.

This kind of *dan* that Zuo Mo felt had no use at all, after Elder Wei Nan used [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] to make it, it entered the rank of first grade. Its effectiveness had greatly improved. It could improve the features of cultivators that did not go above *zhuji*.

According to what the jade stick said, this became one of the important ways Elder Wei Nan made wealth. But due to the fact the time used in the water method, Elder Wei Nan only used this method for a period of time before switching to a different method.

Different from Zuo Mo's accident, Elder Wei Nan's investigations were extremely thorough and were recorded very clearly.

Elder Wei Nan thought that the reason that those two could combine was due mostly to water. [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] was the classic water element spell. It was naturally constructive when paired with the water method. There were also large amounts of records on his analysis of the reasons he failed.

Zuo Mo pondered each character as he kept on reading, his thoughts becoming clearer. No wonder he could make Great Strength Pill. [Art of Crimson Flame] belonged to fire, and the method the fasting pill used was the fire method. Using [Art of Crimson Flame] to collect the essence of the sun into the fasting pill, that became the Great Strength Pill.

There was only one crucial point.

– Fire!

Chapter Fifty One “Attack”

Fire!

The essence of [Art of Crimson Flame] was fire, and inside the cauldron was the *Li* Fire seal formation. This was the reason that Zuo Mo could make Great Strength Pill. However, what [Art of Crimson Flame] condensed was essence of the sun and unfortunately the fire that the *Li* fire seal formation inside the cauldron provided was too low grade. Originally in the process, the *Li* fire seal formation should have been the primary flame and the essence of the sun that [Art of Crimson Fire] concentrated should have been the auxiliary. Right now, the sun essence was stronger than the *Li* Fire seal formation, so naturally problems would occur.

He recognized where the problem was, Zuo Mo instantly had several ideas on how to solve it. The most feasible method was to lessen the sun essence concentrated by [Art of Crimson Flame], the least feasible was changing the cauldron to a cauldron with a much higher grade *Li* Fire seal formation. And the boldest method was to change the relationship between primary and auxiliary, to have [Art of Crimson Flame] as primary, *Li* Fire seal formation as auxiliary.

Zuo Mo chose the first option. He felt the possibility of success with the first one the highest.

After thinking it through, he started to prepare.

What he needed to do first was to be able to precisely control [Art of Crimson Flame]. Before this, he had never thought about accurately controlling [Art of Crimson Flame]. For Zuo Mo, if the sun essence concentrated by [Art of Crimson Flame] was used on the *ling* plants, naturally, the more the better. In reality, it also seemed so. Zuo Mo had never found a situation where [Art of Crimson Flame] was overused. Why would he have thought about how to precisely control [Art of Crimson Flame]?

For him, this was a new experience.

Thankfully, compared to the other spells, the five basic spells of a *ling* plant farmer were his most familiar ones. In a short period of time, he grasped the basics of condensing essence of the sun.

But when Zuo Mo once again tried to buy the raw materials of fasting pills from Xu Qing, Xu Qing's eyes as they stared at him were slightly weird. Buying a large pile of fasting pill ingredients, Zuo Mo secluded himself in the *dan* room and started his new experiment.

Failure!

Still failure!

Failure!

.....

.....

Zuo Mo wasn't panicked because of his failures, instead he was very steady and calm. He could feel that he was getting closer to success! This feeling was so strong that quite a few times, he had assumed he would succeed next time.

The ninth time!

Even as the last step was completed, there was no burning smell! Zuo Mo's heart beat quickened, he swallowed his saliva and nervously opened the cauldron.

A fasting pill with glimmers of gold quietly laid at the bottom of the cauldron.

There wasn't any cheering or jumping. Zuo Mo's face was expressionless, he stared dumbly as he muttered, "Ge can finally become rich!"

Finishing, his eyes turned dark and with a bang, he fell onto the floor in a dead sleep.

So tiring!

In Wu Kong Hall, Pei Yuan Ran's face was ashen as he looked at the two kneeling below.

Luo Li and Hao Min were frightened.

Seated above, Shi Feng Rong's expression was full of anger again. She had always put great importance on the medicinal fields of Cold Mist Valley which was why she had given them over for Hao Min to care for. She hadn't thought that Hao Min would so seriously neglect her duty. The expression on Yan Le and Xin Yan's faces weren't much better. Wu Kong Sword Sect might only be a small sect but their rules had always been strict.

It wasn't alarming that the others had left but both had duties yet they had sneaked out to travel for such a long time so they were certainly going to get heavily punished.

Zuo Mo woke up and found that he was still in the *dan* room. He hurried climbed up and looked at the Great Strength Pill he had made before releasing a breath. So he hadn't been dreaming.

He was too lazy to go back to the rock room. He decided to sit in the *dan* room and meditate to recover *ling* energy.

When his *ling* energy had recovered, he started to make great strength pill again. He didn't know if it was that he had failed too many times before but the next attempts, he didn't fail once.

Feeling slightly tired, Zuo Mo stood up. After searching for methods for a few days, his body and heart were really very tired and needed rest. Meditation could recover *ling* energy but could not substitute for rest.

Pushing open the door to leave the *dan* room, the sunlight stabbed Zuo Mo's eyes. He raised a hand to cover them.

However, the feeling of the sun landing on his body was really good. Successfully making a *dan*, Zuo Mo's mood was very good. Suddenly, he saw the person walking towards him and blanked. Wasn't that Hao Min *Shijie*?

She and Luo Li *Shixiong* had returned?

Thoughts swirled in Zuo Mo's brain and he decided to give a greeting, "Hao Min *Shi*....."

Only when he walked closer did he find it was not good. Hao Min's eyes were red, clearly having cried.

Just having been scolded, Hao Min saw Zuo Mo and suddenly remembered that Cold Mist Valley had been given to this zombie face to care for. When she suddenly thought of the scolding and sternness of the sect leader and Master, her anger rose. It had to be this guy who did it. Otherwise, how would Master have known about Cold Mist Valley? Once the idea emerged, she felt that this zombie face was hateful and resentment rose.

An outer sect disciples dared to trick this lady?

Her brow raised, without a word, she raised her hand, heading for Zuo Mo's face?

Zuo Mo, who had remained alert, reacted very quickly and grabbed Hao Min's wrist, asking in a deep voice, "*Shijie*, what are you doing?"

The anger in Zuo Mo's heart rose up as well. Before, he wouldn't have any choice when he encountered something like this but now, the two of them were on equal ground. He wouldn't act first, but he didn't have to swallow and bear it.

"You dare!" Hao Min ground her teeth, extremely enraged, "Even a trash like you dare to offend me!" Before her words landed, her free left hand headed for Zuo Mo's face, not giving Zuo Mo the chance to speak.

Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly shrank, his eyes becoming frigid. The right hand that had practiced countless finger movements was extremely fast and nimble. Before Hao Min's hand could reach Zuo Mo's face, she suddenly felt her eyes blur and pah, a slap landed on her face!

Hao Min blanked after the slap. Her face was burning in pain. She looked in disbelief at Zuo Mo.

Xu Qing, who had coincidentally just left the yard saw this scene and

almost screamed out in shock. Her reaction was very quick as she used her hands to cover her mouth.

Zuo Mo looked coldly at Hao Min, his voice frigid, “Has *Shijie* woken up?”

Giving a penetrating look at Hao Min, he released Hao Min’s wrist and took a step back. For some reason, when Hao Min met Zuo Mo’s gaze, it was like she was completely frozen, her body cold. She shuddered all over, her face going green and red. Terror, embarrassment, anger, it was all mixed together. She actually forgot to speak.

“Oh, right. *Shijie* just returned and might not know the latest news.” Zuo Mo, who had turned around, stopped and said coldly, “This little brother was lucky and was taken into the inner sect, and I am now under Master to learn *dan*-making.”

He turned around his zombie face, showing off two rows of eerie white teeth, “*Shijie*, please take care of me.”

Xu Qing stared with wide eyes as Zuo Mo left. The blow the scene gave her was too big. Before Zuo Mo, Hao Ming was the only inner sect disciples in Fragrant Ginger Yard, she had been arrogant and despotic to the extreme. Everyone had feared her. For some reason, when Xu Qing saw the five fingered hand-print on Hao Min’s face, she felt unspeakably exhilarated!

Glancing at Hao Min who was still dazedly standing in her original spot, Xu Qing decided to quietly leave. If Hao Min *Shijie* knew that she had seen this incident, then she would be in a miserable situation.

Retreating, Xu Qing still felt some disbelief. Awe for Zuo Mo formed. Zuo *Shixiong* who had been so agreeable usually actually had a time when he was this scary!

Zuo Mo walked out of Fragrant Ginger Yard, his hand imperceptibly trembling.

His heart was full of terror. It wasn’t terror due to Hao Min but terror

of himself! Just then, in his anger, there seemed to have been a voice saying to him, "Kill her! Kill her!" That impulse was so strong and clear, so strong that what he had given wasn't a slap but sword energy!

At what time had he become so ruthless? This discovery made him very nervous.

In the stories, all the *yaomo* were terrible and evil, villains who killed like it was their life! Was the cause practicing [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] causing his personality had been secretly influenced? Or was it Pu Yao that was behind it?

He stopped, closed his eyes and took a deep breath before exhaling. All the negative emotions seemed to have been vented out in this breath. When he opened his eyes, his gaze resumed its clarity, his hands resumed steadiness.

It was probably that he was too tired this little while.

Zuo Mo hadn't practiced [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] for a short period of time. This had never happened before. As to Pu Yao, the guy was a perverse one but he was definitely a cautious perverse. He would never actively stir up trouble. Zuo Mo found that Pu Yao was still extremely wary of his elders, especially Xin Yan *Shishu*.

Returning to Little West Wind Yard, Zuo Mo decided to not think at all and rest for a time. He put himself on the guard, reminding himself to be careful and attentive.

For a whole day, he did nothing except sleep.

He was woken up by the pink paper crane.

"Ye, heard that there were stars appearing during the day? Was it fun?" It was still the graceful writing that Zuo Mo was familiar with.

"Never heard of it." Zuo Mo answered confidently. Stars appearing during the day, how was it possible? In any case, he was certain that he had never seen such an abnormal thing.

“Ah, but the news I heard was really like that. Ye has to be careful. Stars appearing during the day is an ill omen. It’s possibly *yaomo*.”

Zuo Mo’s heart jumped. *Yaomo*!

“Such a familiar smell.” Pu Yao had crept up beside Zuo Mo. He stared at the pink paper in Zuo Mo’s hands and then smiled, “So it’s that little girl.”

Zuo Mo felt that Pu Yao’s smile was very cold.

“You recognize her?” He asked carefully.

“Recognize?” Pu Yao’s bloody right eye narrowed into a line as he smiled happily, “Of course I recognize her.” His gaze landed on the paper in Zuo Mo’s hands and snickered, “*Yaomo*? This little girl is interesting, I like her.”

Leaving behind a stream of meaningful laughter, Pu Yao disappeared, leaving behind Zuo Mo with a head full of confusion.

Zuo Mo really didn’t have good feelings towards the owner of this paper crane. Any thing, once it was forced, the feeling would be very bad. Chatting was also the same. However, it really had been him that brought it upon himself. Zuo Mo could do nothing about it. His own actions, he had to take responsibility!

In the following days, after Zuo Mo felt he had rested enough, he returned back to his glorious mission of earning *jingshi*. In one go, he made twenty Great Strength Pills, and gave them all to Li Ying Feng.

Li Ying Feng also gave the *jinzhi* jade stick that she had mentioned last time to him and reminded him that his conflict with Hao Min had spread through the entire sect and he should be careful.

When Zuo Mo heard this, he knew it was going to be bad. But he quickly composed himself after some thought. This kind of thing, dodging it wasn’t effective.

But when he returned to the mouth of West Wing Valley, he saw the ruins of the *jinzhi* and the arrogantly standing Luo Li *Shixiong*.

Zuo Mo stopped in his steps.

Chapter Fifty Two “All In!”

“I hadn’t thought that even you could become an inner sect disciple.” Luo Li’s face was expressionless, his voice cold.

Zuo Mo looked inside the valley and he was slightly relieved. Luo Li had only tore down the *jinzhi* at the mouth but didn’t go in. He clearly came prepared. Luo Li might be doted upon by all the elders but he didn’t dare to act too brashly. If the *ling* grasses and herbs inside the valley were damaged, the elders in the sect wouldn’t let him off.

Machinations in the shadows, Zuo Mo was clear the other didn’t dare use them on him. The kind of identity that a *ling* plant farmer had, it meant that he would receive the sect’s protection. What the other could use was an open and public attack.

Looking at the mess and the completely ruined *jinzhi*, even though Zuo Mo knew the other was just venting, but his anger still rose. The other had definitely come because of Hao Min *Shijie*. Zuo Mo wasn’t scared. He had reason on his side. Even if it got brought up to the sect leader, no one would say that he was wrong.

Zuo Mo controlled the anger, his voice mocking, “*Shixiong*’s sword is so sharp. A pity to waste these flowers and grasses.”

Luo Li looked coldly at Zuo Mo, his eyes filled with disdain and contempt, “Whether my sword is sharp or not, you will know. You dare to touch my woman.”

“Oh.” Zuo Mo brushed it off. He looked at his right hand and said unconcernedly, “So what if I touched her?”

If there hadn’t been the previous incident with Hao Min, these two were people that he would have tried to curry favor with. But since it had proceeded to this step, both sides like water and fire, there was no possibility of peace. Zuo Mo’s stubbornness came out. Rather than be bullied, he would rather rebel. Even if it might end terribly for him, he wouldn’t let the other off easily. If he didn’t have some

viciousness, with his origins as an outer sect disciple, he would be greatly bullied in the future.

Luo Li's pupils shrunk, the indifferent expression on his face finally changing, "Three months, the assessment of the sect, I'll wait for you."

"You said wait, so you'll wait?" Zuo Mo smiled coldly, and gasped, "*Shixiong*'s face is so big!"

Luo Li's expression twisted. His eyes sprouted fire as he looked at Zuo Mo. He barely managed to control himself and snorted angrily, "Hm, let's see if your mouth is still that hard then!" Finishing, he flew off.

"Who does he think he is?" Zuo Mo snorted coldly. He turned to walk inside the valley. Everything in the valley was undisturbed. Luo Li basically didn't come in. Luo Li might be arrogant but he wasn't dumb. He controlled his behaviour. Ruining the *jinzhi* of West Wind Valley but not touching the *ling* grasses in the valley, the elders of the sect would let it go.

They forbid fighting in the sect. Every sect would have this kind of rules. But fighting inside the sect would always happen. There were many reasons but one of the most important ones was undoubtedly the implicit permission of the elders in the sect. What a sect was afraid of was not having a competitive environment. The occasional skirmish was more beneficial than harmful in the eyes of elders. In most cases, they held a permissive attitude.

But Zuo Mo felt that these things didn't have too much to do with him. He didn't believe that Luo Li would dare come into West Wind Valley. His West Wind Valley was one of the important areas of the sect, possibly even more important than Cold Mist Valley.

Just like normal, he continued to make *dan*, right up until Li Ying Feng *Shijie* came.

"What?" Zuo Mo cried out, "What kind of rule is that?"

Li Ying Feng explained, "It's really like this. Supposedly, because the

sect forbid the disciples from fighting so they made the sect assessment the place for resolving conflicts. He can challenge you at that time and you must take it up. If you don't, you have to give the other fifty contribution points."

"But I am a *ling* plant farmer! I, a *ling* plant farmer, do you want me to grab a flying sword and start fighting with him?" Zuo Mo was indignant.

"You can ask someone." Li Ying Feng was also helpless, "That doesn't break the rules. Production cultivators like you can use the *dan* you make or what you've planted to hire others. But you can only ask the other *shixiong* in the sect, not anyone from other sects."

"The other *shixiong* in the sect? Wei Sheng *Shixiong* hasn't come out, who else can I invite?" Zuo Mo felt that he was going crazy. The only person in the sect that could win over Luo Li was Wei Sheng *Shixiong*. But Wei Sheng *Shixiong* was in the Sword Cave and won't be coming out soon.

"The rules are like this." Li Ying Feng suggested, "You could go buy some powerful talismans."

Zuo Mo felt that he was going to faint. Buy talismans? He was so poor he only had the dregs. Buying talismans! Only now did Zuo Mo understand what Luo Li had meant in his last word that day. His mood instantly became terrible.

Damn it! It was going to be big trouble!

Facing Luo Li outside the valley, he wasn't afraid because he had been confident that Luo Li didn't dare to do anything to him. When he knew that the inner sect had this rule, he instantly blanked. Things like sword energy, it was fine to use to frighten people. Facing Luo Li who practiced [Empty Sword], he, someone who didn't even have a sword scripture, wouldn't even know how he died.

The elders in the sect, of course, wouldn't let Luo Li really injure him, but humiliation wouldn't be avoided. Fifty contribution points, that was a very large amount of wealth. If he sold himself, he wouldn't

get fifty contribution points. Thinking about it, Zuo Mo became even more depressed.

Li Ying Feng looked in sympathy at Zuo Mo. She wanted to help but had no way. She could only take the Great Strength Pills that Zuo Mo had prepared and left.

The news that Luo Li had sent out a challenge to Zuo Mo was instantly spread to everyone in the sect. These days when Hao Min saw Zuo Mo, she instantly became high and mighty. Zuo Mo wanted to slap her again. The gazes of everyone else when they saw Zuo Mo was extremely strange. Of course, there wasn't a lack of others who were laughing at Zuo Mo. No one thought that Zuo Mo was going to have a good outcome.

"I heard that your Luo Li *Shixiong* sent a challenge to you?" Shi Feng Rong calmly asked Zuo Mo.

Even Master knew.....

Zuo Mo could only reply, "Yes."

"En. The matter between you and your Hao Min *Shijie*, I won't interfere." Shi Feng Rong said coldly, "But the assessment in the sect, I don't care what method you use, but you will not lose. If you lose, hmm....."

The implication in the last sound made Zuo Mo's already withered heart dry up like a flower petal and scatter to the ground.

"This disciple is only a *ling* plant farmer....." Zuo Mo couldn't help reminding Master.

"So what if you are a *ling* plant farmer?" Shi Feng Rong's voice went up, her eyes resolute, "My disciple cannot lose!"

"But....."

"I don't care what method you use." Shi Feng Rong impatiently interrupted Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo's heart turned and he said, "Master is so confident in this disciple, this disciple naturally doesn't want to fail. This disciple has

nothing to request except to pick a sword scripture from the records room.” Since Master wanted him not to lose, than it would be dumb if he didn’t ask for a bit of help. He thought of the [Li Water Sword Scripture] in the records room.

“It’s too late for you to start practicing the sword now.” Shi Feng Rong furrowed her brow.

“This disciple only has this one request.” Zuo Mo saw that it might be possible and his heart lightened as he hurried responded.

“If that’s the case, I can agree.” She looked at Zuo Mo and her voice was stern as she said, “But if you lose, I won’t let you off lightly.”

“Yes.” Zuo Mo resolutely promised.

“Take this tile. You can pick a sword scripture from the records room.” Shi Feng Rong’s expression was icy as she stated.

Three months. Right now, Zuo Mo was only grateful the sect assessment was three months in the future. He still had a hint of life!

With the quickest possible speed, he picked [Li Water Sword Scripture] and ran for the Little West Wind Yard.

He was clear what Luo Li was planning on. The whole sect ,everyone felt that he didn’t have a chance of winning but Zuo Mo didn’t want to admit defeat like this. Whenever he thought of Luo Li and Hao Min’s faces, the anger in his chest rose. And this would directly decide his future status in the sect. To say of nothing else, Master’s warning was in his ears.

Wasn’t it just a sword scripture?

What was simpler than sword scripture? After getting sliced a few thousand times, would he get it?

Zuo Mo thought hatefully.

There was no possibility of winning if he relied on normal methods. His gamble was all on Pu Yao. But gambling on Pu Yao meant countless *jingshi*.

“You want help? Alright, as long as you can pay the *jingshi*. Anything can be discussed.” Pu Yao said interestedly, “If the price you pay is high enough, oh, I can go sort Luo Li out immediately. Guarantee no one would find out.”

As expected.....

As Zuo Mo expected, Pu Yao started his extortion.

“What? It’s higher than the previous price? Of course, this is called reacting to the market!” The smile on Pu Yao’s face was enchanting, “You have to consider it well. The price tomorrow would be even higher.”

Zuo Mo went to find Li Ying Feng.

“*Shijie*, how much *jingshi* can you lend me?” Zuo Mo’s eyes were red, his throat rough.

Li Ying Feng didn’t hesitate, “I can lend it all, three third grade!”

“Many thanks, *Shijie*!” Zuo Mo didn’t waste words. There was only gratefulness in his heart. It was only at the crucial time that it could be seen if a person was worthy.

Old Black, and Guo Lu also unhesitatingly gave all the *jingshi* they had to Zuo Mo. Even Xu Qing secretly gave Zuo Mo fifty pieces of second grade *jingshi*. The whole sect knew that Zuo Mo was borrowing *jingshi*. Many people were looking at it as a joke.

“Did he ask you yet?”

“Ha, I don’t dare to lend to him.”

“Exactly. Just became an inner sect disciple and dare to offend Hao Min *Shijie*, he really thinks he’s someone!”

“Oh, I remember that Xiao Mo was a pretty steady person, why would he do something so dumb?”

“When a little person enjoys success, they become arrogant!”

.....

.....

Zuo Mo sold all of the mature *ling* herbs and grasses in his *ling* fields and received one piece of third grade *jingshi*.

Roughly calculating, Zuo Mo had about six pieces of third grade *jingshi* on his hands.

This was a huge sum, a sum that Zuo Mo had never even thought about. Not long ago, his yearly income was twenty or so second grade *jingshi*. The six pieces of third grade *jingshi* gave off an enticing shine and a strong *ling* energy vibration.

“This is everything I gathered, give it all to you.”

Zuo Mo threw the six pieces of third grade *jingshi* to Pu Yao.

Pu Yao grinned as he took the *jingshi*. He played with one with his right hand, gently throwing it up and then gently catching it. His expression was intoxicated as he said, “Such a moving sound, *jingshi* is really the most reliable thing in this world.”

“Teach me this!”

Zuo Mo took out the jade stick for [*Li* Water Sword Scripture], his voice resolute.

His expression was slightly tired, the zombie face slightly gray but the pair of eyes were like two balls of jumping flames, hot and vicious.

— All in!

Chapter Fifty Three “Great Strength Pill”

Dong Fu.

“Master Yan, if there is snow foxtail grass next time, don’t forget to notify me.” An old person dressed grandly kept on adding.

Yan Le’s round face was full of smiles: “Of course, of course. Master Wang, don’t worry. I’ll certainly leave it for you.”

“That’s good.” Master Wang nodded in satisfaction and then said enviously: “Your sect really has many great talents. You even have a *ling* plant farmer now. In the future, you’ll have more support!”

Yan Le was smug inside but didn’t show it. He repeatedly shook his hands: “Master Wang exaggerates, our sect still needs your guidance.”

The two exchanged a few more courtesies before Yan Le saw Master Wang out the door.

“*Ling* plant farmers are really *ling* plant farmers.” Returning to the store, Yan Le sighed in satisfaction. He was extremely grateful that he had coincidentally encountered Zuo Mo that day. Otherwise, he might have been snatched away by another sect. If this kept on going, then the sect will have an additional source of wealth. More importantly, the sect’s influence in Dong Fu will increase dramatically. In the future, Wu Kong Sword Sect would have an astonishing genius like Wei Sheng, a *ling* plant farmer like Zuo Mo and someone skilled at business like Li Ying Feng. The sect would pass on very well into their hands.

Li Ying Feng took in everything. Taking advantage of Master’s good mood, she opened her mouth to help Zuo Mo: “Yes, Master, look, our business is much better than before. Zuo Mo *Shixiong* was a large part.”

Yan Le was clever and understood what his disciple was saying. He chuckled: "You don't have to say things for your Zuo *Shixiong*. I know you two have a good relationship."

He said unconcernedly: "Young people, dampening the spirit, it isn't a bad thing. Your Zuo *Shixiong* looks easy to speak to, but in his bones, he is a very stubborn person. And he had to end up with an extremely competitive Master. Haha, it's so funny."

Yan Le thought of something and roared with laughter.

Li Ying Feng said furiously: "But *Shixiong* is a *ling* plant farmer. The sect assessment only tests the sword, why not [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]? Isn't this to bully people?"

"Haha, Disciple, don't be angry. Our sect is a sword sect. If we don't test the sword, what do we test? Don't worry, we're going to be there. Naturally, we wouldn't let him be humiliated too much. But if he isn't as good as others, it's hard to avoid suffering a bit." Yan Le's expression became stern: "Us sword cultivators, what we pursue is our hearts like a sword. What is a sword? That is win or lose, that's life or death, that's death if one does not advance! You have to remember, what sword cultivators walk is going against the heavens! He is a *ling* plant farmer but since he is in a sword sect, he needs to understand this."

Li Ying Feng was entranced by the words and became speechless, standing still at her spot. Seeing this, Yan Le smiled and didn't disturb her, heading inside the hall.

Suddenly, someone pushed open the door to enter.

"The great strength pill I wanted, is there any?" The person asked straightaway.

Li Ying Feng instantly shook and her thoughts returned. She hurriedly responded: "Yes, yes."

The other gave a joyful expression, asking: "How many?"

"Twenty."

“Great! I’ll take all of them!” The other instantly said.

Li Ying Feng reacted very quickly. She cleverly shook her head: “I can only sell fifteen to you.”

The other asked dissatisfied: “Why can’t you sell all of it to me?”

Li Ying Feng’s expression was calm as she lied: “Someone reserved five.”

“Alright.” The other was helpless. He had only ordered ten in the beginning: “Then sell fifteen to me.” He crisply paid the *jingshi*, took the great strength pill and rushed away.

Li Ying Feng looked at the remaining five great strength pills, her mind turning furiously. This person had put so much importance on this great strength pill, this great strength pill definitely had something that wasn’t normal. If she could find what was unique, then the way to sell this great strength pill would open. Otherwise, she could only sell to this one person.

She decided to send the great strength pill to the Medical Institute to have an expert examination. Even though it needed a significant payment, she could finally figure out the use of this great strength pill that *Shidi* had made.

Wu Ming held the great strength pill he had just brought, his heart joyful.

He didn’t know who made the name but it really wasn’t pleasing. Such a good *dan*, but such a country bumpkin name. It really ruined the *dan*. He was smug inside. It was lucky that he was sensitive to fire-oriented *ling* energy. Otherwise last time, he would have brushed right past this *dan*.

Last time, he had accidentally found that this *dan* that was being sold had a faint flavor of fire. He had been born sensitive to the fire element. The fire element in this *dan* might be faint but it was extremely pure so he had unhesitatingly brought it.

After using it, to his joy and surprise, he found that fire energy in the *dan* was actually sun essence.

Fire, one of the five elements. In Sky Moon *Jie*, those that cultivated fire far surpassed the number of those that cultivated the four other elements added together. No matter if it was forging, or *dan*-making, or food-refining, it couldn't leave fire. The most common seen was *Li* Fire. It was also the most normal kind of fire. And what was chased after were all kinds of strange fire sources. Producing using high grade fire sources meant that the process was half done and what was created was even more pure.

Originating from the sun, Golden Crow Fire, it was a fire source of fourth grade!

Of course, golden crow fire came from the sun but how to assimilate it, how to nurture it, only a rare few of the biggest sects knew of the method. And it was always passed on secretly. Even more, the fourth grade golden crow fire was fiery and hard to control. It was easy to harm the body. So the people that could use golden crow fire were very rare.

So that was why Wu Ming was so happy when he found that strand of essence of the sun in this Great Strength Pill. What made him even more exhilarated was that this essence of the sun was extremely *yang*, but warm and harmless. Nurturing it inside the body, he actually didn't feel any ill effects.

Like a treasure, he grew this strand of sun essence in his body. Even though it was an extremely thin strand and very far from becoming golden crow fire, but if he could buy more great strength pills, and as the sun essence accumulated, there would be hope of the golden crow fire. Even if it would not form golden crow fire, this extremely pure and *yang* sun essence could increase the grade of other fire sources if it was merged.

Golden crow fire wasn't something that could be bought with *jingshi*.

His mood was very good after buying fifteen great strength pills. After absorbing all fifteen, the sun essence in his body would dramatically increase. It was still very far from forming golden crow energy but it was a start. Right now, he was hoping that no one else had found the benefit of this great strength pill

However, he knew his thoughts were slightly unrealistic. Other people weren't dumb. Great strength pill should be a new kind of *dan* that just came out. As a result, he got a bargain. But he guessed that other people would quickly ascertain its effects. If he wanted to buy it in the future, it wouldn't be at this price.

That strand of sun essence, it was worth far more than its present price.

But he was already walking in front of everyone else. Adding on that his financial situation was well-off, he wasn't afraid.

Zuo Mo felt his sea of consciousness was slightly unfamiliar. He hadn't come for a certain period of time and the changes inside were pretty big. The area of the consciousness of much larger than before. The alluring deep red fire was like a furiously growing weed, now a section taller. The star in the void seemed even further away but it was even more brighter. The temperature of the ice river was even lower, the icicles inside were even finer, the movement of the tides more powerful than before.

"Well, at least you weren't dumb to the end and picked a sword scripture suited to you." Pu Yao said lazily.

Zuo Mo listened extremely attentively.

"Honestly speaking, your talents at cultivating the sword really aren't anything. If it was your *Shixiong*, if he had been sliced ten times by sword essence, he probably would have comprehended it. Twenty times, he could reach where you are now. You were sliced thousands of times to reach this progress, hee hee." Pu Yao wasn't courteous.

Zuo Mo wasn't moved.

"However, your talents with the five elements are not bad." Pu Yao's voice suddenly became distant and deep: "In this word, there is only appropriate or not, never the strongest."

"This [*Li Water Sword Scripture*] can't be considered anything good but it is appropriate for you." Pu Yao gave a rare compliment.

Zuo Mo opened his ears, fearful of losing a word. Every word that Pu Yao said was automatically converted by him into *jingshi*.

“*Li*, in the eight trigrams, it belongs to fire, creating the saying *Li* Fire. Anything in the world is sorted into *yin* and *yang*. *Yang* as fire, *yin* as water. *Li* Water, the person who made this sword scripture is an interesting one.” It was probably because he had received enough *jingshi* that Pu Yao showed patience he never had before.

“This sword scripture, it still goes along the road of water. However, manipulate water as fire.” Pu Yao evaluated: “The idea isn’t bad but it’s pretty unprofessional. No wonder it’s only third grade.”

Then Pu Yao raised his head and glanced at Zuo Mo, adding: “But for you to learn, it’s more than enough.”

Very quickly, Zuo Mo felt that the six pieces of third grade *jingshi* were worth it.

This profound and cryptic sword scripture, under Pu Yao’s explanations, became clear and easy to understand.

Two hours later, Pu Yao started his conclusions: “Alright, this is about it. All that’s needed to be said has been said. If you still can’t learn it, then it’s you who’s too dumb.”

“This is the end?” Zuo Mo who was entranced asked unconsciously.

“Finished.”

“Didn’t you say that it had many flaws?” Zuo Mo persistently asked.

Pu Yao gave his enchanting smile: “The service of changing the sword scripture, you need to pay otherwise. Looking on the fact that we are familiar, I’ll give you a discount. Only one hundred pieces of third grade *jingshi*. I’ll change it to fourth grade. Fifth grade, one thousand pieces of third grade *jingshi*.”

One hundred pieces of third grade *jingshi*.....

Zuo Mo unhesitatingly turned and left the sea of consciousness. Behind him, Pu Yao laughed cheerfully.

Leaving the sea of consciousness, Zuo Mo found an empty space in the mountain valley. He took care to pick a place far from the *ling* fields.

Pu Yao had clearly stated the rationale. In conclusion, it was one sentence: manipulate water like fire. Basically, it was using the methods for manipulating fire to control water. Zuo Mo increasingly found that this sword scripture was suited for him. His only flying sword was the third grade ice crystal sword. Ice, the basic attribute was water. The sword essence he comprehended, it was the tidal sword essence of Xin Yan *Shishu*, that was also related to water.

And the core of this [*Li* Water Sword Scripture] was also water!

Was it even the heavens found Luo Li an eyesore?

Zuo Mo snickered darkly.

He quickly took himself out of his thoughts. No matter how much of the rationale he understood, sword scriptures had to be practiced. How to manipulate water like fire, he didn't know.

Three months!

He only had a time of three months!

The vision of Hao Min's arrogant attitude and Luo Li's disdainful gaze floated up in his head. Zuo Mo unconsciousness tightened his fist!

If he couldn't overcome this step, how could he pursue the answers?

Chapter Fifty Four “Fire”

“One grade *lingdan*, contains a small amount of essence of the sun, effects warm, suited for long term consumption, a certain possibility of forming Golden Crow Fire. Those who consume it can become excited in the short term and can be used for emergencies.”

When Li Ying Feng received this appraisal, she was shocked. There wasn't much about the other effects, but she was shocked still by “a certain possibility of forming Golden Crow Fire.” After the appraisal, there was also an order form. The Medicine Institute was hoping to buy one hundred pills, price able to be discussed. The Medicine Institute also suggested changing the same to “Golden Crow Pill.”

Clearly, everyone hated the bumpkin name that was Great Strength Pill.

Immediately, Li Ying Feng gave the appraisal to her Master.

Seeing the three words “Golden Crow Fire”, Yan Le was shocked still. He took the appraisal, throwing down a : “I'm going out,” before flying into the sky, heading straight for Wu Kong Mountain.

In Wu Kong Hall, all four elders of the Wu Kong Sword Sect were present.

Pei Yan Ran looked at the appraisal on his hand and had a serious expression. He said in a deep voice: “Golden Crow Fire, this is a fourth grade fire seed.”

Xin Yan nodded: “Exactly, my Green Mulberry Fire, *Shimei*'s Violet Flora Fire, they are all fourth grade. I had heard of this Golden Crow Fire before, it comes from the sun, extremely *yang*, extremely strong. It cannot be merged. In the fourth grade, it is a rare fine fire source.”

Pei Yuan Ran smiled at Shi Feng Rong: “*Shimei* is really great. Zuo Mo had just studied with you and could make such a good thing as this.”

Shi Feng Rong had a cold face: "This has nothing to do with me."

Pei Yuan Ran smiled, not minding. He lowered his head to think. The other people were also silent. Golden Crow Fire, fourth grade fire source. This caused this little *dan*'s price to fly into the sky.

"*Shixiong*." Yan Le couldn't resist stating: "If it can form Golden Crow Fire, then its use for the sect would be gigantic. Doesn't Xu Yi still lack a good fire seed? And Zuo Mo himself, if he's learning *dan*-making, how can he not have a fire seed?"

What he was implying was that he wasn't very willing to sell it.

Pei Yuan Ran raised his head, responding: "I understand what you mean. That child, Xu Yi, I like him as well. And the forging branch of this sect would likely be passed on through him. He really does need Golden Crow Fire. But we still have to sell some. Right now, the outside probably has heard the news about this *dan*. If we don't sell any, it would enrage the public. That would only harm the sect without any benefit."

"Then *Shixiong* means....." Yan Le was hesitant.

"Just sell a small portion, we'll use the majority ourselves." Pei Yuan Ran gave a slight smile: "We'll give the market price to Zuo Mo, not one piece less."

"Market price?"

"Yes. Paper cannot hide fire. There are only just that many people in our Wu Kong Sword Sect that can make *dan*. There's no need to cause Zuo Mo to hate us in secret because of a few pieces of *jingshi*."

"Zuo Mo's past is unclear. There may be trouble in the future." Shi Feng Rong who had kept her cold face suddenly opened.

Wu Kong Hall became silent.

Zuo Mo's identity and origins was a question that everyone had been having a headache about. Before, Zuo Mo had only been an outer sect disciple. His origin hadn't been a big problem. But right now, he

wasn't just an inner sect disciple. Based on the direction, he would certainly become one of the core members of the next generation of Wu Kong Sword Sect. His identity and origins became a problem that Pei Yuan Ran and the others had to face.

"His origins might not be a problem....." Yan Le said unconfidently.

Pei Yuan Ran waved his hand: "Since we don't know anything, then don't think too much about it. Regardless, just the fact that he is a *ling* plant farmer, that's enough that we cannot give him up. Even more, there's now this *lingdan* that could make Golden Crow Fire."

Hearing this, everyone didn't speak anymore. They all knew that sect leader *Shixiong* was right. If they suddenly expelled Zuo Mo right now out of the sect, it would be what countless people wanted.

Xin Yan suddenly asked: "Can *Shimei* make this kind of *dan*?"

"I don't know [Art of Crimson Flame]." Shi Feng Rong said coolly: "This *dan* needs to use [Art of Crimson Flame]."

Manipulate water like fire. It was easy to say, but for a *ling* plant farmer, it was very difficult, especially when it was in a sword scripture.

There were, in total, seven moves in [*Li* Water Sword Scripture]. Manipulate water like fire was the core but it was too far right now for Zuo Mo. What he needed to do was familiarize himself with the sword moves. Each move would always have a few dozens of transformations. And each transformation needed to be controlled by *ling* energy. Even more, the entire process had to be completed in a thought.

Based on the complexity of *ling* energy manipulation, these sword moves weren't as complex as [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], but they needed to be finished in a very short amount of time so the difficulty actually increased. When making the move, the attention needed to be focused. That was even truer during battle. The other usually wouldn't give you the chance to think. You needed to instinctively finish the complete move.

This was also why sword cultivators liked pure things. The purer something was, the less the disturbance it had.

Zuo Mo finally could use that ice crystal sword. It was certainly a painful thing to look at a good item yet be unable to use it.

The ice crystal sword turned into a flashing white light as it flew around Zuo Mo, coldness seeping out. It was silent, yet it gave the feeling of being able to explode.

[*Li* Water Sword Scripture] wasn't a sword scripture that used sword moves to win. It only had seven sword moves and they were relatively simple. As he practiced, Zuo Mo increasingly felt that the person who created this sword scripture probably was a *ling* plant farmer. Many of the ways that the *ling* energy moved in the scripture was similar to the five element spells of a *ling* plant farmer.

Receiving the benefit of that, Zuo Mo quickly familiarized himself with the sword moves.

But familiarity was familiarity, so when he moved, there was still a feeling of rawness. Even Zuo Mo could see that his sword moves only had the appearance but not the substance of the move. But he had no solution for that. He might have comprehended a bit of sword essence but he didn't know at all how to merge sword essence with sword moves.

Right now, he was just swallowing it all and hoping to digest some. The manipulation of water like fire that Pu Yao had said, Zuo Mo couldn't make heads or tails of it. According to Pu Yao, the power of this [*Li* Water Sword Scripture] wasn't strong originally. If he couldn't manipulate water like fire, this sword scripture didn't have any value.

Manipulate water like fire!

Damn it, how could he manipulate water like fire?

His fundamentals were really too weak despite that he had touched the door to sword essence. Wei Sheng was obsessed with the sword, the number of sword scriptures and research that he had encountered couldn't be counted. Even though it wasn't anything high

quality, but he had already killed and with his wealthy battle experience, his fundamentals were extremely deep and no average sect disciple could compare. And inner sect disciples like Luo Li, they were taught from little by their Master, they could read everything in the records. In comparison, their fundamentals were much thicker than Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo, he barely managed to get a Master, but she only taught him *dan*-making. When he had been *lianqi*, he had only roughly studied those basic sword scriptures that Wei Sheng had given him. He truly had a weak base.

Pu Yao had lectured for two hours but it was all theoretical guidance, none of it practical.

But the time Zuo Mo had was only three months, how could he not be panicked?

Inside, he cursed the adulterous couple of Luo Li and Hao Min countless times. Zuo Mo tried to remain calm. He had practiced [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] to the fourth level, but had never found anything that connected it to fire.

Don't panic, don't panic.....

Closing his eyes, Zuo Mo recited to himself over and over.

When he opened his eyes again, his gaze had recovered its clarity, but deeply hidden was a touch of stubbornness.

Pu Yao said, wasn't it just sword essence? Sliced a few thousand times, naturally you will learn.

Zuo Mo said to himself, wasn't it just a sword scripture? *Ge* will slice it ten thousand times, if it fails, then a few dozen more, don't believe it won't work! If it doesn't, then slice one million times! Slice until it works!

Having decided, Zuo Mo wasn't panicked anymore and raised up his sword.

I slice!

Little West Wind Yard, the sword energy flew, coldness spread!

A storefront on the West Street of Dong Fu, many people had already gathered. These people gathered together and chattered and argued.

“Why hasn’t it opened yet? I’ve already waited an entire night.” Someone grouched.

“What’s a night? I’ve been guarding for two days and nights.” A person on the side followed up.

“Is this store going to open? Are they playing with us?”

“What can we do? It’s their *dan*, if they want to sell, they sell, if they don’t, you don’t have a choice.”

“That’s true. Do you really think that Golden Crow Pill can really form Golden Crow Fire?” Someone couldn’t resist asking: “Fourth grade Golden Crow Fire, does anyone in Dong Fu have it?”

“Haven’t heard that anyone had it. But it was an appraisal from the Medicine Institute so it shouldn’t be far off. Nothing else, essence of the sun, it would be beneficial if it’s added to a fire source.” The person who spoke was brawny and tall with a square face and large ears. He sighed: “The kind of thing that is fire seed, especially good fire source, is it something people like us can buy?”

“Bro, what do you do?”

“Me?” The square faced man said: “I make food.”

At this time, an old man suddenly greeted him: “Hey, Master Shao, you came too!”

The crowd suddenly stirred. The person who had been speaking with the square faced man instantly had a very interesting expression. No one would have thought that this large and brawny man was actually the best *ling* food chef in Dong Fu. The Food Pavilion of Master Shao, it was the most famous *ling* food restaurant in Dong Fu. He was especially skilled at making marvelous combinations of all kinds of *ling* food. The *ling* food he made, it

didn't only increased cultivation but the flavor was incomparable. Just *ling* grains, he could make over thirty six dishes.

The square faced man raised his hands: "Shopkeeper Wang, are you also here for the golden crow pill?"

The crowd stirred again. Some people had already guessed the old man's origins. Master Shao's Food Pavilion, Wang Sou Wine. The food pavilion sold all kinds of *ling* food, and Old Man Wang was skilled at fermenting all kinds of *ling* wine.

"Exactly." The person was a thin old man, his spine slightly bent but his beady eyes were extremely bright. His expression was slightly helpless: "I'm here for my precious granddaughter."

Master Shao chuckled: "What's the little girl learning?"

"Forging." Old Man Wang was clearly unsatisfied with his granddaughter choosing to learn forging. He couldn't help complaining; "My son learnt *dan*-making, my granddaughter learns forging. My handicraft, it seems I'm taking it into the ground.

"Don't panic, don't panic. If you ask for disciples, there would be countless people trying to get in." Master Shao hurriedly comforted.

"Oh!" Evidently having thought of something, Old Man Wang sighed. He looked at the surroundings. Seeing that more and more people were coming, his brow furrowed: "This Wu Kong Sword Sect looks like it's going to rise."

"En" Master Shao agreed: "But they do have the ability."

"Yes."

At this time, the tightly closed store door suddenly opened.

Chapter Fifty Five “Going To Get Rich?”

Li Ying Feng was slightly drowsy as she opened the store door. After Master had rushed back to Wu Kong Mountain a few days ago, he still hadn't returned. These two days, because Master wasn't here, she had kept the store closed. In any case, the recent inventory had pretty much all been sold. The next batch of *ling dan* from Fourth *Shigu* still hadn't left the cauldron and there wasn't much else to sell in the store.

Wu Kong Sword Sect was only a small sect and didn't have much produce. In Dong Fu, they only had this small store. Most of what they sold were the *lingdan* that Fourth *Shigu* made and the talismans that Second *Shishu* forged. If nothing was happening, she would sleep. After entering *zhuji*, there wasn't much need for sleep. However, for women sleep wasn't just a requirement, it was a form of relaxation. On this point, Li Ying Feng wasn't an exception. She frequently slept until her eyes rolled and became muddle-headed. It was completely different from her usual cleverness and generosity.

Huh.

Muddle-headed, Li Ying Feng seemed to see that there were many people outside the door. She suddenly became alert, her drowsiness completely vanished. Looking at the dense field of people, her entire body became numb.

So many people... .. what had happened.....

“It's open!”

“Finally open!”

“Hey, boss, I want to buy.....”

.....

.....

Pushing open the store door was like the spark that lit the fire. The originally quiet situation suddenly became noisy and messy. Looking at the sea of heads outside, Li Ying Feng was like a statue, pinned to the door entrance.

In the West Wind Valley, Zuo Mo felt that his entire body was numb, not one place wasn't sore.

Barely controlling the *ling* energy in his body, the ice crystal sword was wobbling in mid air. His eyes glared furiously as he tried to control the last remaining bit of *ling* energy in his body.

“Go!”

The voice was rough and dissonant.

The wobbling ice crystal sword turned to a flash of white light, leaving behind a faint cold mist in the air.

Pah!

The white light hit the wooden target ten feet away. There was a figure drawn on the target. It was the person who Zuo Mo cursed countless times everyday, Luo Li.

The wooden target instantly shattered. Each fragment was coated with a thin layer of ice.

“Fighting with *ge*! Kill you!”

.....

.....

Opening his eyes, Zuo Mo couldn't resist groaning. So painful! As he was struggling up, when he saw where he was, he finally remembered that he had fainted when practicing [*Li* Water Sword Scripture] as his *ling* energy ran out. First seeing that he was covered in mud. Then thinking about how in his dream, he had demolished the wooden target that had Luo Li drawn on it, he couldn't help laughing. That was really absurd!

One thousand and six!

That was the number of attacks he remembered before fainting. The *ling* energy in his body was at a dangerously low level. Before fainting, he had used up the *ling* energy too much. He decided to go to the rock room to recover his *ling* energy. The soreness over his body meant that each step was extremely painful. Like a turtle, he moved slowly towards the opening, his mouth giving groans along the way.

“*Shidi, Shidi!*”

Zuo Mo suddenly heard someone yelling from outside the valley. It was somewhat familiar. He stopped walking. He was secretly grateful that he hadn't entered the stone room.

He saw Xu Yi *Shixiong* fly in. When he saw Zuo Mo's sorry state, he first blanked and then smiled, “How did *Shidi* get like this?”

Zuo Mo grimaced, “I wasn't careful when practicing the sword and tripped.”

“*Shidi* really is hard working!” Xu Yi praised, and then sighed, “The matter between *Shidi* and Luo Li *Shixiong*, I can't really do anything. I heard that *Shidi* was lacking in *jingshi*, I still have some and can relieve *Shidi*'s need.” Finishing, he took out two pieces of third grade *jingshi*.

Zuo Mo blanked. He had a good impression of Xu Yi but didn't have a deep relationship. He had never thought that Xu Yi *Shixiong* would stand on his side on this matter. The other coming of his own initiative to shove *jingshi* at him, it was too strange.

And Zuo Mo was even more surprised by Xu Yi *Shixiong*'s next move.

He saw Xu Yi *Shixiong* take out a silver bracelet and hand it to Zuo Mo, “This is the Star Silver Vambrace. It is a defensive talisman I forged. Second grade, able to block three attacks from a *ningmai* cultivator.” Finishing his explanation, he shoved it into Zuo Mo's chest.

Zuo Mo was confused, and he completely did not understand the situation.

“Right, does *Shidi* still have any more of the great strength pill?” Xu Yi asked warmly.

“Great Strength Pill?” He didn’t know how Xu Yi *Shixiong* knew about the great strength pill. Looking at the two pieces of third grade *jingshi* and the shining vambrace on his hands, Zuo Mo was almost knocked unconscious by the meat pie from the sky. He replied instinctively, “Nothing left.”

“Then I want to order one hundred from *Shidi*, each one fifty pieces of second grade *jingshi*, how about it?” Xu Yi stared at Zuo Mo as he asked.

Fifty second grade *jingshi* each one, one hundred.....

Was he dreaming? He still hasn’t woken up? He looked dumbly at a place not far away — there wasn’t the wooden target that Luo Li was drawn on!

Wasn’t dreaming.....

“One hundred pills..... each one fifty pieces of second grade *jingshi*.....” He muttered to himself.

“Right, what does *Shidi* think?” Xu Yi was slightly nervous.

Had the world gone crazy?

Zuo Mo looked at Xu Yi *Shixiong* staring at him and thought dumbly.

“Does *Shidi* have some problems?” Xu Yi saw that Zuo Mo hadn’t reacted for a long time and couldn’t resist asking.

“No problem,” Zuo Mo’s voice was slightly weak. For some reason, he didn’t feel any joy. It might be that it felt too unrealistic!

“Amazing! I just knew that *Shidi* would definitely help,” Xu Yi grinned. He took out five pieces of third grade *jingshi* and shoved it onto Zuo Mo’s hand, “These five pieces of third grade *jingshi* can be the down payment. *Shidi*’s body is the first priority, don’t tire yourself. *Shidi*

doesn't have to send all one hundred pills at the same time. Oh, after the sect assessment, don't rush."

Zuo Mo dumbly agreed.

Seeing Xu Yi *Shixiong* contentedly leave, he still held a dumb expression. He hadn't managed to absorb what just happened.

Who could tell him what was going on?

Maybe it was really a dream, Zuo Mo thought inside. Maybe in the next instant, he would wake up. And the things on his hands would disappear in a blink.

"Is *Shizhi* here?"

Yan Le *Shishu*'s voice sounded from outside the valley. Before Zuo Mo could reply, Yan Le *Shibo* flew in.

When Yan Le saw Zuo Mo's state, he first stilled and then smiled, "Oh, *Shizi* really is hardworking! It really seemed that there was great hope for this year's sect assessment."

"*Shibo*!" Zuo Mo didn't dare offend him. Even if his entire body was sore, he still bowed.

Yan Le *Shibo* saw the things in Zuo Mo's arms and then thought of Xu Yi who he encountered outside the valley. He couldn't help but curse inside. Xu Yi might be collected and calm usually but his feet were really quick.

"Just now, I encountered your Xu Yi *Shixiong*. He should have already ordered great strength pill from you." Yan Le said smilingly.

"Huh, how does *Shibo* know?" In the elders, Zuo Mo felt the most harmonious was Yan Le *Shibo*.

"Haha, how many did he order?" Yan Le asked in response.

"One hundred pills."

As expected, the same as Second *Shixiong*, a single move was this vicious! Yan Le swore inside but the smile on his face became even

more harmonious, “*Shibo* has come this time for great strength pill as well.”

Zuo Mo, whose thoughts had just returned, suddenly stilled.

“Does *Shizhi*’s great strength pill contain sun essence?” Yan Le stared at Zuo Mo as he asked.

“Yes.” Zuo Mo woodenly nodded.

Yan Le clapped his hands and praised, “As expected!” Zuo Mo was frightened. With a head full of confusion, Zuo Mo finally couldn’t bear it and asked, “Even now, this disciple doesn’t understand. *Shibo*, what is going on?”

“He he, *Shizhi* don’t rush, I will tell you all.” Only now did Yan Le tell the result of the appraisal of great strength pill to Zuo Mo.

Fire source?

Zuo Mo had seen it before on the records. No matter if it was forging or *dan*-making, as long as it was using the fire method, a fire source was something necessary. The more rare and precious high quality the fire source was, the greater its aid in the process. Especially for those experts in *dan* and forging, fire source was especially important.

Zuo Mo finally understood.

What Golden Crow Fire exactly was, Zuo Mo wasn’t clear, but if it really was a fine one among the fourth grade fire source like Yan Le *Shibo* said... He instantly understood the value of the *dan* he made. Golden Crow Fire was the object of the dreams of the *dan* and forging cultivators!

Yan Le was secretly observing Zuo Mo’s eyes. It was a pity that Zuo Mo had a zombie face and nothing could be observed.

“The sect leader hopes that only we could receive the selling rights of the great strength pill from *Shizhi*. As to the price, don’t worry, *Shizhi*, we will use the market price.” Yan Le stared at Zuo Mo as he slowly explained.

Only selling rights?

Zuo Mo unhesitatingly nodded, "That isn't a problem." For him, it was the same whoever he sold it to but his roots were in the sect. If he gave the only selling rights to the sect, the sect naturally had to give him an equivalent repayment. The sect leader had always been fair. Zuo Mo was very confident on this point.

Yan Le was very satisfied with Zuo Mo's answer. He thought inside, Zuo Mo's identity and past might not be clear but he was very loyal to the sect.

His expression became even more harmonious, "Good, don't worry, we won't treat you unfairly. Other than the market price, the contribution point for each great strength pill will be double. If you are interested in cultivating the sword, in the future, the sect's [Shapeless Sword Scripture], [Empty Sword Scripture], and the other fourth grade sword scriptures can all be passed to you. Don't fail the hopes that the sect has in you. Right, the name great strength pill is too unpleasant, in the future, it will be changed to Golden Crow Pill."

Finishing, he took out a blue vest to hand to Zuo Mo, "This is a second grade Immortal Water *Ling* Armor. It's a piece of *Shibo*'s good will. If you wear it, it will add a bit more protection."

Zuo Mo hurried to thank him.

"*Shizhi* needs to make some soon." Yan Le gave a troubled expression, "Right now, your *Shijie* is being surrounded by people and can't get out. Only selling some *dan* can calm them down."

He couldn't help but admire Sect Leader *Shixiong*'s eyes. If they really didn't sell, it was likely that the sect's little store in Dong Fu would have been torn down. Wu Kong Sword Sect would have become known to everyone. At that time, it was hard to say if they could still keep Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo was stunned. He hadn't thought that the matter would be like that. He instantly said, "Don't worry, *Shibo*, this disciple will immediately make a batch." To say nothing of anything else, if Li

Ying Feng *Shijie* was in trouble he could not ignore it.

Yan Le nodded contentedly and after exhorting Zuo Mo again, he finally left.

Zuo Mo finally reacted, his eyes large as he became excited!

Curiously examining the immortal water *ling* armor in his hand, this was the first time he had seen *ling* armor. In curiosity, he added in *ling* energy. The immortal water *ling* armor suddenly turned into a ball of blue water and climbed up his arm, quickly covering his body. He could clearly feel the connection between this *ling* armor and him.

Was he really going to get rich?

He stared dumbly at the immortal water *ling* armor on his body. There were still hints of disbelief in his eyes.

Chapter Fifty Six “Determination”

Great strength pill, no, golden crow pill, the change it caused to Zuo Mo's circumstances was very evident, especially in resolving his financial situation. But no matter if it was Xu Yi *Shixiong* or Yan Le *Shibo*, they all seemed to think Zuo Mo didn't have a chance. This could be seen from the talismans they gave. One gave a vambrace, the other *ling* armor. They was all defensive. Clearly, the two were only trying to make it a less ugly ordeal for Zuo Mo.

Right now, the problem in front of Zuo Mo was very serious.

One was earning *jingshi*, the other was practicing sword scripture.

Presently, he was in debt. Earning *jingshi* was undoubtedly the most pressing. No matter what time, earning *jingshi* was the greatest problem he had to face. And cultivating sword scripture, in a very large way, it would decide his outcome when he faced Luo Li's challenge in the sect assessment.

This two matters all dragged in a question. Time. If he made *dan*, then the time he had to practice sword scripture would drastically shorten. Originally, he didn't have much of a chance at winning. Calculating it that way, Zuo Mo felt his rate of winning was basically zero.

In the end, did he want *jingshi* or to fight for his honor?

Zuo Mo became trapped in a dilemma.

“Ye, what have you been up to recently?” The pink paper crane flew in, the same graceful writing.

“Practicing the sword!”

“Oh, when did ye become so vigorous? I'm not very used to it.”

“Going up against a cold and perverted man!”

“Hee hee, what happened?”

“His woman flirted with me, got slapped. He came to get back.” Zuo Mo gave it a bit of “improvement”. Oh, it could be considered flirtation, Zuo Mo thought.

“Chop him!” A strong bandit aura came through the two graceful words. Zuo Mo, a man, blushed with shame.

“But right now there’s a really good chance to earn lots of *jingshi*.” Zuo Mo, for some strange reason, wrote down his dilemma.

“Gentlemen can be killed, but cannot be humiliated. Just measly *jingshi*. Do not let me look down on ye.”

Just measly *jingshi*. As expected from those that didn’t know hunger and thirst. Zuo Mo was reflecting. Why did he ask such an unreliable person? He disdainfully replied: “Woman, what gentleman are you?” His gaze uncontrollably stopped for a while on the “gentlemen can be killed but cannot be humiliated.”

“Hee hee, I only hope for ye to display his masculinity!”

“Ye’s going to work. Don’t reply.” Zuo Mo returned the words and threw the brush to one side.

Zuo Mo spent one day working hard in the *dan* room. He gave all the golden crow pills he made to Yan Le *Shibo* to free Li Ying Feng *Shijie* from her predicament.

Before the sect assessment, Zuo Mo decided not to make anymore. He decided to put all his time on practicing the sword. Whenever he thought about Luo Li and Hao Min’s face, his entire body was filled with the urge to fight. Why did he earn *jingshi*? Wasn’t it to become strong, wasn’t it to become strong and be able to find the answer?

After thinking it through, he didn’t hesitate any longer.

Hesitance, indecisiveness, it was all brushed away. Zuo Mo felt the world suddenly became light, his mind clear, unspeakably comfortable.

Returning to West Wind Valley, he took up Ice Crystal Sword and started to practice [*Li* Water Sword Scripture] over and over.

He closed off the valley and he had hanged up a sign saying: "In seclusion, do not disturb."

This quickly became a joke in Wu Kong Sword Sect. Zuo Mo had come out of the outer sect disciples, the incident with Hao Min made others feel he was too arrogant. Adding on the hot sales of golden crow pill, there were many that were jealous. Many people were looking to see his joke.

This was the difference. Luo Li's attitude was cold and arrogant but people were only in awe and found it matter of fact. And Zuo Mo slapping Hao Min, even though it was first Hao Min's fault, but people didn't like seeing it.

Just at this time, Qin Cheng *Shixiong* came back. Qin Cheng *Shixiong* was the student of the sect leader. His cultivation wasn't the highest, nor was his attack power. But he was born authoritative, deeply trusted by others and had a high reputation.

Luo Li and Qin Cheng sat facing each other. Qin Cheng had a square face and thick brows. His clothes were dusty, the exhaustion in his brows unable to be covered. But sitting there, he naturally gave off an aura of authority.

Qin Cheng lectured: "You were too brash. Taking Hao Min *Shijie* for this long and not returning, no wonder Sect Leader was angry."

Facing Qin Cheng, the iciness on Luo Li's face dissolved slightly. He was unconcerned: "As long as she's happy."

Facing his *Shidi*, Qin Cheng was helpless. How his *shimei* Hao Min's personality was, he knew very well. He could only change the topic: "Have you improved recently?"

Luo Li said proudly: "Fifth level."

Qin Cheng gave a comforted expression. He took out a jade scroll: "This is [Shapeless Sword Scripture]. Take it and study it well."

When Luo Li heard the words [Shapeless Sword Scripture], the light in his eyes brightened.

“Wei Sheng has entered the Sword Cave, the sect leader and others have high hopes for him and must be hoping that he could recover [Void Sword Scripture].” Qin Cheng glanced at Luo Li: “He once was your sword servant, you cannot lose to him.”

Luo Li’s expression was abnormally ugly, his fists clenching, unfeeling of the nails biting into his flesh. This matter, it had been a thorn in his heart. That pathetic person that he had ordered around before, the attentions paid to him now in the sect far surpassed himself. Whenever he thought about it, it was like there were worms chewing on his heart.

“In the past, [Void Sword] was split into [Shapeless Sword Scripture] and [Empty Sword Scripture]. If the sword scripture could be split, it can be merged again. Wei Sheng might have outstanding your talent, but I’ve always been confident in *Shidi*’s talents.” Qin Cheng said slowly: “I hope that this can recover the glory of the founder on *Shidi*’s hands.”

Luo Li’s breathing became rushed. He stared at the jade scroll on his hand, his expression changing.

[Void Sword Scripture], this name that he had dreamed countless times about. The highest skill that the founder of the sect had created! In the countless techniques of the world, it ranked sixth grade, immensely powerful!

Recover the founder’s glory.....

Shixiong’s words were like thunder from the heavens, echoing by his ears. The blood in his body seemed to have been light up. He seemed to see himself standing in the clouds, looking down at the world!

Barely suppressing the excitement in his heart, he put away the jade stick and bowed slightly, stating seriously: “*Shidi* will try the best!”

Wu Kong Hall, Pei Yuan Ran and Xin Yan were drinking tea. After killing *yao* last time in the *ling* fields, when they had the free time, they would gather to drink tea and chat.

“It’s a pity that Third *Shidi* isn’t here, otherwise we three would have gathered again.” Pei Yuan Ran smiled: “He’s probably going to be busy for a while.”

Xin Yan drank his tea. He was different in the way he drank, completely lacking the grace and idleness that other people had. Whenever Pei Yuan Ran would pour it full for him, he would raise it and drink to the bottom. Clean and crisp. After that, he poured it for himself, drinking cup after cup.

“Drinking like you, it really is wasting my *ling* tea.” Pei Yuan Ran was in pain.

Xin Yan didn’t even look at him, not stopping. He asked: “What Tian Song Zi said, how about it?”

Pei Yuan Ran’s face became serious: “It’s not unreasonable. Third *Shidi* had been complaining a while ago that the price of *ling* grains had risen astronomically. It is a little hint. How do you feel?”

Xin Yan stopped for the first time. He nodded his head: “I feel it’s true.”

“Why?”

“Hunting *yao* is getting harder and harder.” Xin yan said: “On the market, the number of *yao* inner cores have become less and the price as multiplied.”

“I forgot that you also forge.” Pei Yuan Ran nodded in agreement: “It’s true that there are less people willing to hunt *yao*. Even those big sects, they put their direction onto searching for new *jie*.”

The words of the two were filled with worry. Three thousand years, the *xiuzhe* had defeated the *yaomo*. The remaining strong *yaomo* had used their own bodies and blood as the guide, seven medium *jie* as the axis, forty nine little *jie* as the screen to create Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie*. *Ling* energy in Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie* was extremely lacking, extremely disadvantageous for *xiuzhe*. *Yaomo*, on the other hand, were not affected. This meant that Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie* became the *yaomo*’s most trusted defensive line.

But in these three thousand years, the attacks of *xiuzhe* against Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie* had never stopped. Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie* had become a constant battlefield. Countless cultivators had become famous there.

Many things on the body of *yaomo* were rare materials for *xiuzhe*. Forging, *dan*-making, food, it was all useful. The stronger the *yaomo*, the higher the value. Therefore, many people went for the *yaomo* and then this exercise had its own name: Yao Hunt.

However, in the recent long period, there were less and less people going to Yao Hunt. The continuously appearing *yaomo* strong masters caused the casualty rate of the cultivators in Yao Hunt to be extremely high. The risk was too high, the profits shrunk and caused the number of cultivators in Yao Hunt to decrease dramatically.

And in the last few years, the active area of cultivators in Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie* kept retreating. Incidents where *yaomo* actively attacked *xiuzhe* had occurred. Everything was hinting that the *yaomo* had recovered.

All the cultivators who had at least some foresight were full of worry.

If *yaomo* could push the *xiuzhe* out of Bloody Sky Metropolis *Jie*, that meant that they could start an attack on *xiuzhe* at any time!

There wasn't any room for diplomacy between *xiuzhe* and *yaomo*. Three thousand years ago, the *xiuzhe* almost exterminated all *yaomo*. Only now have they recovered, and the hatred between them were as deep as the sea.

If another great war like the one that occurred three thousand years ago happened again, not one *xiuzhe* would be unaffected.

"He wants to host a Dong Fu Sword Test Conference? Why would Tian Song Zi mention Zuo Mo's name?" Xin Yan asked: "He is only a *ling* plant farmer."

In the letter Tian Song Zi gave Pei Yuan Ran, he said he would host a sword test conference. Inside, he had specifically mentioned Wei Sheng and Zuo Mo's names.

“Don’t know.” Pei Yuan Ran grimaced: “Probably that the incident with golden crow pill had been too big and attracted Tian Song Zi’s attention. Right, who do you feel about that youth, Yu Bai?”

“Not bad, stronger than Luo Li.”

“Wei Sheng?”

“Hard to say.”

“It seems that Tian Song Zi’s branch will have a successor.” Pei Yuan Ran drawled: “Zuo Mei Tian’s disciple supposedly isn’t bad. If there really is a Dong Fu Sword Test Conference, it would be a bit interesting.”

Xin Yan didn’t speak and started to drink another cup of tea. After a while, he raised his head: “You agreed?”

“No rush, have to wait for Wei Sheng to come out of the Sword cave. Even more, the sect assessment is starting.” Pei Yuan Ran smiled: “Have you heard about the matter between Luo Li and Zuo Mo?”

“Winning dishonorably.” Xin Yan spat out.

“Haha, that’s true.” Pei Yuan Ran laughed. A beat later, he said: “Luo Li’s talents isn’t bad, but his personality is a bit lacking. If he’s like Wei Sheng.....”

Xin Yan rolled his eyes: “Don’t be greedy.”

“Haha.....” Pei Yuan Ran laughed again.

Chapter Fifty Seven “Like Fire”

Five thousand nine hundred and twenty three!

Zuo Mo's mouth was wide as he panted heavily, his eyes bulging like a fish before death as he stared at the ice crystal sword floating in front of him. He was like a bamboo stalk swaying in the wind, his body trembling. The clothing was soaked, pasted to his body and revealing his thin stature.

Bam, he fell down. He lost control of the ice crystal sword in midair and with a clang, it dropped to the ground.

Weakly looking at the sky, Zuo Mo's brain was ringing. The last bit of *ling* energy had been cleanly wrung out.

Five thousand nine hundred and twenty three times!

If he sliced four thousand more times, he would reach ten thousand.....

He hadn't wasted his time slicing five thousand nine hundred and twenty three times. Any move in [*Li* Water Sword Scripture], right now, he could unthinkingly complete it in one breath, with no pauses or raw spots. But it was only the sword moves.

The sword moves were the appearance, the sword essence was the bones.

Sword moves without sword essence, it was like a paper tiger, only appearing frightening.

Each sword scripture, the sword essence they had was different. Even in the same sword scripture, different cultivators would form different sword essences. What Zuo Mo had comprehended was Xin Yan *Shishu's* tidal sword essence and not *Li* Water sword essence!

Only a matching sword essence could merge with the sword moves into one.

When he had sliced four thousand times, Zuo Mo realized this rule. The tidal sword essence he had secretly learned from Xin Yan *Shibo*, it would only have the greatest effect with its matching sword moves. He might have used the sword energy from the golden sword ring to form it one, but Zuo Mo postulated, it was either because the sword energy of the gold ring sword was too low or that he had performed abnormally well that time.

He had tried countless times but was still unable to merge the tidal sword essence into the sword moves of [*Li Water Sword Scripture*]. The two were like two completely different entities, unable to tolerate each other.

If Zuo Mo hadn't comprehended a sword essence, he wouldn't be facing this problem. But after personally experiencing being sliced so many times, the power and greatness of sword essence had already been struck into his heart. A power that easily could slice a soul. Compared to that, the beautiful and grand sword moves were only pretty but not practical.

Sword essence, this was undoubtedly the question he cared about the most.

There wasn't much time. He had no method to rely on himself to find it so he could only go find Pu Yao.

"Hee hee, want to know? Uh-huh." Pu Yao gave an intoxicating smile.

Zuo Mo proactively threw the *jingshi* that he gained from making the golden crow pills to Pu Yao.

"It seems that we have connected on a deeper level now." Pu Yao gave a light laugh and then said absent-mindedly: "Of course the sword essence from each sword scripture is different, do you need to think about such an idiotic question? Go comprehend *Li Water* sword essence. Just find a river, go look, what is water. Oh, as to fire, there it is!"

Zuo Mo scanned the surroundings. The deep red flames seemed leap to attention, the flames sprouting higher.

"Open your eyes and take a good look. It won't be free next time."

Pu Yao voice came out from the sea of fire.

The consciousness was entirely fiery red, the flames dancing rapidly. Countless deep red flames slowly started to rise. It was like countless red flowers blooming in the sky. Each ball of flame was jumping at a certain rhythm. The outer red flames were like the tongues of snakes, spitting randomly.

The whole sky was filled with balls of flames. Suddenly, they all started to head for the center. The entire process was done without a sound, like water flowing into the ocean, not a ripple was made.

An enormous flame rose in Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness. It exchanged light with the star in the void. It burned quietly. None of the flame flowers could be seen. What could be seen was a red-black sun. A pure red color, as though it was made from crimson metal liquid. Some places were so red it was black. On the surface of the ball, dense flames spit and spat.

"Hot." Zuo Mo felt as if he was in a stove. A wave of heat rushed over. His entire body seemed to be roasting over a fire. He actually felt a strong burning pain.

He was stunned.

Everything in the sea of consciousness wasn't material. Even he was just a bit of spirit. Like these flames, in the past, no matter if they took over the consciousness, Zuo Mo hadn't felt any heat. But this time, this red ball so hot it was almost black, it made him frightened.

The ball of fire serenely floated in midair, burning quietly. But this quiet held agitation and danger. It made Zuo Mo feel awe. The quiet here was like a thin layer of eggshell, able to break at any time.

Just at this time, the ball of flame exploded without a warning!

Zuo Mo saw an extremely awe-inspiring picture!

Countless red-black flames flowed like a volcano's lava flows, heading in all directions. The flames were like rain. Everything that Zuo Mo could see was dyed red!

The countless flames colored the black sky crimson red!

Big and small flames, after the shock of the initial high-speed impact, their speeds slowed down.

A sky full of fire flowers, they floated slowly like red dandelion seeds blown by the wind, travelling where the wind blew. The scorching heat caused the air to warp, making the scene seem unrealistic.

Zuo Mo stood dumbstruck in his spot. Suddenly, he remembered that black sea, the picture of the countless black dandelion seeds flying.

The dark red flames jumping in air finally landed on the ground. Once they landed, it was like they grew roots and quickly spread. In the blink of an eye, Zuo Mo was surrounded by a sea of fire. Everything returned to normal. But this sea of fire didn't give off a feeling of burning. He dazedly reached out a hand, and like it didn't exist, the hand traveled through the flames.

Was this fire.....

What he had just seen gave him a shock that he had never had before!

In the next few days, Zuo Mo's mind was in a trance. The scene in the sea of consciousness continuously repeated in front of his eyes. Like a puppet, he lost his soul, muddled.

The bewitching scene full of power, every detail, it was like it was burned into his mind.

Like fire.....

Xiao Guo wiped her sweat. Seeing that mark on the wooden board in front of her, a happy expression appeared on her naive and adorable apple face.

She could send out a sword energy now!

Also, this was not relying on the aid of the golden sword ring that Zuo Mo *Shixiong* had given her, but a sword energy she had made based on her own cultivation. She had persisted in practicing the

jade scroll that Zuo Mo had given her last time. She didn't know how she had come through this time. The things in the jade stick were not complicated, but to a girl who had stayed in the zoo from very little, the difficulty was like trying to ascend the heavens.

Sweat, tiredness, pain, incorrect, not understanding, lost.....

In secret, she had cried so many times that even she didn't know. Cried until her eyes were like peaches. But after crying each time, she would start practicing again. Pain, tiredness, and then cry, and then start practicing.....

That pair of soft and tender hands, right now, it had a bit of strength and power.

Shijie became an inner sect disciple, *Shixiong* also became an inner sect disciple.....

Her pink fists tightened, that pair of bright eyes full of resolve — Xiao Guo will definitely become an inner sect disciple!

Before, there had been *Shijie* protecting her, after, it had been *Shixiong*. Even though *Shixiong* was a bit ugly, and his temper wasn't good, but, unknowingly, Xiao Guo felt that this *Shixiong* that she was slightly afraid of became her role model. Especially when *Shixiong* gave the jade scrolls to her and told her to practice hard and protect everyone else, Xiao Guo made a decision, she would do her best!

Tilting her head, she thought innocently.

"Xiao Guo, Xiao Guo." Someone was calling her.

"Hey." She hurriedly responded.

A few of the *shijie* ran over and said: "Let's go together to Dong Fu, it's been so long since we went."

"Come with us."

No one knew she was practicing sword scriptures. She would always sneak away to practice every day by herself.

She really didn't want to go. She still hadn't finished her practice for today. When she was going to decline, she suddenly remembered that *Shixiong* said to her to protect everyone. When the word reached her mouth, it became: "En, okay!"

Dong Fu Hall, Yu Bai was reporting to Tian Song Zi: "The letters and invitations have all been sent out. Wu Kong Sword Sect and Dong Qi Sword Sect, it had been this disciple personally delivering them."

"En, it was hard for you." Tian Song Zi nodded in praise. He suddenly remembered something and ordered: "For the next while, make sure to control the people in the city. Pay attention that nothing will happen."

"Is something going to happen?" Yu Bai hurriedly asked.

"Still remember the stars in daytime?"

"Remember. Has there been any discoveries?" Yu Bai's heart shook. That strange and odd marvel, he probably wouldn't forget it in his lifetime. The apparition of Wei Sheng's *zhuji* had been sword energy reaching the heavens, stunning him greatly. But in comparison, that quietly appearing, stars that appeared without a sign in the sky, what he felt was a bone-aching cold.

Tian Song Zi shook his head: "Nothing. The *Jie* Master had scanned the entire *jie* with his mind and hadn't found any abnormalities. But, when *Jie* Master asked for help from his sect, he found that stars in daytime are related to *yaomo*."

"*Yaomo*?" Yu Bai cried out.

"Right. But, even in the oldest texts, the records about it are very vague. They only say that it is related to *yaomo*." Tian Song Zi's face was heavy, and he said in a deep voice: "Most importantly, it is a great ominous omen!"

"Ominous omen!" Yu Bai's face slightly paled.

Apparitions, even though they weren't common, but they would occasionally appear. When a treasure came out of the ground, when someone had a breakthrough in cultivation, forging or *dan*-making,

they all could create apparitions. But of the apparitions that could be called an ominous omen, Yu Bai only knew a few of them. And each one of them all meant the sky and earth changing, blood flowing in rivers. Like when a *jie* was going to shatter, the land would crack, water would flow in the sky, that was an ominous omen. Under such circumstances, even those of the highest cultivation could not escape. They would be destroyed with the *jie*, turned to nothing.

Tian Song Zi sighed: "The world is going to have an upheaval! *Yaomo* is going to rise!" He glanced at Yu Bai and then said: "Do not worry too much. *Yaomo* is the natural enemies of all *xiuzhe*. On this point, no matter which sect, they would not retreat. This time, Sky Guard *Jie* has sent quite a few strong people who will soon arrive at Sky Moon *Jie* to investigate this matter. The cultivators all have high cultivation. To avoid conflict, you need to put effort into restricting the people. Don't create a disorder. Remember to notify all the sects."

"Yes!" Yu Bai hurriedly complied.

"Hopefully they will resolve it." Tian Song Zi muttered to himself.

Yu Bai was silent. He didn't know how to comfort Master.

Chapter Fifty Eight “Terror”

Nine thousand four hundred and eleven!

After dazing around for three days, Zuo Mo started to furiously practice sword moves again. The picture in his sea of consciousness gave an unparalleled shock. He seemed to have understood something, but couldn't grasp it. Three days later, he suddenly woke and understood.

All kinds of comprehension, it wasn't a building in the sky. Without a solid base, even if you understood it, you could not produce it. Even more, Zuo Mo didn't understand sword essence completely. Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had sat in front of the waterfall for months, battled lots of times, before he had comprehended just those basic things. His talent at the sword was far from Wei Sheng *Shixiong*. How could it be so easy?

Finally knowing where the problem was, Zuo Mo controlled his panicking heart and started to practice the sword moves of [*Li Water Sword Scripture*].

When he was tired to his limits, his *ling* energy used up, he would meditate in the rock room.

Recovering, he would start again. Just like this, without a break in between.

Nineteen thousand and twenty two!

Zuo Mo's clothing was torn, his body a mess, his eyes sunk deep. Only that pair of eyes were lit up like a fire, burning relentlessly.

Seven moves. Each detail of each move, he had thought it over countless times. He was so familiar to a point that he couldn't even believe it. The ice crystal sword was like a part of his body. He could easily control it to do any move. That bit of consciousness, it was like a strong spider silk thread that held on to the sword.

In the air, the ice crystal sword slowly wavered like a fish waving its tail as it swam against the current. The rate at which the ice crystal sword wavered continuously increased. With the ice crystal sword as the center, large circles of transparent ripples appeared in the air.

Zuo Mo's eyes were slightly closed as he tasted the tiniest changes on the ice crystal sword.

Without a sound, the ice crystal sword suddenly disappeared from its spot, only leaving behind transparent ripples that shook in the air.

Ding!

A sound that was the lightest possible!

The ice crystal sword entered into the rock face of the valley, leaving behind a small hole. After a while, the rock surrounding the tiny hole became covered in a dense yet thin layer of ice.

The sword was like water, illusory and shapeless.

Zuo Mo closed his eyes, reminiscing on the entire process. The path the ice crystal sword had taken was actually a curve. Like water flowing down a mountain, extremely natural and smooth. This move [Flowing Water], according to the words of [Li Water Sword Scripture], it was a small progress. But Zuo Mo was very dissatisfied. If this move had sword essence, the sword would have gone beyond the three feet into the rock.

There was someone in the valley. Zuo Mo felt it in his heart. In this amount of time, other than practice sword scripture, all his other time was put onto meditation. Other than the improvement of his sword scripture, his cultivation had increased ferociously!

"*Shijie*." Zuo Mo saw it was Li Ying Feng and got off his guard.

Li Ying Feng saw Zuo Mo's state and jumped. Then she frowned: "*Shidi*, fighting is important, but speed isn't everything. If you are too exhausted, it would have the opposite effect."

Zuo Mo: "I'm fine."

"For you." Li Ying Feng couldn't deal with Zuo Mo and handed over a

jade scroll: “Xu Yi Xia *Shijie* came back. This is a jade scroll that she gave me. Recorded inside is one of the times that Luo Li *Shixiong* was fighting. If you have the time, you could take a look.”

Zuo Mo stilled. He hadn’t thought that there was this matter and couldn’t help but be curious. Before Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had *zhuji*, Luo Li *Shixiong* had always been the genius of the sect. Even Wei Sheng *Shixiong* was just his sword servant. Zuo Mo was very curious what level he really was at. Looking at Li Ying Feng *Shijie* who looked slightly tired, he was grateful, and raised his hands. He said: “Many thanks, *Shijie*.”

“It was just a coincidence that Xu Yi Xia *Shijie* returned.” Li Ying Feng said: “*Shidi* needs to work hard. Not just Xu Yi Xia *Shijie* has returned. Supposedly, Eldest *Shijie* is also returning soon.”

“En, I will!” Zuo Mo said resolutely.

Li Ying Feng added a few more cautions before leaving.

Returning to the valley, Zuo Mo impatiently added *ling* energy to the jade scroll.

It looked like the battlefield was a mine underground. The light was poor, and it was very dark. Zuo Mo couldn’t help but furrow his brows. He didn’t know if it was that he was used to sunlight but he really didn’t like this kind of dark underground place. Suppressing the dislike inside, his head turned quickly.

This should be the mine that Luo Li governed.

Luo Li *Shixiong*’s personality was cold and his relationship with the other *shixiong* wasn’t very good. Supervising a sect was a hard duty. It was long term underground, dull and harsh. Other than Luo Li *Shixiong*, no one was willing to go.

Zuo Mo looked extremely carefully, afraid of missing a detail.

He saw a crowd of people facing Luo Li *Shixiong*.

“Brothers, since we can’t even get full, it’s just a death. Rather than starve to death, we should rather fight against him!” Someone

shouted. But his shaking legs clearly betrayed the terror in his heart. The other people shook all over as well but their eyes were red.

Zuo Mo remembered that he had heard of *xiu* slaves from the sound tablet. These people should be *xiu* slaves.

Seeing these people's eyes, Zuo Mo suddenly thought, when a wild animal was in desperate straits, were they like this as well?

"Huang Ze, I promoted you to head, and you repay me like this?" Luo Li said coldly.

"Head?" The leader of the crowd smiled bitterly: "Can't even live, what's the use in being the head? The *jingshi* under is becoming rare, the rules didn't change. One piece of *jingshi* exchanged for that little bit of food. We've continuous to dig down. The corrosion from the earth energy is even stronger. The month before last, ten of us died. Last month, thirty of us died! It's only been half of this month, but thirty five have already died!"

The crowd was very excited. The people that had been trembling were not trembling any longer. Their eyes didn't have any more terror, only rage!

Luo Li looked indifferently at these people

"Hope! Since there isn't a f—ing hope!" The person's eyes were bloodshot as he howled: "We'll just ask for an enjoyment!"

"Enjoyment?" Luo Li suddenly opened coldly: "Then I will give you enjoyment!"

As his words landed, without a warning, a blood line appeared on the people's necks. The excited and uncontrolled people didn't detect it.

Pew pew pew!

Blood sprayed out from their neck. Dozens of blood pillars sprayed at the same time, the warm blood being sprayed everywhere onto the top and sides of the cavern. Large sections of red, alarming to the eye.

Between the sounds of blood spraying, there was the sound of rolling. The heads of these *xiu* slaves rolled beside the feet of their corpses. Dozens of corpses were standing as they sprayed blood. The heads by the feet were perfect and untouched, the features clear. It was even possible to see the expression and large eyes of these *xiu* slaves before their death. After a while, these headless corpses finally fell down.

“Argh.....” Seeing this, Zuo Mo’s chest started to roil. He couldn’t contain it and crouching on the ground, he started to throw up.

He had never thought that one day, he would see such a terrifying and bloody picture!

His body tightened. Was that person, like a monster, uncaring of other people’s live, was that Luo Li *Shixiong*? A long time ago, he had heard that Luo Li *Shixiong*’s temper wasn’t good but now he understood that Luo Li *Shixiong*’s “bad temper” was very different than the one he understood.

Xiu slaves, were they *xiu* slaves? But why did *xiu* slaves seem no different than him?

This thought only flashed in his mind. Zuo Mo had never thought he was a person that bemoaned the state of the universe and pitied others. In his perspective, he had no qualification to pity others. He himself was struggling at the lowest level of society. Even though he was now an inner sect disciple, a *ling* plant farmer, but he was still only a little person.

His gaze landed on those corpses, the heads and the fresh blood that had sprayed everywhere.....

Shixiong’s gave was cold, indifferent. The picture in front of his eyes, it seemed to be a very normal thing in the eyes of *Shixiong*.

Zuo Mo felt that he was shuddering, trembling, unable to control his fear.

In these two years, he spent every day in the *ling* fields. He had never thought that one day, he would face fresh blood and corpses.

Would Luo Li, during the sect assessment, kill him off?

Or take off one of his limbs?

Zuo Mo's brain turned to a mess. Terror spread through his entire body like the red-black fire in his sea of consciousness. He was afraid.....

Heavy Sword Hall was the place that Qin Cheng resided in normally. Even though he had left for a time, but someone still had taken care of it. Inside the hall, everyone was in a pile, extremely lively.

Qin Cheng smiled,: "Us brothers, it's been so long since we gathered. Being able to gather today, we should drink."

Xu Yi hurriedly waved his hand: "Tea, tea, we're not drinking wine."

A green-clad female sat beside Xu Yi, delicate and adorable. She was Xu Yi Xia. She mischievously poked out her tongue: "Second *Shixiong* is still this weak, no improvement!"

Xu Yi was helpless against his *shimei*. Xu Yie Xia was naughty and adorable, her personality cheerful, and understood how to gain the affections of the elders. She was the most favored one of the disciples. Xu Yi had suffered on her hands and could only grimace.

Luo Li sat on the side, unconcernedly drinking tea, his face cold. Hao Min sat beside him. At this time, she couldn't help say: "It's great that everyone has returned. If you haven't returned, those bastards would have climbed onto our heads!"

Hearing Hao Min's unpleasant words, Xu Yi and Xu Yi Xia's expression became slightly irritated.

"*Shimei* shall not speak nonsense. We are all disciples of the same sect. If the sect leader heard, you will be punished again." Qin Cheng berated. He had always been authoritative. Hearing this, Hao Min could only stay quiet.

"However," Qin Cheng's tone turned as he looked at everyone else: "we know each other and grew up together, We are like brothers. Helping each other, that's reasonable." He continued: "The elders

have their own ideas, but we have our own feelings.”

Everyone nodded. They had grown up together from little. Having someone else entering, they naturally were unwilling.

“Hee hee.” Xu Yie Xia said naughtily: “Exactly. Even though Luo Li *Shixiong* has a cold face all the time, but I will still help you. I gave that jade stick where *Shixiong* killed thirty *xiu* slaves with one sword to Li Ying Feng. It must be on the little zombie’s hands by now.”

“How can you reveal your *Shixiong*’s sword moves!” Hearing this, Hao Min was enraged.

Xu Yi Xia wasn’t scared of Hao Min at all. She helplessly rolled her eyes: “This is called a mental attack! That little zombie, he just farms, where would he have seen something like that? Even I was scared half to death seeing it! I’m guessing that he’ll just faint! Putting down a seed of fear in his hear, he will.....”

Luo Li suddenly stood up. His face dark, he said in a cold voice: “Against a *ling* plant farmer, do I, Luo Li, need such cheap tricks?”

Finishing, his head not turning back, he left.

Chapter Fifty Nine “Practicing Sword In The Water”

Zuo Mo was stunned. The picture inside the jade scroll gave him an earth-shattering shock!

The following days, he would wake up at night. The bloody and terrifying scene tormented him like a nightmare.

In the *ling* fields, he dazedly sat, his mind unfocused, his complexion extremely poor. Looking at the *ling* grasses and herbs that were growing well in the fields, he suddenly felt that his life had changed a lot, completely different than before.

Why was it like that?

He asked himself.

He suddenly remembered that strange dream that had puzzled him for two years. The slightly familiar voice in the dream. Unconsciously, he couldn't help compare the nightmare of the last two days to the frequently repeating dream. Compared to the nightmare of the last few days, the usual dream didn't have a bit of blood. But whenever he was shocked awake, it was like he had been lifted out of the water, his entire body soaked.

It clearly wasn't a bloody and scary dream but it always made him so nervous, terrified. Yes, terrified. When he woke, other than sweat, there was also his stiff body. He didn't know when he was dreaming, what his sleeping body was like. But undoubtedly, he was definitely afraid. But he didn't know what he was afraid of.

That dream, it was the reason that he was pursuing power. He believed that there was really something behind the dream.

That “You must not forget even in death,” damn it, what is it!

Suddenly the blood and the headless corpses became less scary in

Zuo Mo's eyes. For some reason, the frequent yet not scary dream, the terror that it brought Zuo Mo far outweighed those bloody scenes.

What was he doing?

Zuo Mo suddenly seemed to have woken up. He hit his head heavily.

Why did he get scared by just that scene? To search for the answer, wasn't he willing to put his life on the line?

This world, what was more frightening than having the same dream repeating each night? This world, what was more frightening than clearly knowing you had something important you shouldn't forget but could not remember? What was more frightening than have your features changed and mind erased but you were still safe?

Zuo Mo's blank eyes slowly focused, his eyes resuming clarity and brightness.

What was he afraid of?

Wasn't it just his life?

He told himself inside. If he wanted to search for answer, he would definitely encounter people countless times more dangerous, and more powerful. If he couldn't get through this barrier, if he retreated from this step, how could he search for answers?

The person who changed his features and erased his mind was a powerful person who even Master was wary of!

Zuo Mo stood up. After thinking it through, his mind became clear. Unknowingly, his mental state and cultivation improved hugely. He had comprehended something. Cultivation, it was to have a steady heart, and not waver!

Once again, he took up the ice crystal sword, once again starting to practice. There wasn't loss, there wasn't confusion. He was even more hard-working than before. He needed to catch up all the time he had wasted previously.

In the time of two months, Zuo Mo didn't leave the mountain valley.

Seeing that there was only one month until the sect assessment, Zuo Mo still didn't have any hint of the *Li* Water sword essence.

Twenty thousand and one!

The familiarity of the sword moves had progressed to an abnormal level. Zuo Mo was suspicious that even the person who made this sword scripture wasn't as familiar as him on the sword moves. Seven sword moves. He had changed it twelve times. Countless practice allowed him to know every detail of the sword moves like the back of his hand. The places where he made alterations, it was places that he thought the sword move would become more logical and effective.

Even though he was very uncertain, he still made the change. He was extremely cautious and prudent about the twelve changes. Each change, he had spent large amounts of effort. Practicing over and over to confirm before finally clinching it.

On the sword moves, there wasn't any more possible progress.

When he realized this, there was only one month until the sect assessment.

He decided to do something different.

There was a large river below Wu Kong Mountain. The records room of Wu Kong Mountain had been build beside the cliff. This river couldn't be considered wide but it ran fast. The locals called it Sky Shaking River

Zuo Mo came to the shore. Looking at the rushing water, he gritted his teeth, and carrying the ice crystal sword, he jumped into the river.

Entering the river, he felt the surroundings become quiet. The rapid river water almost swept him off his feet. He forced himself to steady and started to do the sword moves of [*Li* Water Sword Scripture] in the water.

This was the solution he had thought off.

Just when he didn't know what to do, he suddenly remembered a sentence that Pu Yao had said. Pu Yao said for him to find a river and see what water was like. Because what he had seen in his sea of consciousness had been too shocking, he had simply forgotten Pu Yao's words. Only yesterday did he remember. In the past, practicing finger motions in the water was also this method and it allowed his finger motions improve rapidly.

Actually, where he wanted to go was the large waterfall that Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had written about but there wasn't enough time.

With no other alternative, he could only choose the Sky Shaking River under the mountain to cultivate.

The Sky Shaking River, while not as large as the large waterfall, the currents were extremely rapid. And because there was a dense layer of rock on the riverbed, there were countless whirlpools in the undercurrent. If he wasn't careful, it was extremely easy to be washed away by the water. Zuo Mo cultivated [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] and his breathing was unique compared to normal people. This allowed him to be able to stay under the water for a longer period of time.

If one hadn't practiced spells like [Art of Water Manipulation], they couldn't stay long in the water. Of course, if they had talismans such as a Water Bubble, then it was a whole other discussion.

Zuo Mo had broken through to one breath in the cold pond and wasn't afraid of water. But the restless river water and the silent and icy pond water gave Zuo Mo completely different feelings.

The cold pond in Cold Mist Valley was like a bottomless hole. Sinking down, it was like entering a silent world, everything on the outside blocked off. There were no currents, no whirlpools. The further down, the more the coldness could be felt. It just silently released its will.

And Sky Shaking River, jumping in, Zuo Mo felt he went from a noisy world into another noisy world. The slapping of the current, the sound of the foams, the innumerable undercurrents and eddies deep down, it pull on everything in the river. It was like a wild stallion,

violent and mad, completely lacking the serenity of water. It was continuously roaring, surging endlessly.

He quickly felt it a strain.

The so-called manipulation of sword, it meant using a strand of spirit to control the flying sword. A sword that had been impressed would have the unique impression of the owner's spirit. And the owner only needed to maneuver one strand of spirit to control the flying sword. They also didn't have to worry that their sword would be controlled by someone else.

But in the water, using the spirit to maneuver the sword became much more difficult. Especially since the flow of *ling* energy was also affected.

It wasn't easy in the first place to get to a calm mind. Due to the undercurrents at the bottom of the river, the water flowed quickly. No matter if the body was controlled in the water, there was still the feeling of countless hands pulling at the body. This effect of this outside force easily distracted cultivators. And any change in the *ling* energy would create a huge perturbation for the flying sword.

The smooth sword moves that were so familiar on land, not one of them could be completed in Sky Shaking River!

Zuo Mo's eyes couldn't help but light up. What he was afraid of was he would not know how to continue. Just like someone who wanted to dig a mountain road. What he was most afraid of being ignorant of which direction to dig, not knowing his own location. And if he knew where he was, even if there was a mountain blocking, Zuo Mo wasn't afraid.

He had a feeling he found the right path. He started to faithfully practice his [*Li Water Sword Scripture*].

Li Water Sword Scripture was a water element sword scripture. When it was done on the ground, it would have a faint water vapor. But in the water, the power of [*Li Water Sword Scripture*] increased exponentially. It didn't need much *ling* energy to have multiple shapeless water swords spreading out in the water. Zuo Mo felt that

it was like he was an infant holding an ax. One careless mistake, if it wasn't too much strength, it was a wrong direction. Adding on the battering of the river water, the disturbance of the currents and eddies, his sword moves were hurtful to the eyes.

But he wasn't discouraged. He started to scrupulously practice [*Li Water Sword Scripture*].

After a few days, what Zuo Mo felt most profoundly about, wasn't his sword moves, but the imprinting method of [*Li Water Sword Scripture*]. The [*Li Water Sword Scripture*]'s imprinting method for the sword was to nurture one drop of water essence in the flying sword. It could respond to the [*Li Water Sword Scripture*] not just aiding in the manipulation, the strength also increased.

How could the humidity on the land be as plentiful as in the river? Zuo Mo had practiced for so long in the yard but the amount of water essence he had accumulated was far less than what he got these few days. Before, the water crystal in the ice crystal sword was the size of a mung bean. It was now the size of a soybean.

And the appearance of that water essence droplet in the ice crystal sword was different at the core. The previous water essence droplet, it had been created from the water from the valley. There were large amounts of *ling* grasses and herbs growing in the valley that affected the water vapor in the valley. The water essence formed before was gentle and full of vitality. But the enlarged water essence was created by extracting the essence from the Sky Shaking River. It held some of the attributes of the Sky Shaking River. The warm quality had vanished and it became hyperactive.

This change was both good and bad. The good was that it was much stronger than before. The bad was the ease of manipulation wasn't as good as before.

Evaluating it, Zuo Mo still felt the present state wasn't bad. The water essence droplet had gotten much larger. As to purity, it needed to be refined slowly.

The next seven days, Zuo Mo was almost always practicing in the water. He could stay for a long time in the water, but due to the fact

that the *ling* energy used underwater was multiple times what was used on land, after practicing for a length of time, he had to meditate to recover *ling* energy.

But the river was very far from the rock room and it would be extremely eye-catching to travel back. Zuo Mo decided to meditate in the river.

Zuo Mo had never tried before to meditate in the river, much less such a strong river.

Quite a few times, he wasn't successful. After failing over ten times, he finally managed to grasp the trick and started to meditate in the water. He didn't know that staying in such a special environment in the water was extremely helpful for his [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. Unknowingly, his [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] broke into second breath.

In his sea of consciousness, another star appeared. But this star was dull and colorless, far less blinding than the other one.

Chapter Sixty “Comprehension”

The rushing river water roared thunderously, creating large patches of snow white foam. Occasionally, leaves and wood would be pulled in and disappear in the blink of an eye.

Under the roaring surface, Zuo Mo, half-naked, had a serious expression on his face. In front of him, several water swords intersected and wove in the water. When fish and shrimp were thrown into this, they were killed without a mark.

Zuo Mo didn't rest or sleep. Without pausing, he furiously practiced the sword

Thirty three thousand and six hundred!

The ice crystal sword was like the nimblest of fish, cheerfully swimming easily in the water. The speed was fast like lightning, shaming those fish that were renowned for speed.

Zuo Mo stopped.

He might be exhausted, and his mind was pretty much at its limits but he didn't slack off in the slightest. His eyes were full of tiredness but he tried to widen time, almost as though he was afraid if his eyes accidentally would close. Tired.

He knew he had reached a barrier. The seven moves of [*Li* Water Sword Scripture], the first six moves, he didn't have any problems. The problem came on the seventh move.

The first six moves, it flowed, or turned like a whirlpool. It mimicked the uniqueness of water, each move having a unique attribute. Zuo Mo was able to understand that. However, even now, Zuo Mo did not get the seventh move. Before, on land, he had felt that he was extremely familiar with the seventh move, but when he got into the water, he felt that it was incorrect.

The name of the seventh move was slightly scary. It was called [*Li*

Water Burning Heavens]. Zuo Mo felt that if the name was changed to [*Li* Fire Burning Heavens], he could still understand. But *li* water, that was still water, how could it burn the heavens?

This move was one that wounded both sides. It required putting all the *ling* energy into the flying sword, stimulating that drop of water essence in the flying sword, the sword presence would reverse against the current and attack the enemy.

This move had many difficult places. Like putting in all the *ling* energy at one moment into the flying sword. This was a test of a person's control of *ling* energy. And stimulating that water essence drop in the flying sword, Zuo Mo didn't dare test it rashly. It had been hard to form this one drop in the first place. If it exploded, Zuo Mo wouldn't just have to reform this water essence drop but even the inner formations of the ice crystal sword might be damaged.

And what Zuo Mo felt the least logical was the presence of this last move.

The presence of the previous six moves, it flowed, it curved, it spun. But only this last one, Zuo Mo couldn't understand. Going against the current! How could water go against the current?

What this [*Li* Water Sword Scripture] mimicked was water. Zuo Mo understood what kind of water was *li* water but at the end, it was still water. As long as it was water, how could it flow from low places to high places? How could it go against the current and up?

But [*Li* Water Sword Scripture] just had to have this move, and it had to be the last move.

When Zuo Mo had been practicing on land, he hadn't felt it. In that case, the water essence drop in the sword had been as light as air. It really couldn't be felt when the sword was swung. But practicing in the water, the water pressure caused the presence of the sword to become heavy as well. The problem that couldn't be seen was magnified.

No matter how hard Zuo Mo tried, he just couldn't complete this final move!

Whenever he was halfway, he would feel the presence of the sword suddenly falter and could not continue. Adding on that Zuo Mo didn't dare to rashly force the water essence drop in the sword to explode, this sword was even more difficult. Since it was so difficult even in practice, like this, Zuo Mo was stuck on this last move.

He could only continue to practice the first six moves. As he became more familiar with the first six moves, his feeling in the water, especially his feeling of "water" became much clearer. The first six moves became increasingly smooth. Zuo Mo gradually comprehended it. This feeling was wondrous beyond imagining, it was like looking through a paper window to see the people inside the room. But no matter how hard he tried, he could not poke through that thin paper.

Zuo Mo knew, the more it was like this, the more he couldn't rush. This was a sign of a breakthrough.

But looking at time slipping away, as it neared the time of the set assessment, Zuo Mo couldn't help but become panicked.

He was very clear. His first six moves were very familiar but to use these six moves to defeat Luo Li *Shixiong*, that was just a dream. Sword moves, cultivation, battle experience, both sides weren't on the same level. It wasn't just ten thousand miles that Zuo Mo was behind the other! The only possible way to defeat Luo Li *Shixiong* was to comprehend the sword essence of [*Li Water Sword Scripture*]!

Because he knew that Luo Li *Shixiong* hadn't comprehended sword essence yet. This was the only place he could use!

This was also the only place that he won over Luo Li. He had once comprehended sword essence!

This was the place that he had gambled everything on!

Sword essence, it was hard to describe, intangible but it became the last trick that Zuo Mo was relying on. If he could not comprehend sword essence, everything else was just a waste, he definitely would lose.

Did he really need to use the last move?

Zuo Mo couldn't help but hesitate. There was only seven days until the sect assessment. If he really exploded the water essence this time, and an accident happened, then he wouldn't even have the time to attempt a rescue.

The time of seven days, Zuo Mo wasn't certain if he could still form another whole water essence drop.

But quickly, Zuo Mo became stubborn. If he couldn't comprehend *li* water sword essence before the sect assessment, then there was no hope of winning over Luo Li *Shixiong*. Then he would only have one outcome, loss.

Taking a risk and failing, it was a loss. Not risking it, it also would be a loss.

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth. In any case, the barefoot weren't afraid then those wearing shoes. If he really lost, he wouldn't say anything. He just wasn't as good as the other. He'll just have to pay some contribution points. But that was better than not even having the courage to try, and admitting defeat! In any case, the barefoot wasn't afraid of those wearing shoes.

At this point, Zuo Mo's emotions about Luo Li had become faint. This barrier, it was more like a test for himself.

And he chose to gamble!

He didn't start immediately but entered mediation to recover *ling* energy. He decided to be in the best state possible when he tried the move.

Six hours later, Zuo Mo opened his eyes, the light flashing deep in the pupils, serene and steady. He didn't know if it was the fact that he had made a decision but the effect of the mediation this time was very good. Not only did his *ling* energy recover, but the exhaustion of the past days had been swept away.

Recovering the best possible state, Zuo Mo stretched out his body. This time, he didn't use his consciousness to control the sword.

Rather, he gripped the ice crystal sword with his hand.

The ice crystal sword was icy when it entered his hand, like he was gripping an icicle. This bit of coldness followed Zuo Mo's hand and quickly entered Zuo Mo's body. He felt his mind clear. So this sword had such an ability! Zuo Mo couldn't help regret not examining this sword a bit more in the past.

But quickly, he calmed his mind. These questions were for the future.

Closing his eyes as he gripped the sword and focused, his feet were floating as he stood in the water. The rushing water currents could not affect his body. It was like a piece of wood standing straight in the rushing water, motionless, unspeakably strange.

Remembering every detail of practicing these past days, savoring the feeling of the water rushing past the body, feeling the presence of the water essence drop in the flying sword, Zuo Mo relaxed his mind.

When everything, all the memories, all the feelings, gathered together, it seemed like a certain nerve in Zuo Mo's head was suddenly plucked by an invisible hand.

Zuo Mo suddenly opened his eyes!

“Li!”

A deep thunderous sound came out of his chest, the rushing river suddenly stopped.

No current, no eddies, the water around Zuo Mo's body seemed to have quieted all of a sudden, motionless.

Just at this time, the ice crystal sword that Zuo Mo had been grasping slowly rose up.

Zuo Mo's expression looked extremely laborious. The tendons in his forehead were bulging, his eyes angry and wide, his hair standing on end. The ice crystal sword on his hand seemed to weight a thousand catties. Just raising it up a bit became extremely hard.

What Zuo Mo saw was another picture.

When the *ling* energy in his entire body flowed like a flood into the ice crystal sword, that water drop which usually was lively, suddenly exploded open!

Boom!

Zuo Mo's mind shook!

He seemed to see that soybean sized water essence explode into countless water droplets like a mist!

Suddenly, Zuo Mo remembered what he had seen in his consciousness, that crimson red fireball floating in the sky and suddenly exploding. That was so similar to this right now!

Manipulate water like fire!

This phrase that he had never understood, like lightning, it pierced into his soul.

Suddenly, he understood. That thin white paper that had been blocking him all this time was gently broken. A brand new world floated in front of him.

In his eyes, those water droplets that formed a mist turned into flames. These flames, it wasn't the red-black flames in his consciousness, but transparent water flames. Flowering, transparent, flames composed out of water. They slowly jumped, clear and colorless. Not as wild and enchanting like the dark red flames in the consciousness. These clear water flames were as serene as the noblewomen in their chambers. They covered the entire body of the ice crystal sword.

Zuo Mo's hand that held the ice crystal sword slowly rose. All the river water in the surroundings furiously flowed towards the ice crystal sword, seeming to form a gigantic water "flame"!

Once the strange water flame formed, Zuo Mo's trembling and tired arm quickly became abnormally steady!

The sword presence seemed to have lost its reticence and suddenly sped up!

Boom!

The little ice crystal sword, carrying countless water flames made up of the river water, sliced towards the sky!

At the same time, on Wu Kong Mountain, Xin Yan suddenly opened his eyes. His body flashed, disappearing from his spot and appearing on the cliff of the records room!

He looked dazedly at the Sky Shaking River below.

A flow of water that seemed to form a gigantic flame roared as it flowed up against the sky. The impure river flame, at this time, it was spitting like water, burning and explosive!

Who was practicing?

To be able to form sword essence, the talent wasn't bad! And such an unique sword essence, he had never seen it before. He could see it clearly. This gigantic water flame, it was restrained by countless sword essences because it was an explosive water bomb!

Suddenly, he thought of a certain sword scripture in the records room and his expression changed.

Was it a disciple of the sect?

Just as he paused, the water flame that had flew up suddenly exploded!

At the bottom, Zuo Mo saw the beautiful water flame in the sky. He wanted to laugh, but he had used up all the *ling* energy in his body. His eyes suddenly became unfocused. Boom, the water flame exploded in the sky, thousands of catties of water pouring down. Zuo Mo didn't manage to anchor himself and in the blink of an eyes, was flushed away!

Chapter Sixty One “Planning”

Zuo Mo wiped river water off his face, his steps uneven as he climbed up the shores of the river. He hadn't thought that [*Li Water Burning Heavens*] would form into a flood and carry him, who had been in a weak state, a few hundred miles away. One [*Li Water Burning Heaven*], it had wrung out all the *ling* energy in his body. At that time, he didn't even have the energy to breathe, much less get out of the flood. He could only be like a piece of wood and try to stay afloat.

Rocks were dense along this Sky Shaking River. Zuo Mo had suffered much as he kept on banging into those stones. Not one part of his body was unharmed.

A few hundred miles. In terms of distance, it wasn't that far. But Zuo Mo didn't even have a paper crane. As to the female grey beaked goose, she couldn't be depended on. And his entire body, he only had his pants and no money at all.

Collapsing on a rock beside the shore, Zuo Mo weakly panted. But there was joy in his eyes.

Sword essence, *Li* water sword essence! He finally formed *Li* Water sword essence!

Even if he only just touched the surface of sword essence and wasn't in any way profound, but as long as he persisted, his skill with this sword scripture would naturally deepen with time.

What was even more of a joy to him was the water essence drop inside the ice crystal sword didn't disappear but actually became slightly bigger. It was now about the size of a pinky.

He didn't hesitate, struggling up, coiling his legs to meditate.

Four hours later, he opened his eyes and jumped up from the ground.

Controlling the ice crystal sword, he started to go through the moves of [*Li Water Sword Scripture*]. Previously, his moves had been smooth and connected, right now it seemed traceless. Yet a faint fire-like sword essence spread out, the temperature of the surroundings leaping up.

A new world was in front of him.

One move after another. His expression solemn, his moves following his thoughts. He could feel that with each move, with the ice crystal sword as the center, a faint water presence would spread. If one looked closely, they would find this water presence was formed from blossoms of extremely tiny water-like flames.

In Zuo Mo's consciousness, that ruler-straight ice river had completely transformed. The middle of the river split the river in half, one side full of icicles moving relentlessly, and the other side was countless water flames, silently burning.

Zuo Mo felt that he had improved. The *Li Water* sword essence he comprehended this time was completely different than the tidal sword essence he had comprehended before. With the tidal sword essence, rather than saying comprehension, it was more like mimicking. And for *Li water* sword essence, even though there was Pu Yao's guidance and advice, but he had gone through the entire process by himself bit by bit. The benefits he had received were much more than before.

The ice crystal sword flipped and flew, its trajectory traceless, the fire-like sword essence burning.

But gradually, Zuo Mo couldn't help but furrow his brows. The *Li water* sword essence was like fire. The heat that was released would logically increase the power of his sword moves but to the ice crystal sword, it was a kind of damage.

The ice crystal sword was *yin* and cold. It originally was very suited to water element sword scriptures. But what Zuo Mo picked had to be [*Li Water Sword Scripture*], which called for manipulating water like fire. Over time, the grade of this flying sword would probably drop.

It looked like that he needed a flying sword suited for him, Zuo Mo muttered inside. He quickly threw the problem to one side. Flying swords were expensive. They weren't something he could buy now. But now that he had comprehended sword essence, the sect, in any case, should give him a flying sword. With the sect's stores, to pick a flying sword suited for him, it shouldn't be too difficult.

Manipulating the sword, Zuo Mo didn't feel any tiredness at all but rather extremely refreshed. Even though he was bony and was just wearing some pants, but standing there, he did seem somewhat intimidating. However, the most pressing problem he faced was getting back to the sect. Luckily, it wasn't that far. Even if he had to walk, just a day was enough.

Wu Kong Sword Sect was a mess. In Wu Kong Hall, people came in and out, everyone was preparing for the sect assessment that was coming in a few days.

Inside Wu Kong Hall, Shi Feng Rong faced Xin Yan angrily: "You actually watched as he was swept away?"

There was none of the usual coldness on Xin Yan's face. He carefully said: "The circumstances at that time were outside my expectations. I didn't think he would be swept away by the water. When I managed to react, he was already gone."

"He's a *ling* plant farmer. If something happened... .. humph!" Shi Feng Rong's anger didn't decrease as she snorted icily.

"*Shimei*, don't worry too much." Xin Yan smiled as he comforted; "Now that he has comprehended sword essence, in this area around Dong Fu, where would there be any problems?"

Hearing this, Shi Feng Rong's anger finally decreased. She turned around: "Did he really comprehend sword essence? Three months, that's not bad. Which sword scripture did he choose? [Empty Sword Scripture] or [Shapeless Sword Scripture?]"

Xin Yan saw Shi Feng Rong's face relaxed and released a breath inside. Smiling, he responded: "He just entered the inner sect, how could he pick [Empty Sword Scripture] and [Shapeless Sword

Scripture]? What he picked was [*Li Water Sword Scripture*]. I actually hadn't recognized it in the beginning."

Hearing this, Shi Feng Rong's features tensed again: "So what if he just entered the inner sect? How long has Wei Sheng entered the inner sect? Humph, Wei Sheng is able to enter the sword cave, why can't he choose [*Empty Sword Scripture*] and [*Shapeless Sword Scripture*]?"

Xin Yan grimaced inside but his mouth went: "Wei Sheng has outstanding talent....."

Shi Feng Rong broke through: "And Zuo Mo's talent isn't enough? Not good enough talent, in three months with no guidance and is able to comprehend sword essence? Go see if anyone else can do it. Even now, Luo Li hasn't comprehended sword essence!"

"Yes yes yes!" Xin Yan was so regretful his intestines were green.

Suddenly, the two heard someone come near and they resumed their usual cold composure.

Pei Yuan Ran walked in. Seeing the two, the corners of his mouth rose slightly but then resumed normal. He said: "What are Second *Shidi* and *Shimei* discussing here?"

"Nothing, *Shimei*'s disciple Zuo Mo just comprehended sword essence." Xin Yan's face was cool as he replied, no trace remaining of his carefulness just a moment ago.

"Oh." Pei Yuan Ran was slightly surprised: "He comprehended sword essence? I didn't think he had talent for cultivating the sword. Not bad, not bad. Where is he now? This should be rewarded."

"He was practicing in the river. When he comprehended sword essence, he was swept away by the water. I didn't pay attention and couldn't rescue him." Xin Yan said.

"That's fine. If Zuo Mo could comprehend sword essence then he doesn't need to worry about safety around Dong Fu." Pei Yuan Ran mused and then said: "En, arrange for some outer sect disciples to search along the river. Make sure he doesn't miss the time of the

sect assessment.”

“Yes.” Xin Yan answered.

“Sect Leader *Shixiong*.” Shi Feng Rong opened coolly.

“What?” Pei Yuan Ran smiled.

“Zuo Mo could comprehend sword essence in three months, it’s enough to show he has talent in the sword.” Shi Feng Rong said as she stared at Pei Yuan Ran: “If that’s the case, the sect should pass on a higher grade sword scripture.”

Pei Yuan Ran said: “There’s no rush, let’s discuss this later.”

“Why?” Shi Feng Rong took a step forwards, demanding.

At the side, Xin Yan saw Pei Yuan Ran being pressured and sympathy formed in his eyes.

“Um.” Pei Yuan Ran said helplessly: “Wasn’t *Shimei* also worried about his birth?”

Shi Feng Rong was silent for a beat. Then she raised her head, saying: “When he was entering the inner sect, I was worried about his birth and history. But he is now my disciple. No matter how he was before, I would do my best to guide him.”

Pei Yuan Ran and Xin Yan exchanged a look. Both of them were very helpless.

“*Shimei* is reasonable.” Pei Yuan Ran said: “But this is really not the time to discuss this matter. I came today to find *Shidi* and *Shimei* for another matter to discuss.”

Shi Feng Rong and Xin Yan waited for him to continue.

“You have already been informed about the matter of the Dong Fu Sword Test Conference.” Pei Yuan Ran’s face was grave: “This is one point. I hadn’t thought that Zuo Mo would do well before but now that he has comprehended sword essence, we should nurture him well. The other matter, Tian Song Zi has sent a message. A group of strong cultivators are coming to our *jie* to investigate the stars in

daytime. Dong Fu is one of the thirteen primary towns of Sky Moon. We cannot avoid people coming to investigate. We have to control our sect and stop them from getting into trouble in the next while.”

“How many are coming?” Xin Yan heard that there were strong people and his pupils shrunk to a needlepoint, his sword essence vibrating.

“*Shidi*, don’t make a mess. This group is coming down from the upper levels.” Pei Yuan Ran said solemnly.

Xin Yan’s features moved: “Coming from the upper levels?” He then grimaced: “Looks like this matter has made a really big furor.”

“Everyone knows what’s going on.” Pei Yuan Ran said: “What Tian Song Zi can see, many other people can also clearly see. But right now, the *yaomo* are rising. Who touches first, that’s the one that’s unfortunate.” Speaking, his tone became cold.

Luo Li’s expression was calm as he stood. In front of him, Qin Cheng’s face as serious: “*Shidi*, careful.”

As the words landed, he swept his hand and a dark light shot towards Luo Li. There was a sliver of lightning contained in the dark light, the aura extremely intimidating, with the sound of thunder! What Qin Cheng practiced was [Wind and Thunder Sword Scripture]. The sword was like wind and thunder, the power frightening. He didn’t have as outstanding a talent as Luo Li but after practicing for a long time, he was extremely solid. When he attacked, the wind and thunder formed!

His flying sword was a third grade black thunder sword. The sword body was thick, containing thunder ore, extremely suited for [Wind and Thunder Sword Scripture]. Due to the weight of the flying sword, Qin Cheng’s [Wind and Thunder Sword Scripture] lost a bit of nimbleness and had an additional kind of weight and heaviness. Adding on the lightning flickering, the power actually increased.

Luo Li stared at the black light, not dodging and then the light in his eyes flashed.

Ding!

A clear sound. The thousand cattie heavy black thunder sword actually stopped right in the air!

Without any warning, without any decrease in speed, it was like that someone suddenly cast a body paralysis curse on the black thunder sword, pinning it in the air!

Qin Cheng's expression changed. He snorted coldly and the paralyzed black thunder sword suddenly jumped, like a fish leaping out of the water. The lightning that had been on the surface of the sword suddenly gathered into a ball and left the sword. As it left the black thunder sword, it turned into a lightning sword. The lightning sword suddenly grew in size in the air, transforming into a gigantic lightning sword that was several feet as it sliced towards Luo Li!

Luo Li's expression was serene as he pointed with a finger and swiped gently at the air.

Right in front of the gigantic lightning sword, a crack suddenly appeared. It was as though Luo Li's action had broken through space! Without any time for adjustments, the lightning sword ran into the crack. Qin Cheng's face suddenly changed. He lost his connection with the gigantic lightning sword!

He was dumbstruck for a few moments. Refocusing, he could not keep his usual calm composure and asked in a trembling voice: "Void Sword Scripture... .. this this is void sword scripture?"

Chapter Sixty Two “Lin Qian”

Luo Li was both proud and regretful as he shook his head: “This isn’t the real Void Sword Scripture. Reconstructing Void Sword Scripture, how can it be this easy?”

Qin Cheng quickly recovered and sighed: “So strong even when it is incomplete. How strong would the complete [Void Sword Scripture] be?” He couldn’t help but look at the place where the lightning had disappeared. That crack and the lightning had both disappeared without a trace.

“The founder was mysterious and strong.” Even one as proud as Luo Li was in awe of the sect’s founder.

“*Shidi* shouldn’t underestimate yourself. Just three months, for *Shidi* to accomplish so much, *Shixiong* really hadn’t got the wrong person.” Qin Cheng’s eyes were full of satisfaction: “Really makes one want to see! If *Shidi* has to face Wei Sheng, how much is the chance of winning?”

Luo Li’s hands unconsciously tightened into fists, flames barely perceptible burning in his cold eyes: “Just a sword servant that wants to climb on top of my head. He doesn’t know what he’s getting into!”

“Ha ha, after another few days, it would be the sect assessment. *Shidi*, get justice for *Shimei*. I saw that *Shimei*’s mood these days hasn’t been good.” Qin Cheng said: “Pity that Wei Sheng can’t catch the sect assessment. Otherwise, it would be spectacular.”

Luo Li had never paid attention to Zuo Mo. His goal was Wei Sheng. He said frigidly: “In the end, he has to come out.”

Qin Cheng contentedly left Luo Li’s place. When he was returning to his own residence, he saw many outer sect disciples with different expressions. When those outer sect disciples saw Qin Cheng, they hurriedly stopped and bowed: “Eldest *Shixiong*!”

“What matter has you all so busy?” Qin Cheng asked.

The outer sect disciples exchanged looks. A moment later, one person said: “Zuo Mo *Shixiong* was practicing in the river and accidentally was swept away by the water. The sect leader ordered us to search along the river.”

Hearing this, Qin Cheng laughed. He waved his hand: “En, do what you need to do.”

It was as though these outer sect disciples had been pardoned from execution as they hurriedly left. They weren’t dumb. They didn’t want to get involved in the battle between the inner sect disciples.

Qin Cheng leisurely walked along, finding it increasingly humorous. To get swept away by the water when practicing in the river, such a humorous thing. He had never heard something like that before. This Zuo Mo was really amusing! He unconcernedly threw the incident to the back of his mind. Zuo Mo didn’t have any position in his mind. In his mind, *ling* plant farmers might be important but in this era of sword cultivators dominating, only those without ambition would go farm.

The person he was truly concerned with was Wei Sheng! Only this person would affect his position!

Before Wei Sheng had appeared, his position was rock steady. From a long time ago, he had thought himself the next sect leader of Wu Kong Sword Sect. But he would have never thought that along the way, a Wei Sheng would appear out of nowhere and be so strong as to easily threaten his position.

He was extremely cunning and experienced. He knew that there would be someone other than him that would not like Wei Sheng to prosper even more. That was Luo Li. For someone as proud as Luo Li *Shidi*, how could he tolerate someone who had previously been his sword servant suddenly climb on top of his head? That was even more uncomfortable than killing him.

A cold smile floated on top of Qin Cheng’s face. He wasn’t one person. These inner sect disciples that had climbed up from the

outer sect directly affected the privileges of the original inner sect disciples. It wasn't just him that had an opinion.

Even the sect leader had to take their opinions into account.

Zuo Mo walked along the major road. His upper half was bare, a pant was the only thing left on his lower half, his foot also bare. When the people on the road saw him, they all had strange expressions. But seeing the ice crystal sword he held in his hand, no one dared to laugh.

Zuo Mo didn't know where this place was. Only after he asked someone did he know that there was about five hundred miles from here to Dong Fu. Zuo Mo grimaced inside. He hadn't thought that he would be swept five hundred miles by the river water. Thankfully, five hundred miles wasn't that far for him. Now that his cultivation had increased, the speed he travelled at had increased as well.

He decided that, when he reached the fifth level of *zhuji*, he would go learn a flying spell. If he met similar circumstances in the future, he wouldn't have to rely on his two legs.

But he wasn't in a rush. He had asked a few people and all of them said as long as he followed the road forward, he would reach Dong Fu. When he reached Dong Fu, then it wouldn't be far from Wu Kong Mountain.

As he walked, he thought about what he had learned these days. He didn't feel tired. He had just made a breakthrough. It was still indistinct in many places. There were many things that he needed to get used to. Even though he travelled along, Zuo Mo didn't find it dull.

"This brother, sorry to disturb. May I ask what is in this direction?"

Zuo Mo, deep in his thoughts, was interrupted by an unfamiliar voice. He was slightly discontent as he raised his head.

When he raised his head, he instantly was dumbstruck.

How in this damned world is there a man more handsome than *ge*?

This thought came out instinctively.

Handsome, too handsome!

This male was of similar height to him, a strong brow and sharp eyes, extremely masculine. Clad in white, he seemed ethereal and casual. If Pu Yao's handsomeness was androgynous, than this male's handsomeness was overwhelmingly male. This was the first time that Zuo Mo saw someone who could compare to Pu Yao in the area of beauty.

He looked at himself. A skeletal body, ripped pants, zombie face.

Zuo Mo was uncomfortable, very uncomfortable!

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" Zuo Mo dragged out his voice, glancing at the other out of the corner of his eye as though this place was his backyard.

The other raised his hands in a fist, bowing: "This little brother is Lin Qian. Having sightseen to this place but doesn't know the location. Please, brother, tell me."

Lin Qian? Definitely a fake gentleman! Zuo Mo slandered inside.

"Sightseeing?" Zuo Mo examined the other and then reached out with his right hand, rubbing his thumb and middle finger. That eternally unchanging zombie face actually had a "you understand" expression."

Lin Qian paused. Looking at Zuo Mo's fingers, he asked in puzzlement: "What's wrong with brother's hand?"

Zuo Mo almost spat blood. He said irritably: "Even the guiding flaming birds need *jingshi*, asking for directions is a paid service, understand?"

"Oh." Lin Qian made a sound and then obediently took out a piece of *jingshi* to hand to Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo's eyes widened and, lightning fast, took the *jingshi*.

Oh ooh! Third grade *jingshi*! What this guy took out was a piece of

third grade *jingshi*!

Rich person! Fat sheep!

Zuo Mo instantly labeled Lin Qian. Taking out a third grade *jingshi* to ask for directions, only those rich young masters who don't understand the world would do such a stupid thing. The thoughts inside his head moved rapidly. Zuo Mo's voice quickly became very warm: "Oh, oh! Helping others is the duty of my generation. Brother Lin, don't worry, I'm very familiar with this area."

"Oh." Lin Qian seemed to understand as he nodded his head, his face showing a relieved expression.

"Here, walking forward, it's Dong Fu." Zuo Mo displayed everything he knew, and then pretended to ask mysteriously: "Does Brother Lin know what place Dong Fu is?"

"Don't know." Lin Qian asked with an interested expression.

Truly a young master! Zuo Mo was both jealous and disdainful. These days, other than those rich young masters, who had the leisure to sightsee everywhere?

Slandering inside, his mouth went: "This Dong Fu, it is one of our Sky Moon *Jie*'s primary towns. There is" Suddenly realizing that this young master probably came from a larger place, and these things wouldn't arouse the other's interest, his direction changed: "Speaking of Dong Fu, it was Dong Fu *xianren* who cleaved Dong Fu with one sword blow and used the bottom half of the mountain to build the town."

"Impressive, impressive!" Lin Qian praised, his expression focused.

He seemed like a useless young master!

Zuo Mo's heart relaxed slightly and he continued: "If Brother Lin wants to sightsee, there is a few places to go to in Dong Fu."

"Please, Brother, guide me."

Zuo Mo pieced together what he had heard usually randomly and said: "If for views, the best views are from the Plum Peak in Dong Qi

Sword Sect. If it's water, Sky Shaking River is a good place, the river is fast and the scene on both sides is very inspiring....."

He spoke nonsense but Lin Qian listened extremely carefully.

"Dong Fu might be a bit out of the way, but there are some strong people. A few days ago, I saw a thousand wing ship. Tsk tsk, really frightening!"

"Thousand wing ship?" Lin Qian suddenly asked.

"Yes, Chi Ye *zhenren*'s travelling palace."

Since they were going in the same direction, the two travelled together. Earning a piece of third grade *jingshi*, Zuo Mo was satisfied. This Lin Qian's cultivation wasn't high, just slightly above Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo wasn't afraid he would do anything.

For cultivators, day and night were not very different. Even as the night came, the two didn't stop. Even if he couldn't ruminate on sword scripture, it wasn't boring having someone to talk to. That little bit of ink in Zuo Mo's stomach was quickly all used up and it switched to Lin Qian to talk.

Only now did Zuo Mo find that this young master that seemed like a fat sheep was extremely knowledgeable. As he listened, admiration rose. It was the first time he met someone who had such broad knowledge. Around him, if it wasn't those that cultivated the sword, it was being busy with common jobs. He had never seen someone like Lin Qian that knew something about everything under the sky.

It might have been that Lin Qian finally encountered someone that was willing to listen to him, but Lin Qian interestedly talked and drew Zuo Mo in.

The two didn't travel slowly and quickly neared Dong Fu.

"Zuo *Shixiong*! Zuo *Shixiong*!"

Zuo Mo heard someone yelling at him and raised his head. He saw a few outer sect disciples. These outer sect disciples also released a breath: "Finally found *Shixiong*! The sect leader was very worried

about *Shixiong* and especially ordered us to search for *Shixiong*!”

Finishing, their expressions became slightly strange. In front of them, Zuo Mo and Lin Qian made for a strong comparison. Beside an extremely handsome man, there stood a half-naked skeleton with a sword. This picture, it really was.....

Zuo Mo didn't pay attention to the looks of these outer sect disciples. He turned around, his hand presenting the third grade *jingshi* in front of Lin Qian, his voice serious as he said: “Brother Lin's knowledge is deep like the sea. Zuo Mo admires very much. This *jingshi*, this one doesn't dare to accept. This day and night, this little brother has learned much, it's more than enough for acting as a guide. But it's a pity that this little brother has a sect assessment immediately and has no time to sightsee with Brother Lin. Brother Lin, have a good trip!”

Finishing, he shoved the third grade *jingshi* into Lin Qian's hand

At the side, the outer sect disciples stared with wide eyes dumbly at the third grade *jingshi*.

Waving his hand at Lin Qian, Zuo Mo started running in the direction of Wu Kong Mountain. The outer sect disciples returned to their bodies and hurriedly followed.

Chapter Sixty Three “The Sect Assessment”

Returning to the mountain, Zuo Mo was called over to Shi Feng Rong immediately and was severely scolded. Zuo Mo knew that his master was worried for him and he was very agreeable. Inside, his heart felt warm. Master might not have a good temper, her personality might be a bit cold, but she was still not bad for a master.

After he was scolded over by Master, he returned to the little yard. He had too many things to digest. These few days, he needed to relax. After heavy practice the past three months, his mind had reached its limits. The few days until the sect assessment were perfect for him to rest. He needed to organize the things he had comprehended.

Just as Zuo Mo was resting in the Little West Wind Yard, a white clothed male was standing on a mountain peak not far from Wu Kong Mountain. He muttered: “Should be around here.”

If Zuo Mo saw this person, he would be shocked. This white clothed male, it was the person he met on the road, Lin Qian!

Lin Qian’s face was solemn. On that peerlessly handsome face, he looked up at the sky, muttering softly: “Stars in daytime.....”

As the sect assessment neared, the entire Wu Kong Sword Sect started to become busy. The annual sect assessment was the most important matter for all disciples. It was directly connected to each person’s benefits in the upcoming year.

The exams were very broad. For example, Zuo Mo was one of the examiners, he was testing the outer sect disciples on their skill with the five element spells.

But the most important test of the sect was sword scriptures!

The disciples that shone brightly in the assessment, their position and benefits in the sect would improve afterwards. Every disciple, no matter inner or outer sect, had practiced with all their power for the sect assessment.

Compared to past years, this year's sect assessment was more interesting. Like the disagreement between Luo Li *Shixiong* and Zuo Mo *Shixiong*. And what everyone really wanted to see was if Wei Sheng *Shixiong* was going to come out of the Sword Cave before the sect assessment. If Wei Sheng *Shixiong* could get out in time, he would definitely attend the assessment. Wei Sheng *Shixiong* and Zuo Mo *Shixiong* had a good relationship, and he certainly wouldn't watch. Then it would be interesting.

As to the fight between Luo Li and Zuo Mo, in the eyes of everyone, it was a fight with a pre-determined outcome. The value in its existence was to lure out Wei Sheng *Shixiong*. Now that it seemed that Wei Sheng *Shixiong* wasn't going to come, the value of the fight was much smaller. Everyone was guessing how Luo Li *Shixiong* would humiliate Zuo Mo.

The annual sect assessment of Wu Kong Sword Sect finally started.

All the disciples were gathered at the plaza outside Wu Kong Hall.

Pei Yuan Ran stood at the very front. Looking at the outer sect disciples and inner sect disciples below him, he couldn't help but sigh. This year, it was especially important for Wu Kong Sword Sect. A *ling* plant farmer like Zuo Mo had appeared and also a genius sword cultivator like Wei Sheng!

"*Shixiong*, let's start." Yan Le reminded Pei Yuan Ran. For the sect assessment, he had especially rushed back from Dong Fu.

Pei Yuan Ran came back from his wanderings and nodded his head. Facing everyone else, he slowly opened: "This year, the sect has had many outstanding people. I am very comforted. Cultivation is like swimming against the current. If one doesn't progress, it is falling behind. You can't slack off."

"Yes!" The disciples under answered synchronously.

“Start the assessment!”

The first to undergo the tests were the sect’s outer sect disciples. And the ones responsible for testing them were all the inner sect disciples. Zuo Mo was responsible for *ling* farming. Xu Yi was responsible for forging. Like so, everyone was responsible for a certain area. This was the first time that Zuo Mo saw the Eldest *Shijie*, Gongsun Qing.

Eldest *Shijie*’s appearance was proper, mature and extremely dignified. She didn’t say very much. Most of her words were gentle and tactful, but everyone was still very respectful of her. Supposedly, Eldest *Shijie* was going to marry soon. Her fiancé was a disciple from a large sect. She was the only one of the inner sect disciples that wasn’t responsible for an exam. Her duty was to patrol the entire location. From this, it could be seen the trust the sect leader and the other *shishu* had in her.

Seeing the familiar faces now filled with awe, Zuo Mo was reminded of himself. Last year’s sect assessment, he was still among them. Now, he was their examiner. His heart felt slightly strange.

Compared to the other disciples, Zuo Mo was much more familiar with these outer sect disciples. He was clear to each one’s cultivation. As a result, he was very efficient.

He was the first inner sect disciple to finish his examination.

Carefully sealing the results in a jade scroll, he then handed it to the sect leader.

“Oh, Little Mo’s speed is very quick.” The sect leader smiled at Zuo Mo as he took the jade scroll.

“This disciple is very familiar with all the *shidi* so it was a bit faster.” Zuo Mo carefully answered.

“En, not bad.” The sect leader scanned the results and then nodded in confirmation. He turned and gave the jade stick to Yan Le who was at the side and smiled at Zuo Mo: “Little Mo, I heard you were swept away by the river when you were practicing?”

If Zuo Mo didn't have a zombie face, he would certainly have been very red at the moment. Being asked by the sect leader in front of the *shishu*, even though Zuo Mo's skin was thick, he still found it hard to deal with.

"This disciple wasn't attentive and will be careful next time." Zuo Mo could only answer.

"En. Pay attention, otherwise, your master will worry." The sect leader said.

"Have a clean death." Shi Feng Rong coldly took over.

Zuo Mo knew what kind of temper his master had and wasn't concerned.

After that, the other exams were also completed, the seal jade sticks handed over to the sect leader. Here, the sect assessment was put on hold. All the disciples were quietly waiting for the sect leader to announce the rewards. The first three of each year's sect assessment would always get prizes.

The sect leader scanned all the jade scrolls before raising his head.

"Not bad, everyone improved this year. I'm very comforted." The sect leader's voice wasn't loud but could be heard across the plaza.

"The person that improved the most this year really surprised me, Yu Xiao Guo!" As the sect leader announced it, the female disciples of the Eastern Peak cheered.

Zuo Mo was surprised. He hadn't thought that Xiao Guo would make such big improvement. His eyes found Xiao Guo in the crowd. Xiao Guo didn't seem to have thought that she would be first in the sect assessment this year. Her face instantly turned red like an apple, her head almost touching her chest. The female disciples surrounding her were very excited.

A happy expression also came onto Li Ying Feng's face. She had always liked Xiao Guo.

Xiao Guo suddenly raised her flushed face, her eyes searching

among the inner sect disciples on the stage. When she saw Li Ying Feng smiling at her, the smile on her own face became even brighter. When her gaze swept towards Zuo Mo, and saw Zuo Mo *Shixiong* give her a thumbs up, her nose suddenly went sour, her eyes misty. At this crucial time, she actually started to cry!

Zuo Mo's thumbs-up was paralyzed. He hadn't thought that his action would make Xiao Guo cry. This little girl, she really was a headache! Zuo Mo muttered inside.

Second place was Guo Lu. After he had recovered, he had rapidly improved. The third place was a disciple that Zuo Mo had never heard of before. He was called Zhu Peng.

These three people were going to receive a heavy reward from the sect.

Some were disappointed, some were happy. All the possible expressions of people could be seen.

For the outer sect disciples, the annual sect assessment had passed. No matter the outcome, it was like a load off their chests. Thinking of the inner sect disciple assessment that was next, they instantly became excited. Each year's inner sect disciple assessment was always spectacular.

There were the fights between the *shixiong* and the explanations from the sect's *shishu*. Usually, this was something they couldn't see or hear. If they could digest even a bit, it was more than enough for them to benefit.

And this year, they had something else to look forward to – how would Luo Li *Shixiong* torment Zuo Mo?

The outer sect disciples instinctively stepped back, emptying out the plaza for the inner sect disciple battle and waited for the fireworks.

"Alright, usual rules." The sect leader didn't waste words: "Start."

Luo Li was the first to stand out. Entering the sect, he faced Zuo Mo and said coldly: "Zuo Mo *Shidi* should have prepared already."

As expected, what was supposed to come did come!

Zuo Mo wasn't timid. He stood up and entered the plaza, his mouth not showing weakness: "*Shixiong* is still as chatty as usual!"

The people below instantly started to murmur.

左莫和罗离两人的实力，完全不在一个层次上，左莫竟然还如此嚣张，那岂不是等着被罗离师兄虐么？

Zuo Mo and Luo Li's power completely were on different levels. Yet Zuo Mo was still so arrogant. Wasn't he just asking for Luo Li *Shixiong* to humiliate him?

Luo Li's face instantly turned green. Having been taunted by Zuo Mo in front of this many people, he laughed angrily: "I hope that *Shidi*'s sword is half as sharp as your words!"

"*Shixiong* will know if he tries." Zuo Mo found that he wasn't nervous at all.

"Humph!" Luo Li said: "You first."

Zuo Mo was eager for Luo Li to underestimate him. It fit his desire that the other let him attack first. Without hesitation, the ice crystal sword disappeared in front of him, leaving behind a clear ripple.

[Flowing Water]!

The crux of this move was for the sword to act as though it was falling like water from a high altitude, the water essence was smooth without a hint of presence!

"It seems that *Shidi* has worked hard recently!" Luo Li smirked. Since he was planning to humiliate Zuo Mo, naturally, he wouldn't let this battle end so quickly. He wanted Zuo Mo to understand just how great the gap was between them. He wanted Zuo Mo to realize that the two wasn't on the same level, that he could kill Zuo Mo as easily as killing an ant!

Ding!

The sound of impact was as clear as glass.

Ten steps in front of Luo Li, invisible vibrations spread out!

Luo Li acted as though no one was present as he started to walk towards Zuo Mo. His face smiling coldly: “What? Does *Shidi* only have these little moves?”

Zuo Mo’s entire mind was on controlling the ice crystal sword and didn’t hear the words.

The sword suddenly changed as though it became countless little flows, wrapping around in layers as dense as cloth. The little flows spun quicker and quick, producing soft hissing sounds. Just two steps from Luo Li, these revolving small flows multiplied in size and started to ring!

Seven whirlpools suddenly appeared around Luo Li!

The sword was soft yet sticky, the seven whirlpools trapping Luo Li in the middle like a cage made out of whirlpools. Luo Li had no place to escape! Each whirlpool was made up of countless tiny sword energies. These hair-thin, weak looking sword energies were full of a silent danger!

[*Li Water Sword Scripture*]'s [Seven Whirlpools]!

Chapter Sixty Four “Caught It!”

[Seven Whirlpools]!

The outer sect disciples simultaneously sighed in shock. Those that had been spectating instantly became alert. Zuo Mo *Shixiong* really had concealed himself deeply!

Yan Le was slightly surprised as he looked at the plaza: “Little Mo has something like this?” he had just returned and didn’t know what had happened with Zuo Mo. Seeing Zuo Mo releasing such an exquisite attack, he was very shocked.

Pei Yuan Ran said: “Don’t rush. There might be even bigger surprises later.”

The situation suddenly changed. Zuo Mo, who had been thought as destined to lose, suddenly revealed a very strong sword move and also raised everyone’s interest.

Trapped between seven sword energy whirlpools, Luo Li’s face was still indifferent. He didn’t seem to make a motion, but the seven roaring sword energy whirlpools suddenly paused, the strands of sword energy flailing chaotically but not one sword energy could enter the area five paces from Luo Li.

“Luo Li didn’t slack off either.” Pei Yuan Ran had a satisfied expression. Turning, he asked Xin Yan: “This move [Extinguish], what level?”

“The fifth.” Xin Yan said.

“En. Luo Li’s talent isn’t bad, but it’s a pity he met Wei Sheng.” Yan Le said aimlessly.

The others all had a slightly discomforted expression. Wei Sheng’s talents was much greater than Luo Li. Based on the perspective of the sect, the unequal treatment was natural. But the time that Luo Li spent with them was much longer than Wei Sheng, and much closer

in terms of feelings.

Pei Yuan Ran said: "This isn't something that can be dealt with. We, as sword *xiu*, uphold the rule of the strong and weak. Ambition is good, but what is needed is to understand one's own abilities."

"Qin Cheng asked for [Shapeless Sword Scripture] from me." Xin Yan said.

"Must be for Luo Li." Yan Le was extremely intelligent and said with a smile: "[Shapeless Sword Scripture] and [Empty Sword Scripture] come from the same origin. Qin Cheng's conduct, it's very interesting."

Shi Feng Rong's brows furrowed as she said: "Isn't that making the situation worse?"

Pei Yuan Ran said: "*Shimei*, don't worry. Competition is a good thing. They are still very young. We can look over them and slowly polish away. Maybe one or two of them will become accomplished and we will not fail our masters."

Hearing this, the other three nodded their heads in agreement.

The fight between Zuo Mo and Luo Li intensified.

Luo Li was very shocked inside. Three months to reach this level of skill, his talent wasn't weaker than his own. Thinking about it, his heart felt like it was bursting, as though a fire had been lit. In the last decade, he was the most favoured, most talented disciple in Wu Kong Sword Sect! But there suddenly was a Wei Sheng who had an apparition at *zhuji*. To nurture him, the sect elders had actually opened the sword cave.

That was a benefit that he didn't even dare to think about.

One Wei Sheng came out, and now there was a Zuo Mo!

He had never heard that the sect had such a fine water sword scripture. Did the *Shishu* pass on a new sword scripture? Once the thought formed, his heart felt like it was bit by a snake, his eyes dark!

Zuo Mo couldn't attend to Luo Li's mood. All of his attention was on controlling the sword.

[*Li Water Sword Scripture*]'s first six sword moves, he had practiced numerous times. The person who had created this sword scripture might not be as familiar as he was. After he comprehended the sword essence, he had done some minor adjustments to the sword moves again. The method he used for adjustment was extremely simple. Wherever the sword essence would pause, he would fearlessly change it, change it until the sword essence would move as he wished without any blockage.

This sword scripture, it had been transformed a long time ago!

If it had been someone else, would they have dared to adjust like so? But Zuo Mo didn't have any restraints. In the area of the sword, he had no fundamentals, and naturally wouldn't be restrained. When he had been learning the five element spells of a *ling* plant farmer, due to the fact that much of the contents in the jade stick had not been detailed, it had required him to speculate on his own. Over time, he was used to making adjustments to spells and had his own method.

To use the sword essence as the model to change sword moves. If Xin Yan knew of the idea, he would certainly have praised it.

He had seen Luo Li kill people in the jade scroll. It was mysterious and hard to detect. Up until now, he basically hadn't seen Luo Li *Shixiong*'s flying sword.

[*Empty Sword Scripture*] was truly amazing!

Xu Yi *Shixiong* had once said that [*Empty Sword Scripture*] was the finest in the third grade sword scriptures. From what he had seen today, it really was powerful!

Couldn't see the flying sword, couldn't see the sword energy, you never knew where the other's attack would come from. Couldn't defend, couldn't see, couldn't guess, that kind of things were the ones that most easily created terror.

Zuo Mo was slightly frightened.

Compared to Luo Li's untouched and leisurely state, Zuo Mo was increasingly nervous. Zuo Mo's battle experience was pitifully thin. After two continuous sword moves were deflected, it was a heavy blow to his confidence.

However, he didn't want to admit defeat like this.

Gritting his teeth, he released the third move!

Countless sword energies formed a dense curtain of swords like a tide. Gleaming with the shine of water, it swayed like the waves!

The third move, [Layered Tide]!

The first move [Flowing Water] was light and clean, like sheep climbing a cliff, untraceable. The second move [Seven Whirlpools], dense and sticky with hidden danger.

And this move [Layered Tide] was continuous, becoming stronger as it continued. The layers of sword energy were like waves, layers of little waves merging together. The curtain made of swords, which had been like a drizzle of rain, suddenly became fierce and turbulent!

Luo Li seemed to be right next to the water, the giant turbulence about to swallow him.

Shocked gasps came from the surroundings. The past two moves might have surprised people but it wasn't as intimidating as [Layered Tide]! In their eyes, a giant wave came down from the sky, unable to be dodged. Those outer sect disciples at odds with Zuo Mo paled in fright, their legs weak!

This giant wave wasn't water, but composed of layers of countless sword energies. Once one was swallowed, then they should wait to be cut up into pieces!

It seemed that he had truly understood this sword scripture!

Luo Li's eyes became even darker. Staring at the sword curtain as it came down, killing intent flashed through his eyes. He decided to give the zombie a blow, a blow that would completely destroy the other's confidence!

He faced the sword curtain full of danger and turbulence and stepped forward!

Another step! A third step!

“Break!”

The voice rang out over the entire plaza. Everyone felt their chests compress and then shock came onto their faces.

Hiss!

Like a small knife cutting cloth, not dissonant but a clear sound.

The giant sword energy wave was cut in half!

Seeing the sword curtain forcefully broken in two, Zuo Mo jumped in fright. Just as he was about to change moves, he suddenly detected a hint of danger. His heart alarmed, he didn't have time to think as his body fell down to the left.

Even though he hadn't seen anything, but Zuo Mo could clearly feel something brush tightly next to him! He was like a frightened cat, all the hair on his body standing up!

Zuo Mo, having dropped to the floor, couldn't care about the pain on his body, and scrambled to distance himself from Luo Li.

“Oh my, my heart almost jumped out! It seems that Zuo Mo *Shixiong* isn't weak. Pity that he encountered Luo Li *Shixiong*.” One of the surrounding disciples couldn't help stating.

“That's right! Look at Luo Li *Shixiong*, that's the composure of a strong person! That stride, that expression, Zuo Mo *Shixiong* is still a bit weak!” Someone else in the surrounding followed.

“Yes. If Wei Sheng *Shixiong* could come out, then it might be enough.”

“Ha ha, don't be impatient. In any case, the battle between the two will happen.”

“Really?”

“Think about it, can one mountain have two tigers.....”

Zuo Mo couldn't hear any sound. He could only hear the beat of his heart. He furiously panted, his chest a heaving bellows. He stared with wide eyes at Luo Li, his mouth dry!

So risky!

Just that little bit!

Just now, Zuo Mo's brain had even turned white for a second. This was the first time he had met such danger. The zombie face was full of dust, his entire body was muddy and formed a sorry figure.

His actions were that of a true greenhorn, emphasizing Luo Li's strong composure.

After a long while, Zuo Mo gradually recovered his calm. Luo Li wasn't far away, smirking as he looked at him.

Luo Li suddenly found that this way was very good. His intention had been to embarrass Zuo Mo. In front of the sect leader, he naturally couldn't injure Zuo Mo. So let him completely humiliate Zuo Mo!

The gap between you and I, it's much larger than you think!

Having made a decision, Luo Li smiled coldly as he looked at Zuo Mo. He wasn't in a rush to attack. It was like a cat playing catch with a mouse.

Hao Min's face was smug. If it wasn't that the elders were at the side, she would have definitely been laughing. Hatred flashed across her eyes. Dare to fight with this lady, you scum, today, you'll play until you die!

Luo Li casually walked forward.

Zuo Mo unconsciously shrunk back. That action, it was very similar to a startled bird!

Laughter roared through the surroundings. On the stage, Shi Feng Rong's face was black.

Zuo Mo's eyes widened as he stared unblinkingly at Luo Li. He didn't

hear the laughter from the surroundings. No one knew the feelings under that zombie face of his, just like no one knew what he was thinking. The strong terror actually made him even more focused!

“*Shidi* isn’t attacking?” Luo Li’s voice was full of mockery as it spread. It was like a cat teasing a mouse. The scattered laughter made Luo Li feel smug. He even had the leisure to look at Hao Min.

Hao Min saw Luo Li look at her and instantly sent a flirtatious look back.

Luo Li was greatly encouraged and resolved to torment this distasteful little zombie today!

Zuo Mo didn’t speak. His eyes were wide as they stared at Luo Li.

Just having tasted the power of [Empty Sword Scripture], he didn’t dare to slip up.

“Since *Shidi* isn’t attacking, than I won’t be courteous.” Luo Li smiled at Hao Min and drawled.

Zuo Mo’s pupils suddenly shrunk. Like a grasshopper, he suddenly leapt towards the right!

Hiss!

Zuo Mo felt his left arm become cold. A piece of fabric flew into the sky. A cold and intimidating sword energy passed right next to his skin!

Ping!

Zuo Mo had leapt with too much power and hit the granite stoned ground. He instantly bared his teeth in pain. Not having the time to care about the pain, he rolled and climbed up. His hair was loose, his clothing dishevelled, a large hole at his shoulder.

“Where are *Shidi*’s sword moves?” Luo Li’s cold voice had a hint of mockery.

Hiss!

Zuo Mo didn't have time to think and jumped sideways again! At the same time, the right hand sleeve floated into the sky!

Ping, pain!

Climbing up, he stared at Luo Li. The laughter from the surroundings, he didn't hear it!

Luo Li didn't give Zuo Mo any time to rest, the sword energies coming one after the other!

Piece by piece, cloth flew into the sky!

Zuo Mo's clothing almost became strips of cloth. His entire body was covered in dust and dirt. Some parts of the skin were bleeding. He was like a beggar!

No one was laughing anymore. The entire plaza was unusually silent. Many outer sect disciples didn't want to look. Xiao Guo bit her lips, unaware that her tears had fallen down. Li Ying Feng's eyes were about to spit fire.

Half crouching on the ground, Zuo Mo panted heavily. His wide eyes were staring fixedly at Luo Li!

His ears still didn't hear any sound. He was breathing fast, his throat dry and burning. He didn't notice it, just like no one noticed excitement flash and then hide in his eyes.

— Caught it!

Chapter Sixty Five “Li Water Burning Heavens”

“Should we call for an end?” Yan Le said with slight dissatisfaction, his brows furrowed as he looked at the sorry figure of Zuo Mo in the plaza. Before, he had felt that even though Luo Li had been somewhat arrogant, but overall, he had been very good. Today’s battle had changed his impression of Luo Li to an extremely terrible one. He might not be as strong as Xin Yan but he was still a *jindanxiuzhe*. How could he not see? Luo Li clearly had the advantage, but like a cat catching a mouse, he was playing with the other.

The two were still disciples of the same sect, regardless of how serious the conflict. What was happening now was somewhat over the top.

Inside, he blamed Zuo Mo for trying to be brave. He had clearly given Zuo Mo a *ling* armour but Zuo Mo didn’t wear it. What he didn’t know was that when Zuo Mo had been practising in the river, he naturally had taken the armor off. After he returned, he forgot to put it on.

Glancing at the dark face of Shi Feng Rong, Pei Yuan Ran smiled, “No rush, no rush.” Then he said in a heavy tone, “In the future, the rules need to be adjusted.”

“Of course.” Yan Le agreed, “In the past, the feelings between the disciples had been pretty good and nothing like this had happened. Right now, the situation in the sect is complicated. It’s better to change the rules.”

In the battlefield, Zuo Mo panted heavily. He blocked off all the outside noise. He stared fixedly at Luo Li only ten steps away from him.

He caught it!

Caught the barely perceptible ripple!

[Empty Sword Scripture] was like travelling through the void and that made it hard to detect the sword.

However, to humiliate Zuo Mo, Luo Li had purposefully let out a small flaw to give Zuo Mo time to dodge. He definitely wouldn't have thought that this flaw that he purposefully left behind let Zuo Mo find an unique characteristic of [Empty Sword Scripture]!

It had to be said that [Empty Sword Scripture] deserved to be the finest among the third grade sword scriptures. Up until now, Zuo Mo hadn't found Luo Li's flying sword. This was the speciality of [Empty Sword Scripture]. The flying sword could travel through space and pierce through it to wound others, giving others the feeling that it was non-existent.

However, Luo Li was far from the level of his sword essence becoming non-existent.

It was an extremely small ripple. Just before the flying sword would appear, there would be a very small *ling* energy ripple. This *ling* energy ripple, in the midst of the unsteady surroundings, could be easily overlooked.

However, as Luo Li repeatedly played, Zuo Mo who had been highly alert caught this sign!

Zuo Mo's cultivation was far from Luo Li, but his spiritual power was far above Luo Li. This was also the reason he could catch this small fluctuation.

As long as he could catch the fluctuation, Empty Sword, it wasn't untraceable any longer!

On a zombie face smeared with dirt and sweat, it seemed that there were two deep red flames jumping deep in his eyes!

The smugness on Luo Li's face gradually disappeared. Previously, every time he made a blow, Zuo Mo's sorry state caused a lot of laughter. But afterwards, the laughter decreased in number. Presently, the entire plaza was dead silent. No matter how

dishevelled a figure Zuo Mo was, there wasn't any more noise.

This made Luo Li feel very uncomfortable. He decided to end this boring battle using the move he had just comprehended.

The mockery on his face disappeared. His expression turned grave, all the *ling* energy in his body moved.

The air seemed to have solidified, silent and deadly. The disciples that were spectating felt a heavy pressure form as though it was tangible and their expressions all changed. They could not dodge it!

Luo Li *Shixiong*, had he reached this kind of level?

Even those inner sect disciples couldn't help but show shock on their faces. Luo Li *Shixiong's* cultivation was stronger than them but they had not thought that Luo Li *Shixiong* would be this strong!

"Yi!" Light flashed through Yan Le's eyes. The others also looked down with solemn expressions.

"*Shidi*, pay attention, and get ready to interfere," Pei Yuan Ran said firmly to Xin Yan. His eyes were tightly locked on Luo Li, seemingly excited. With his experience, how could he not see that this was a move that combined [Empty Sword Scripture] and [Shapeless Sword Scripture]?

[Empty Sword Scripture] and [Shapeless Sword Scripture] were born from the same root. In the past, [Void Sword Scripture] was broken into two sword scriptures, [Empty Sword Scripture] and [Shapeless Sword Scripture]. All these years, many people had wanted to put the two sword scriptures back together but no one had succeeded.

In the past, if Xin Yan hadn't cultivated [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture], he would have certainly done this. Basically, any disciple of the sect that practised one of the two sword scriptures would try their best to combine the two sword scriptures.

So when they saw Luo Li's move, Pei Yuan Ran and the other three were instantly absorbed.

No one knew how to learn [Void Sword Scripture] but there were many records about this sword scripture. All the records would always have one word, “Essence moves and rises.”

With Luo Li’s cultivation, he wouldn’t be able to exude this kind of presence unless he comprehended sword essence. Yet, in the eyes of experts like Xin Yan, whether Luo Li had comprehended sword essence or not could be seen with a glance. Then there was only one possibility – combining the sword scriptures!

How could they not be excited?

Zuo Mo didn’t know any of this. In his eyes, there was only Luo Li, only that ripple! Luo Li’s presence was extremely shocking, but in Zuo Mo’s eyes, it was far less frightening than before — the fluctuation was too strong!

He almost didn’t need to try to locate the relative position of this *ling* energy fluctuation. It was clearer than any previous time.

The previous sword moves might not have been as strong in terms of presence but that fluctuation was extremely small. If it wasn’t that Zuo Mo’s consciousness was strong, he wouldn’t have been able to detect it.

Come!

Laboriously waiting for a chance, Zuo Mo’s pupils shrunk and the ice crystal sword that had been floating landed in his hand.

Stepping forward in a half crouch, his body slightly bent, the sword tip pointing to the ground, the eyes half closed. All the fire, all the desire for battle, all the resolve, all of it started to retreat inside.

Zuo Mo was like a dirty stone statue, motionless.

Luo Li saw Zuo Mo’s posture and a faint icy smile floated on the corner of his mouth.

In front of absolute power, any kind of rebellion was useless! He wanted the sect leader and the others to see his potential, see that he was more exceptional than Wei Sheng. He needed to take back

what belonged to him!

He didn't notice that at this time, Xin Yan *Shishu's* attention moved from his body to Zuo Mo's body. Xin Yan's usually stone-cold face was in a rare state of surprise.

Luo Li didn't notice. If he had noticed, maybe he would think of what was behind it.

He raised his right hand, his fingers forming a sword, the *ling* energy revolving!

Some meticulous outer sect disciples instantly noticed that a layer of faint white mist had formed and surrounded Zuo Mo's lowered ice crystal sword. It looked like Zuo Mo was holding a ball of mist.

Luo Li felt that the time was right, without hesitation, he attacked, his fingers lightly swiping at Zuo Mo!

All the accumulated anger, it seemed to have found a place to vent and furiously flooded following Luo Li's fingers.

Just at this moment, Zuo Mo suddenly opened his eyes!

It was like a dead motionless statue had suddenly come alive. Zuo Mo's clear bright eyes were entirely red like bloody eyes, but also like a roaring fire, burning like his desire to fight and his resolve! The moment he opened his eyes, all the energy that had retreated suddenly exploded.

Using all the power in his body, he swung the sword against the current viciously upwards!

"*Li!*"

The raspy voice was explosive, like a fireball suddenly exploding!

Biding his time for so long, it was all for this move. All the *ling* energy, all the spiritual energy, Zuo Mo didn't keep any of it back. All of it was poured into this [*Li* Water Burning Heavens]!

His eyes glared furiously almost as though they were going to pop out. That zombie face that was eternally expressionless was twisted

like a dancing flame!

Luo Li's expression changed. What was that?

He clearly saw countless jumping flames, countless flames filled with explosiveness, but why? They clearly were just water!

Impossible!

That was impossible!

That damned zombie had clearly been using a water element sword scripture! How could it transform into fire?

It had to be said that [*Li Water Sword Scripture*] was a very unique sword scripture. The uniqueness wasn't just found in manipulating water like fire. Even its sword moves were very unique. In the seven moves, the first six moves, they were all classical water element sword moves, they walked the path of water. Anyone who encountered it would naturally classify it as a classical water element sword scripture, But only up till the very last move. That one took a huge curve. Manipulate water like fire.

Without having learned the last move [*Li Water Burning Heavens*], it wasn't possible to really comprehend [*Li Water Sword Scripture*]. All the essence of [*Li Water Sword Scripture*] was in this final move. Even the people who practiced it had a hard time finding it, to say nothing of the people facing it.

Additionally, while the sword moves that Zuo Mo had previously used were skilled and smooth, but in each move, not one bit of sword essence was revealed.

Zuo Mo had thought it through. Sword essence was the only place that he could win. If the other was alert against it, he didn't even have the tiniest bit of hope. So in the beginning, no matter if it was [*Flowing Water*], [*Seven Whirlpools*] or [*Layered Tides*], he didn't use sword essence.

Only now!

In front of Zuo Mo, a crack suddenly appeared. It gave off a

terrifying presence like an ancient monster that would eat people!

Joy made its way onto the faces of Pei Yuan Ran and the others. Only Xin Yan's gaze was tightly locked on Zuo Mo.

What was going to come out of the crack? The flying sword!

Zuo Mo seemed to be combusting. His eyes were blood red and he roared, not dodging in the slightest. The ice crystal sword, swung with all his power, went up against the flow as a layer of strange and clear water flames appeared.

All the disciples, no matter inner sect or outer, no one could keep their composure! Even the steady Qin Cheng's expression changed dramatically!

Sword essence!

That was sword essence!

In their eyes, Zuo Mo was like a ball of fire, a strange and clear water flame!

Presence! A vicious and brutal presence suddenly spread out with Zuo Mo as the center.

Luo Li finally was shocked. Not caring about anything else, all the *ling* energy in his body started to revolve!

The ice crystal sword suddenly lightened. The strange water flame left the sword, transforming into a silently burning fire sword formed out of water, accurately hitting that crack!

Everyone could only see a patch of white and nothing else. Their ears rang, they couldn't hear anything. The disciples that had been closer felt that someone had pushed them heavily, forcing them to move six or seven steps behind before they could steady themselves.

Only a long while later did everyone's eyes recovered. When they looked at the battlefield, everyone truly was dumbstruck.

There was a gigantic and deep hole in the plaza. Inside the plaza,

Zuo Mo's upper half was naked, his clothing having disappeared. He was still locked in his position of swinging the sword. The light in his eyes retreated. He was like a statue.

At the edge of the deep pit, blood seeped out of the corner of Luo Li *Shixiong*'s mouth. His hair was a mess, not much of his clothing had remained. His eyes were fixed on Zuo Mo.

Phew!

Luo Li *Shixiong* suddenly spat out blood and fell down backwards!

At the same time, Zuo Mo still maintained his attack position as he silently dropped to the ground.

Chapter Sixty Six “Awakening”

Zuo Mo slowly opened his eyes and couldn't help but groan because of his sore body.

“*Shixiong*, you're awake.” An unfamiliar female stood beside the bed, her expression respectful. Zuo Mo noticed a hint of awe in her eyes. Based on her clothing, she should be an outer sect female disciple, but Zuo Mo didn't know her.

“Where is this?” Zuo Mo struggled to sit up.

“This is Fragrant Ginger Yard. Because you were injured, the mistress took you here.” The female outer sect disciple answered hurriedly.

Zuo Mo relaxed and thought, Oh, so it had been Master. Feeling the hunger in his stomach, he raised his head to ask, “Is there something to eat?”

The outer sect female disciple nodded, “Please wait.” She then turned and left. After a while, she carried a bowl of rice and several dishes in.

Smelling the dense *ling* energy coming from the food, Zuo Mo felt his mind become alert, and felt even more hungry. Without a second wasted, he started to feast. The rice in the bowl wasn't the normal rice that he usually ate but rather cooked with *ling* grains. The small dishes were all prepared using *ling* vegetables. The *ling* energy was abundant. Thus extremely appropriate for people like Zuo Mo who had just been wounded to recover.

To someone poor like Zuo Mo, when had he ever eaten such food? He had a ration of *ling* grains each month, but he didn't know how to prepare it.

The preparation of *ling* food needed extremely specialized techniques. This process was called food cultivation. All kinds of raw ingredients filled with rich *ling* energy, after being especially paired,

and then meticulously prepared, the *ling* energy in the food would be completely released and it was very easy to absorb. Absorbing *ling* energy from *ling* food was much gentler than absorbing it from *jingshi*.

However, that was something only those who had enough *jingshi* could experience.

Compared to other high level *ling* foods, *ling* grains were the most basic and widespread *ling* food. However, Zuo Mo sold the *ling* grains he received each month to turn it into *jingshi*. Having the *ling* vein in the stone room, the effect of *ling* grains were not major for him.

This was the first time he was able to experience such luxury. The skill of the person who cooked was high and the *ling* energy thick. Just smelling it, Zuo Mo felt his mind lighten. When the food entered his mouth, he almost swallowed his tongue as well.

Like a storm, the *ling* food on the table was swept clean, not a speck remaining.

Zuo Mo stretched, still wanting more. At this time, the female outer sect disciple reminded him, “*Shixiong* can meditate which will help in the absorption of *ling* energy.”

Hearing this, Zuo Mo rushed into the lotus position to meditate.

Seeing this, the female disciple quietly cleaned up the dishes and then closed the door as she left.

Waking up from the meditation, Zuo Mo felt his mind was completely refreshed and unspeakably comfortable. Thinking about the *ling* food he had just eaten, he couldn't help but sigh at the effect of the meal which was even more effective than meditating for four hours in the stone room. But the *ling* vein in the stone room was completely free and while there hadn't been that much food, the price of the *ling* food definitely wasn't cheap. If it wasn't a reward from the sect, he certainly couldn't afford it.

Pushing open the door, he walked outside the room.

It was a small yard outside the door. At this time, Zuo Mo knew where he was. This place was a small out of the way yard in Fragrant Ginger Yard. He would pass by this place everyday. It seemed familiar upon further observation.

He decided to go see his master.

Walking out of the little yard, he saw quite a few female outer sect disciples along his way.

Zuo Mo instantly felt the completely different change in their attitude.

Previously, they had been respectful of him. Now, there was a hint of awe in this respect. This awe that came from the heart, it caused their spines to bend more, their attitude more careful and respectful. Zuo Mo wasn't used to it.

Xu Qing saw Zuo Mo and hurried to bow, *Shixiong*! Master is waiting for you!"^[1]

Even Xu Qing was using the formal "you." Zuo Mo felt very uncomfortable. He shook his head and said, "It's not good that *Shimei* calls me this, it's too formal!"

"*Shixiong* is right, Xu Qing was wrong!" Xu Qing smiled warmly.

Previously, she had helped Zuo Mo but she didn't think he would end up doing so well. Who could have known that Zuo Mo could fight to a standstill with Luo Li *Shixiong*. When she had seen it, she was dumbstruck. Even now, she still felt disbelief. This incident caused the entire Fragrant Ginger Yard to take a new look at this zombie *Shixiong*. Xu Qing was smart and knew that this fight had completely decided *Shixiong*'s position in Fragrant Ginger Yard and the sect.

Before, Hao Min *Shijie* had been arrogant and despotic in Fragrant Ginger Yard. In the future, she would definitely be more restrained. If she still didn't control herself, then she would be too stupid. Zuo Mo *Shixiong* might look slow but no matter if it was cunning, power, or talent, he surpassed Hao Min.

Xu Qing knew of the battle between the inner sect disciples. As an

outer sect disciple, she naturally felt closer to Wei Sheng and Zuo Mo who had once been outer sect disciples as well.

However, Xu Qing was still careful and aware of herself. Many people, when they prospered, their temper and personality became drastically different. Prudence would never be a mistake. However, Zuo Mo *Shixiong*'s personality seemed much better than she had imagined.

Zuo Mo's zombie face still was expressionless. He nodded at Xu Qing and then walked towards Master's *dan* room.

Pushing open the door to enter, he saw Master Shi Feng Rong.

"Now you know to act brave!" When Shi Feng Rong saw him, she discourteously started scolding, "Just admit defeat earlier next time. Did you have to injure yourself like that?" She completely forgot she had sent a death order for Zuo Mo to not lose.

Zuo Mo perceptively didn't mention it and muttered in compliance. To argue with this person, he didn't have the guts.

Shi Feng Rong's tone relaxed, "But, you didn't lose face for me. Very good." Zuo Mo heard this and rolled his eyes inside. This is probably what you really thought inside.

Shi Feng Rong was very satisfied with this disciple. Even though he had only been a *ling* plant farmer, but she had been shocked at his talent at *dan*-making. He could make the golden crow pill even when he just started to learn *dan*-making. The first time Zuo Mo made the golden crow pill, it could be explained by luck. Afterwards, when he found the basic method, she hadn't said anything, but she had been very shocked inside. This wasn't something that could be accomplished by luck. Seeing his exceptional talent, Shi Feng Rong had made even stricter demands of him.

She didn't have any hope for the fight between Zuo Mo and Luo Li. Regardless that she had ordered that he could not lose, she was clear that the two weren't on the same power level. Yet Zuo Mo once again gave her a surprise. Even though he didn't win, but he truly didn't lose.

In a short three months, he was able to comprehend sword essence! This kind of sword talent, even the cold Second *Shixiong* was surprised. The sect leader and Third *Shixiong* had gaped. She had been very smug inside.

“Three months, and you were able to comprehend sword essence. Your talent at the sword isn’t weak. If it was buried, it would be a pity.” Shi Feng Rong slowly said, “In the future, you can go to your Second *Shibo* to learn about the sword. I’m telling you, if you go to your Second *Shibo*, don’t dishonour me. If I learn that you are slacking, humph!” The snort was very cold.

Zuo Mo silently grimaced. To go to Second *Shibo*’s place to learn the sword, this treatment, it was extremely high in Wu Kong Sword Sect. It was something that every disciple dreamed about. If it was in the past, Zuo Mo would have nodded and agreed but now.....

He thought that there was still an idle and steady Pu Yao in his consciousness, and then thought about Second *Shibo*’s sword-like gaze.....

Zuo Mo felt he had dropped into ice.

He still remembered the snow white sword essence of Second *Shibo* slicing through the black sea the night he met Pu Yao for the first time! Even the kind of strong *yaomo* that was Pu Yao, he still wasn’t Second *Shibo*’s opponent. If Second *Shibo* found Pu Yao in his consciousness, his own ending would be of the utmost miserable!

What was a reward in other people’s eyes, Zuo Mo wanted to avoid it.

“This disciple just wants to learn *dan*-making from Master.....”

Before Zuo Mo could finish, Shi Feng Rong interrupted, “*Dan*-making is *dan*-making. Cultivating the sword is cultivating the sword. No one said that making *dan* means not being able to cultivate the sword! Stop talking and go where I tell you!”

“But.....”

“Hm!” Shi Feng Rong looked suspiciously at Zuo Mo, “You have a

question?”

Being pierced with Master's gaze, Zuo Mo's heart jumped rapidly. Don't let Master see anything fishy! He hurriedly shook his head, "No! No!"

"If you don't have any, then go!" Shi Feng Rong impatiently waved her hand to rush Zuo Mo out.

Coming out of Master's *dan* room, Zuo Mo felt very uncertain. Of the four elders, the one he was most afraid of meeting was Xin Yan *Shibo*. Whenever Xin Yan *Shibo* looked at him, Zuo Mo felt that the other could see him clearly, and that all secrets were revealed in Second *Shibo*'s eyes.

But this obstacle could not be avoided.

Zuo Mo cautiously went to Second *Shibo*'s residence. Second *Shibo* was skilled in two areas. One was cultivating the sword. The other was forging. Wei Sheng *Shixiong* had personally been taught by him. Luo Li had once received his teachings. Other than that, Xu Yi *Shixiong* was the only disciple of Second *Shibo* and learned forging from him.

Zuo Mo could only walk towards Second *Shibo*'s residence.

Second *Shibo* resided alone at Sun Lookout Peak. This was a place that Zuo Mo had never stepped in before. Following the winding mountain road, Zuo Mo was extremely careful and furtive. When he reached the peak of Sun Lookout Peak, he was shocked still.

The peak was very large but there was only a small grass hut. Other than that, no other living thing was on the ground.

Zuo Mo was about one hundred and fifty steps from the grass hut. These one hundred and fifty steps, he walked with his heart beating fast. A few times, he almost turned and ran away.

Under his feet, not one foot of ground was whole. Actually, not just under his feet but the entire top of Sun Lookout Peak, there wasn't a whole piece of ground. There were intersecting cracks. The ground of Sun Lookout Peak seemed to have been heavily ploughed

countless times.

When he stepped on the upturned soil, Zuo Mo's heart shrunk!

Sword essence!

The broken soil on the upturned ground under his feet contained extremely strong sword essence! They followed out as though they wanted to cut off Zuo Mo's legs, or as though they wanted to burrow inside his body from the soles of his feet. The cold killing intent made Zuo Mo's hairs stand on end.

He unconsciously swallowed, controlling his impulse to take out the ice crystal sword and gritted his teeth as he walked forward.

One step one step!

It was like his feet were stepping on countless sword tips. Each step was extremely careful.

Zuo Mo felt the impulse countless times to take out ice crystal sword. It was an instinctive response, but each time, he would stop it!

This patch of broken ground concealed countless sword essences. If he really summoned the ice crystal sword, that was really poking the hornet's nest! Those hidden sword essences would swarm and rip him to shreds.

Damn it!

This ghastly place!

Notes

1. 您, formal way of saying "you". The pinyin is nin as opposed to the informal you "ni".

Chapter Sixty Seven “Questions and Answers”

Zuo Mo was like a tense string as he carefully moved in front of the door to the grass hut. Just the slightest bit of outside force and he would move.

He took a deep breath. Even though he had broken through to the second breath of [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] and didn't need to use his nose and mouth to breathe, but when he was nervous, he still unconsciously followed the familiar pattern of breathing to calm his emotions. Letting his mind settle, he gave a deep bow to the wooden door of the grass hut, “Disciple Zuo Mo greets *Shibo*!”

“Come in!” Xin Yan *Shibo*'s icy voice came out of the grass hut.

The wooden door opened silently. The inside of the hut was a patch of darkness. Zuo Mo's heart couldn't help but tense up once again. He gathered his courage and walked in.

The interior of the grass hut was extremely crude. There was only a meditation mat, other than that, there was nothing else. Xin Yan *Shibo* was sitting on the meditation mat, a small stream of sunlight entering the grass hut and falling onto Xin Yan *Shibo*'s body. *Shibo*'s body was under the sun but his face was shadowed by the hair in front of his forehead and couldn't be seen clearly until he opened his eyes.

In the shadow, two dots of ice suddenly lit up. For some unknown reason, Zuo Mo felt a bone-aching cold flow from the tail of spine upwards, all the muscles in his body paralyzed.

“You are a surprise to me.” Xin Yan's voice was like a cold mist, permeating through Zuo Mo's skin into his heart, so cold that he almost couldn't move.

“You don't have any talent at the sword.” Xin Yan said calmly.

Zuo Mo's heart suddenly tensed. He felt that he almost forgot to breathe at this instant. Terror, like the flood overcoming the dam, instantly broke through Zuo Mo's psychological defenses. Did *Shibo* find out?

"You could comprehend sword essence in three months, that surprised me." Xin Yan didn't look at Zuo Mo. He slowly closed his eyes, the two dots of ice disappearing into the shadows, "I'm not concerned with what fortuitous encounters you had, but you have to remember, if you do anything against the sect in the future, I will kill you with my sword."

The tone was calm, as though it was narrating a simple matter.

It was like Zuo Mo suddenly rose from hell into heaven. This joyful surprise stunned him for a moment. He had already prepared to stretch out his neck to be killed. He had assumed that Second *Shibo* had already seen through him, and seen that Pu Yao was in his consciousness.

The tense muscles on his body instantly relaxed. Zuo Mo felt his body was weak, the lingering fears in his heart like a flood, almost swallowing him. His feet were sore and weak.

"Yes!" Zuo Mo hurriedly answered, his mind slightly steadier.

"The [*Li* Water Sword Scripture] that you cultivate is unique but is limited by the knowledge of the author and it would be hard for it to improve further in the future." Xin Yan didn't open his eyes as he said calmly, "And your fundamentals are too weak. Several places need to be changed. However, the places that you changed yourself, they weren't bad."

Afterwards, Xin Yan pointed out a few spots. Zuo Mo, now having calmed down, was delighted and willing. The places that *Shibo* pointed out, it was exactly the places that he felt were uncomfortable and didn't flow properly, but he hadn't known how to change it. Hearing *Shibo*'s advice, he instantly understood.

After that, Xin Yan *Shibo* threw a jade scroll to Zuo Mo, "These are some basic sword scriptures. Practice them more." Pausing, he said

with a hint of regret, “Your primary focus is *dan*-making, and you’re also a *ling* plant farmer. You are not suited to cultivate the sword. For sword *xiu*, what is important is not to be distracted by other matters, the clear heart sword. You, try to do your best.”

Bidding farewell to *Shibo*, when Zuo Mo passed over the mud in front of the grass hut, he didn’t feel any of the sword essence that had been there previously. Just like those sword essences knew him and hid themselves.

On the road from Sun Lookout Peak to Little West Wind Yard, Zuo Mo had been pondering *Shibo*’s words. *Shibo*’s meaning was extremely clear. If he wanted to progress another step on the road of the sword *xiu*, and really accomplish something, he must abandon being a *ling* plant farmer and *dan*-making, and only practice the sword. Otherwise, he would find it hard to progress further on the sword.

Shibo’s words were as clear as they could be, but Zuo Mo knew what he was worth.

If he was like Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, he might abandon everything and be a pure sword *xiu* but he wasn’t. He knew just how much talent he had. If he didn’t have Pu Yao, he basically couldn’t have been able to comprehend sword essence. He had been sliced several thousand times before he had comprehended *Shibo*’s tidal sword essence. If it had been Wei Sheng *Shixiong*, he would have needed only a few dozen before he could have comprehended it.

If he didn’t have the experience of comprehending the tidal sword essence, he certainly wouldn’t have been able to comprehend the *li* water sword essence in three months.

He was fated to not walk Wei Sheng *Shixiong*’s path!

As he walked with the wind blowing gently in his face, Zuo Mo’s mood rose. The road each person walked was different. Even more, the progress he had made was something he didn’t dare to even think of before. Yet now, he had made it.

His mood recovered quickly. After the rise and fall in his emotions

today, his body felt slightly exhausted. He needed rest.

However, when he walked to the mouth of the West Wind Valley, his feet stopped and he paused on this spot.

“*Ai ya!* Zuo Mo *Shixiong*, you finally came! *Shixiong* was so strong in the sect assessment, *Shidi* has come to especially give congratulations, just a humble gift... ..”

“Does *Shixiong* still remember me? That year, if it wasn't for your [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], I would have been homeless. This little brother still remembers it... ..”

“*Shixiong Shixiong*, this little brother cultivates the sword, but doesn't have a master... ..”

“*Shixiong*, us sisters from the Eastern Peak... ..”

Looking at the dense mass of people, Zuo Mo's head rang.

The entrance of West Wind Valley was filled to the limit. This scene, it was even busier than the last time when Zuo Mo had been promoted to an inner sect disciple. Even the gifts they had prepared were higher quality than last time. Some outer sect disciples that had good family backgrounds had really spent a lot.

Desperately needing rest, Zuo Mo felt his head was going to explode.

“Stop the noise!” Suddenly, a voice passed over, and everyone instantly quieted.

Xu Yi had accompanied two females over. Zuo Mo saw clearly that it was Eldest *Shijie* Gong Sun Qing and Xu Yi Xia *Shijie*. The one that had spoken was Xu Yi *Shixiong*. Xu Yi waved his hand, “Leave.”

Seeing the situation, the outer sect disciples scattered like birds.

Xu Yi bowed to Zuo Mo and said, “*Shidi*, don't blame me for overstepping. It really is too noisy with all these people here.”

Zuo Mo hurriedly returned the bow, “Many thanks, *Shixiong*. This little brother's eyes are already dizzy. If *Shixiong* had been just a

moment late, this little brother would have been dead right here.” Then he bowed towards Gong Sun Qing and Xu Yi Xia, “Eldest *Shijie*, Yi Xia *Shijie*!”

“Hee! You are actually somewhat interesting~a!” A green-clad Xu Yi Xia laughed.

Zuo Mo was deeply cautious and alert towards this innocent-looking girl. Li Ying Feng *Shijie* said that the jade scroll had been from Xu Yi Xia *Shijie*. What the intentions were at that time of giving him that jade scroll were hard to tell.

Gong Sun Qing smiled warmly, responding, “*Shidi* looks very tired. Why don’t we come another day?”

“What is *Shijie* saying, come come come. Everyone come in and have some tea.” Zuo Mo hurriedly said and then made a joke, “But I don’t have *Shixiong*’s *ling* tea. Please don’t blame me.”

Everyone started moving towards the valley. Each person made with a pondering expression as their eyes encountered the ruined *jinzhi* scattered on the ground,. They had heard earlier on that Luo Li had gone to challenge Zuo Mo at the valley, the news was passed furiously through Wu Kong Sword Sect. Thinking about the match that neither of the two had won, all three of them had their own thoughts.

Zuo Mo didn’t have any expression. In fact, he couldn’t make expressions. That zombie face couldn’t hold any expressions.

Entering the West Wind Yard and seeing Zuo Mo return, the grey beaked goose on the roof made a call as though she was giving a greeting. Just having escaped death, Zuo Mo’s mood was very good and he waved his hand in greeting to the female bird.

Gong Sun Qing saw Zuo Mo’s youthful actions and couldn’t help but grin.

Xu Yi Xia only took a glance. Seeing it was only just a normal grey beaked goose, she looked away with a hint of disdain in her eyes. Her steed was a third grade golden fire pupil beast. Extremely

intimidating and dominant. In her eyes, a grey beaked goose was for country bumpkins only.

The group of four sat down. Zuo Mo made a pot of tea. The three touched it with their lips before setting it down. Zuo Mo didn't care. What he had was just normal tea. It was a bit cheap. Normally, even he didn't drink it.

"It really shocked me that *Shidi* comprehended sword essence in three months. *Shidi* is really too mean to not have slipped any hint and make me worry." Xu Yi said with a smile.

Zuo Mo quickly answered, "It isn't that this little brother deliberately concealed it. Even this little brother hadn't thought it would be possible. Afraid of saying it and being embarrassed, this little brother had been practising in the river and had been swept a few hundred miles away by the water. Even the sect leader had to send someone to search."

The other three people's expressions instantly became slightly strange. They had already used the incident of Zuo Mo being swept away by the river as a joke. The three had mocked or disdained it. Now that Zuo Mo mentioned it in self-mockery, the three instantly didn't feel good inside.

Zuo Mo had comprehended sword essence and was walking far in front of them. Previously mocking Zuo Mo, it clearly showed their ignorance and stupidity.

"What sword scripture is *Shidi* practicing?" Xu Yi Xia asked with a face of innocence.

"*Li* Water Sword Scripture." Zuo Mo didn't deny it. If they wanted to know, they naturally could find out, "It is a third grade five elements sword scripture. Pity that *Shibo* said that it would be difficult for it to progress more."

Hearing this Xu Yi Xia's cunning eyes couldn't help but reveal delight.

Zuo Mo coincidentally caught it. He couldn't resist sneering inside. This brat definitely didn't have a good heart!

“*Shidi*, don’t be discouraged.” Gong Sun Qing comforted, “Your talents are so outstanding, *Shibo* and Sect Leader wouldn’t waste your talents.”

“*Shijie* is right.” Feeling the concern of the other, Zuo Mo felt goodwill for her and bowed towards Gong Sun Qing. It might have been that she would be marrying soon but she didn’t walk closely with Qin Cheng’s group. It seemed like that she didn’t want to involve herself in the battle between the two sides.

“This time, it is me that is searching for *Shidi*.” The Eldest *Shijie* smiled, her tone gentle, “These two have been taken along to keep me company. I heard that *Shidi* can make a kind of *lingdan* called Golden Crow Pill which has a probability of making Golden Crow Fire. Is that true?”

“The appraisal says so. In reality, this little brother has not tried.” Zuo Mo said cautiously.

“That’s good.” Gong Sun Qing smiled and took out a jade box, “I want to use this time to exchange with *Shidi* for one hundred Golden Crow Pills. *Shidi*, take a look.”

Finishing, her slender fingers pushed the jade box in front of Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo was slightly puzzled as he opened the jade box. The moment he opened the jade box, his pupils suddenly expanded, glee was unable to be disguised in his eyes!

Chapter Sixty Eight “A Rare Leisure”

There was a pale blue third grade water grass lying in the jade box. Light flickered across the plant and it exuded a faint coldness.

Icy Cloud Grass. It was a very rare water element *ling* grass. Its shadow could be found in many kinds of high level *dan* recipes. To say nothing else, Zuo Mo knew that even Master didn't have ice cloud grass in her fields. Ice cloud grass grew in the coldest of climates, it wasn't easily grown and was hard to find.

It probably wasn't possible to buy such a high quality ice cloud grass in Dong Fu, and showed just how valuable it was.

“This is too valuable.” Zuo Mo strongly controlled the greed in his heart and pushed the jade box back in front of the Eldest *Shijie*.

A flicker of admiration ran through Gong Sun Qing's eyes. She once again pushed the jade box to Zuo Mo. “Don't refuse, *Shidi*. This ice cloud grass, it leans towards the cold and the water element. The *dan* that can be made from this would certainly be *lingdan* of the ice and water elements. In this sect, other than *Shidi*, no one is appropriate for this.”

Zuo Mo thought and then said: “Two hundred. The other one hundred would be a token of *Shidi*'s goodwill.”

Gong Sun Qing didn't refuse and smiled broadly: “Many thanks, *Shidi*.”

Everyone talked for a bit longer, but their interests didn't match. Zuo Mo felt especially negative towards Xu Yi Xia. The three stood up and left. Zuo Mo walked with them to the mouth of the valley. Before leaving, Xu Yi couldn't resist reminding Zuo Mo of the golden crow pills he had already ordered. Zuo Mo nodded.

Zuo Mo could finally take a breath. Returning to his little yard, he

didn't want to do anything. Today's ups and downs, it was enough to tire him out.

But he still moved the ice cloud grass into the *ling* spring of the rock room first. That *ling* spring was near the *ling* vein and the *ling* energy was extremely thick, and suited for the growth of the ice cloud grass. The reason he had been so happy seeing the ice cloud grass wasn't completely due to its value, but because the jade scrolls of Elder Wei Nan recorded a kind of water method to make a *lingdan*. Its main ingredient was ice cloud grass. This *lingdan* was called ice cloud *dan*. It could dramatically increase a cultivator's power over water.

The jade scroll hadn't recorded just how great the increase was. However, for Zuo Mo, it still would be very beneficial. He wasn't a sword *xiu* and didn't need to consider the problem of the chaos of the five elements. Any element in the five elements was extremely useful for him. If his water power grew, the power of his [*Li* Water Sword Scripture] would be even greater, and easier for him to manipulate.

But temporarily, he didn't have the time to make the ice cloud *dan*. He was in deep debt!

Golden Crow pill.....

Whenever he thought about the enormous amount of golden crow pills, Zuo Mo had the impulse to faint.

But today, it wouldn't be today. He buried his head and slept.

The next morning, Zuo Mo woke up and started his crazy *dan*-making days. Xu Qing seemed to know of the matter and had prepared large amounts of the ingredients for the fasting pill beforehand.

Looking at the mountain of raw materials in front of him, Zuo Mo wanted to cry. He forced himself to start!

A crowd of people appeared in a mountain valley not far from Dong Fu. Their clothing was different and so was their expression.

“It’s nearby.” One of the people said. His face was serious: “But it’s hard to find the exact location.”

“I think that it’s here.” Another yellow-clad cultivator snorted coldly and followed: “We’ve gone through the other twelve towns. Other than here, where else?”

The other people looked at the silver-clad man that seemed to be the leader. The expression on this male’s face was extremely faint. The long robes on his body seemed to have been woven from silver thread, the light gleaming. In the crowd, he was extremely eye-catching.

The silver-clad man mused for a beat before opening: “Settle down first and then search.”

The crowd flew in the direction of Dong Fu.

Four hours later, at the same location that the crowd of people had gathered, light flashed, and a crowd of black-clad people appeared. They were all wearing copper masks, the patterns on the masks extremely fierce and only revealing the eyes.

“Just in this area. Still not clear about the exact location.” A black clad person said. Then he made a sound of surprise: “There were people just here, not an insignificant number.”

The leader of the crowd didn’t say anything. He lightly waved his hand and the crowd of black-clad people disappeared into the air.

A while later, a white-clad male appeared. If Zuo Mo could see it, he would be shocked to find that it was the person he had thought was a rich young master, Lin Qian. He only took a glance before disappearing.

Zuo Mo’s display in the sect assessment really shocked everyone. The next few days, there were continuous visitors. With no other solution, Zuo Mo could only hang up a sign of seclusion at the mouth of the valley. These few days, he had made *dan* to the point he almost threw up. For Eldest *Shijie*, for Xu Yi *Shixiong*, to give to Li Ying Feng *Shijie* to sell. Only later did he remember that he didn’t have any fire seeds himself. Fourth grade fire source! If he didn’t

have one himself, why would he keep on making it?

According to the appraisal, there was a probability that it could form golden crow fire. He speculated it was related to the number. Steeling his heart, Zuo Mo decided to make five hundred for himself. In any case, it wasn't as though eating too much would kill him. If he could really form golden crow fire, then he really would have struck gold. Fourth grade fire source. The grade of the *lingdan* that he made would increase a grade.

Thinking of the possibility, he decided to just stay inside the *dan* room.

Xu Qing was one of the busiest people around. She could almost be considered Zuo Mo's spokesperson. Each day, she needed to give Zuo Mo the *dan* ingredients that had been prepared, and then had to help him distribute the golden crow pill. There wasn't much variance in the amount of golden crow pill that would be made each day, but who would get them? That was a major question. Zuo Mo, finding it a giant headache, threw the question to Xu Qing. Previously, he owed her a favor. Zuo Mo was very willing to help her.

The result of this action was that Xu Qing's status in the sect instantly rose.

She had been the first seat of the Fragrant Ginger Yard's outer sect disciples for a significant amount of time and was extremely good at managing different personal relations and knew how to observe expressions. This kind of person, who would easily offend her? And now that she had the power to divide the golden crow pill, everyone wouldn't dare to offend her at this time. The temptation of a fourth grade fire seed was too much. The only exception was Hao Min. Because of Zuo Mo, she found Xu Qing even more of an eyesore. But when she thought about the strength he had shown in the sect assessment, she didn't dare to do anything.

Zuo Mo had dared to slap her the previous time. If she provoked him, Zuo Mo definitely dared to slap her again.

How could Xu Qing not know that Zuo Mo was helping her? She was grateful inside and tried her best to finish everything beautifully. She

had been shocked at Zuo Mo *Shixiong*'s performance in the sect assessment but what she really respected was *Shixiong*'s craziness as he made *dan*.

She was very clear how much ingredients she would send in.

Maybe, for outer sect disciples, talent was something that couldn't be found everywhere. But painstaking effort was something everyone could do and was more worthy of respect!

Not just her, the entire Fragrant Ginger Yard had been frightened by Zuo Mo's frenzy. Even Shi Feng Rong had, on multiple occasions, called Xu Qing in to ask about the situation. And Xu Qing, within the limits of her power, gave *Shixiong* all the help she could give. Like when people asking for golden crow pills would give something like *ling* grains or vegetables, Xu Qing would especially get a *shimei* skilled in making food to make *ling* food and send it to Zuo Mo.

And then, she quickly found, that Zuo Mo would make a few more extra golden crow pills. She knew that helping her out.

For the first time in almost twenty days, Zuo Mo walked out of the *dan* room. Pushing open the door, he narrowed his eyes instinctively against the sun.

Xu Qing, rushing about in the yard preparing ingredients, saw the situation and ran over: "*Shixiong*."

"It's nothing. I'm coming out to take a breather." Zuo Mo motioned for her to do what she needed.

After furiously making *dan* for almost twenty days, he finally completed the majority of his debts and could take a breath. The sun splashing on his body was warm. Zuo Mo felt extremely comfortable. He ran over to ask Xu Qing: "Do you have a sound tablet?"

Xu Qing was slightly puzzled but still ran to a room and took out a sound tablet to give to Zuo Mo.

Taking the tablet, he disregarded the surprised expressions of the *shimei* and jumped onto the roof. Adding *ling* energy into the sound

tablet, he set it by his side and then laid down, sunning himself and humming a tune.

It had been so long since he was this free. Zuo Mo was extremely relaxed.

Just as he relaxed, it suddenly darkened. Stopping his humming, Zuo Mo opened his eyes. In the sky overhead, a gigantic ship slowly flew past. The size of the large boat was about the same as the thousand wing ship that Zuo Mo had seen before. But the bow was even more sharp, the main body of the ship surrounded by a crowd of beautifully colored birds.

Hm. Zuo Mo sat up. Face tilted upward to look at the large ship, he searched for what possible large personage that had come to Dong Fu.

This large ship had alarmed many people. The female disciples in the yard stopped what they were doing and held a discussion.

Coincidentally coming out, Shi Feng Rong noticed the large ship and a strange flicker flashed across her eyes. Her mouth scolded: "Stop being noisy!"

Hearing Shi Feng Rong's reproach, everyone instantly became silent and started their work again. Shi Feng Rong then scolded Zuo Mo who was on the roof: "Go make *dan*!" Finishing, she left in the direction of Wu Kong Hall. Zuo Mo didn't care about being scolded. Inside, he was speculating, did the big ship have a relation with the sect?

He felt that Master's expression today wasn't normal. There definitely was something!

Of course, he could only speculate. Don't think that Master was just a woman. With her cultivation of *jindan*, in Dong Fu, that was definitely in the first class people.

Even if something had happened, he couldn't do anything to help. It was good if he didn't make trouble. Thinking about it, Zuo Mo strolled back to his own little yard.

He first went to inspect the ice cloud grass. Seeing vigorous growth, he meditated for four hours in the rock room. Due to the *ling* vein in the rock room and the *ling* food Xu Qing had provided, the increase in Zuo Mo's cultivation recently was extremely clear. It would just be a while before he would reach the second level of *zhuji*.

Because he had been busy with making *dan*, he hadn't read the jade scroll that Xin Yan *Shibo* had given him. The *ling* grasses and herbs in the *ling* fields had also been neglected recently. The *jinzhi* outside the valley needed to be set up again. He still needed to keep making golden crow pills. He yearned very much for the fourth level golden crow fire.

Busy, busy!

He liked this kind of busyness. His life was very full.

He suddenly thought that it had been a long time since he went into his consciousness to see Pu Yao. He didn't know what the other had been doing.

Entering the sea of consciousness, it still looked normal. Zuo Mo couldn't help but release a breath. What he was most afraid of was that there would be changes every time he came here. And no matter what changed, he wouldn't understand.

But when he saw Pu Yao's state, he was alarmed.

Chapter Sixty Nine “Zuo Mo Drooling”

At an inconspicuous residence within Dong Fu.

“Stars in Daytime is caused by the most powerful *yaomo*. It is used to ease their absorption of star power during the day by forcing the world to twist, and give them access to energy from the stars.” The one who spoke was the silver clad man. He continued in a grave tone, “Only when they have no choice would a *yaomo* do such a thing. It seems the situation of this *yaomo* isn’t good, it is very possible they are seriously wounded and need star power to recover, so they were forced to twist the world.”

As he spoke, his voice relaxed and the others relaxed their expressions.

“A *yaomo* able to create Stars in Daytime, they definitely are one of the strongest *yaomo*. They’ve only ever appeared in the war three thousand years ago. I hadn’t thought that there would be such a powerful *yaomo* hidden away here.” He sighed.

“So what if he’s powerful? Isn’t he still going to end up in our hands?” The yellow-robed Taoist said in a screeching voice, “He he, the heart of a sky *yao* or black *mo*, if it is added into the sword, my flying sword would increase quite a few levels!”

“Haha, the eyes of this *yaomo* is very rare. It naturally can see through anything.”

... ..

The crowd instantly became excited as though they had already caught that amazing *yaomo*.

For *xiuzhe*, a high level *yaomo*’s body was a treasure. Almost all the body parts could be used for forging or *dan*-making and were all rare items. This group had gathered together for this *yaomo*. A

powerful yao who was seriously wounded was a prey that they all coveted.

Seeing everyone's mood, the silver-clad man cautioned, "Everyone, we shouldn't rejoice pre-emptively. Haven't you realized that there are many other people after it as well?"

"So what if there are others? Who dares to compete with us?" The yellow-robed cultivator said irritably in a high voice, murderous intent thick in his eyes. Viciousness flashed in the eyes of the other people.

The silver-clad man said, "Everyone should have seen that ship today. A sixth grade treasure ship, it is a rare talisman. If anyone had taken a close look at the tail of the wing boat, you should have seen their emblem."

"Whose emblem?" The yellow-robed Taoist said suspiciously. When he saw that winged boat today, even he had been slightly shocked.

"The Master of Bright Wave *Jie*." The silver-clad male said slowly. Everyone instantly became silent as terror made its way across many of their faces.

The expression of the yellow-robed Taoist also changed slightly but he quickly recovered and shrieked, "Don't speak nonsense. The Master of Bright Wave *Jie* had been in seclusion for over sixty years. How could he come to a little place like Sky Moon *Jie*?"

"I only saw the emblem. In the past, I had spent some time in Bright Wave *Jie* and remember the emblem." The silver-clad male said calmly.

Seeing the terror on everyone's faces, he said with a smile, "Everyone, don't worry too much. The Master of Bright Wave *Jie* has not involved himself in common affairs for many years. It's unlikely that he came. Most likely it is his disciple or subordinate."

The faces of everyone else relaxed. One of them said, "As long as it isn't the Master of Bright Wave *Jie*, I'm not afraid."

"Yes, yes!" The other people agreed.

“Why would Bright Wave *Jie* interfere in this matter?” The yellow robed cultivator’s brow furrowed.

“Elder, don’t forget, Sky Moon *Jie* is under the jurisdiction of Bright Wave *Jie*. This little brother knows that Stars in Daytime occurred, then it isn’t strange that they would also know.” The silver clad male said.

Suddenly the faces of the yellow robed Taoist and the silver clad male changed slightly and they yelled simultaneously, “Who!”

The two rushed outside like a sword. There was nothing outside in the yard. The yellow robed Taoist flew into the sky and scanned the surroundings before returning. He shook his head at the silver clad male. Both of them had serious and solemn expressions, nothing remained of their previous ease.

The other people all ran out to ask about the situation. By now, the two had resumed their normal expressions. The silver clad male said, “Nothing, nothing, just a false alarm.”

Hearing this, the people released a breath and conversed as they walked back into the room. The yellow robed Taoist followed last. Before re-entering, he glanced back before following.

A moment later, in a shadowed corner, a figure silently appeared. It was the white-clothed Lin Qian.

He revealed a pondering expression before disappearing.

—

In the Dong Fu Hall, everyone had gathered together. Tian Song Zi, as the local leader, sat at the head with Yu Bai standing by his side. Below him, six people sat and leisurely drank tea.

“This time, we are really troubling you.” The one that spoke was a beautiful matron. Clear eyes, white teeth, and extremely graceful. On her shoulder, there was a little light yellow bird that curiously examined the others.

“Yun Xia^[1] *xianzi*^[2] is too courteous.” Tian Song Zi said with a laugh, “To have so many fellow experts come to my humble place, this one is very honoured. It is a little place. If there is something that we cannot fulfill well, everyone, please forgive us.”

“It will be fine.” Everyone raised their hands in a greeting.

Tian Song Zi’s expression was worried as he continued, “I’m not going to conceal it from everyone. Since the appearance of Stars in Daytime, my heart hasn’t felt steady. I may be inexperienced, but I do know that this isn’t any kind of a good omen. I feel much more secure now that everyone has come today.”

“You don’t need to worry.” Yun Xia *xianzi* comforted, “Master Yuan is skilled at detecting presences and is very sensitive to *yaomo*. He will definitely find where the *yaomo* is hiding.”

At this point, Master Yuan hurriedly said, “Yun Xia *xianzi* is too complimentary.”

While respectfully standing to side, Yu Bai was very shocked inside. The people sitting here all had significant cultivation. The one that attracted his attention the most was the little girl who had been sitting with a bowed head at the end. Her age appeared almost the same as his, but her cultivation was indecipherable to him. He who had always been proud of his accomplishments felt uncomfortable inside. There were too many geniuses in this world!

Pu Yao looked extremely poor.

He sat on the gravestone, his face was pale and appeared to be exhausted like a flickering lamp. Zuo Mo instantly was scared. The invincible Pu Yao, why was he suddenly in this state?

Zuo Mo carefully went closer, “Pu, what’s going on?”

Pu Yao opened his eye to look at Zuo Mo. His voice was very calm, and just as confident as usually and asked in exchange, “What what?” Zuo Mo noticed that Pu Yao’s alluring crimson blood eye was much fainter than usual, and even his voice seemed weaker.

But for some reason, when he heard Pu Yao's confident voice, Zuo Mo felt safe.

"Is it that you don't have enough *jingshi*?" Zuo Mo couldn't help but ask in concern. He didn't know why he was so concerned about Pu Yao. Logically, the other was a *yaomo*. The earlier he died the better, but seeing Pu Yao's state, Zuo Mo couldn't help but ask in concern.

Looking at Zuo Mo again, Pu Yao seemed to be surprised by Zuo Mo's question.

"Want to help me?" Pu Yao's eyebrow rose.

"Hm." Zuo Mo muddled a response noncommittally. He had learned.

Pu Yao suddenly smiled, "I'll take you to a place."

Pu Yao proceeded to take out a few pieces of *jingshi*. On the ground, he began to make a seal formation that Zuo Mo had never seen before.

Zuo Mo might have never seen the seal formation, but this *jingshi*, he was familiar with, wasn't it.....

He touched his body and his expression changed. This damned *renyao*, he took my *jingshi* again! Before he could speak, light suddenly appeared in front of his eyes. He couldn't help but close his eyes. When he opened his eyes again, he was dumbstruck.

"Pu, where is this?" He stammered his question.

It was dark and shadowy in front of him. He could feel cold granite under his feet. What was flowing in a nearby stream was fresh red blood. Was this Hell? Zuo Mo forced himself to swallow, his mind tense as he looked at the surroundings.

Pu Yao groaned in pleasure. He spread out his arms, his face intoxicated, completely void of his previous exhaustion.

"Sword cave." Pu Yao returned to his lazy state. He stuck out his bright red tongue, his eyes bright as he licked his lips, "There are many souls here. Such delicious souls!"

“Sword cave?” Zuo Mo blanked. He had lived in Wu Kong Sword Sect for two years and he had heard of the sword cave before. Wasn’t Wei Sheng *Shixiong* in the sword cave?

He wasn’t afraid anymore and curiously looked at the surroundings. He asked Pu Yao worriedly, “Wei Sheng *Shixiong* is also in the sword cave. Would he encounter us?” If he encountered *Shixiong*, he couldn’t even protest his innocence.

“This sword cave has eighteen levels.” Pu Yao was full of disdain as he looked at Zuo Mo, “Your Wei *Shixiong* has already descended to the sixteenth level. If you had half the ability of your *shixiong*, would I be in this sorry state?” As he spoke, he became angry, “I, a Sky Yao, falling to such a level. So embarrassing!”

Seeing Pu Yao acting like normal, for some reason, Zuo Mo relaxed significantly. He instantly went at it with Pu Yao, sneering, “None of my business! What Sky Yao, weren’t you wounded by my *Shibo*? Aren’t you only able to bully the greenhorn *zhuji* cultivators like me.” He quickly corrected, “Wrong, *ge* was only *lianqi* at the time! And you dare to speak of it!”

Pu Yao wasn’t angry and laughed, “This place is good. There’s a lot of *yin* energy, and it’s so comfortable! There are even souls. Although they are incomplete souls, but it’s better than nothing.”

“How did you find this place?” Zuo Mo was very curious. This sword cave was kept secret. He had stayed here for two years but didn’t know where it was, yet Pu Yao was able to find it. He had heard that it required two *jindan* cooperating to open the sword cave. Pu Yao was able to easily enter. This guy still has some ability, Zuo Mo thought.

Pu Yao said disdainfully, “In just this tiny Wu Kong Sword Sect I knew after taking a single look.” He then said to Zuo Mo, “In the future, we will come visit this place occasionally.”

“Come here?” Zuo Mo’s eyes widened. He shook his head without any hesitation, “No way, do you know how much *jingshi* you spent today? Four pieces of third grade *jingshi*! Four pieces! Do you know

how many golden crow pills I need to make to earn four pieces of third grade *jingshi*? You spent it so easily.....”

Pu Yao was full of disdain, “That only shows you are trash. Earning *jingshi* like you’re giving birth. Meeting such a trash like you.....”

Zuo Mo didn’t hesitate to interrupt, also full of disdain as he said, “If you can do it, you go earn it! Aren’t you a Sky *yao*? What? A Sky *yao* but you have to extract *jingshi* from me, like that’s something to be proud of!” As he spoke, it was like the accumulated anger had suddenly erupted, “Ge had worked so hard to earn the *jingshi* with sweat and blood. Good for you, you just swiped it all away without a sound! You’re freeloading... Ge hasn’t even asked you for rent and you charged me for each lesson. You even started to take *jingshi* for each experience of sword essence, aren’t you embarrassed??”

Zuo Mo righteously listed Pu Yao’s offences.

Pu Yao was dumbstruck. The reality proved it. Even the most powerful *yaomo*, facing the even stronger tongue, they would also become dumbfounded.

After Zuo Mo ranted for five minutes he then stopped in satisfaction. That felt good!

After a long while, Pu Yao finally recovered. He tilted his head in thought and said, “Alright then, I’ll teach you a little technique that can earn *jingshi*.”

Zuo Mo’s mind instantly became alert and he went over, “What technique?”

Notes

1. 云霞: Yun is cloud, xia is red cloud
2. 仙子: immortal, goddess. Misogyny in xianxia – the titles of females are usually xianzi, while males get daoren, zhenren, etc.

Chapter Seventy “The Yin Bead”

Zuo Mo concentrated as his hands moved according to Pu Yao's instructions, his hands moved like fluttering butterflies and activated the spell. The benefits of consistently practicing [Art of Flora] was evident in the fluid motions of his fingers. This spell, which Pu Yao, called [Art of Concentrating *Yin*] was complicated but it wasn't too difficult for Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo felt the *yin* energy in the surroundings stir. The energy was saturated with a dark and cold presence causing all the hair on his body to stand on end, but he gritted his teeth and persisted. The *yin* energy continued to gather in his hands.

After the last movement was completed, a grey-white bead condensed in Zuo Mo's hands.

Zuo Mo curiously examined the bead, “Pu, what is this?” The bead was a dirty white color, extremely plain, and felt cool in his hands.

“This is a *yin* bead, created through concentrating *yin* energy. It can be used in *dan*-making or forging. The effect is especially beneficial for *yin* attribute talismans,” Pu Yao's expression was smug as he glanced at Zuo Mo disdainfully, “The *yin* energy in this place is very abundant. As long as you do not slack off, and make a few more each day, *jingshi* will naturally roll in. What I think is you should change your sect. I have never seen such a poor sect. In your sect, other than that *shixiong* of yours, everyone is just trash,”

Zuo Mo volleyed back, “You, a so-called Sky Yao that was wounded by my Second *Shibo*, you have the face to say this?”

Pu Yao snorted icily, ‘If I hadn't been forged under the tower for three thousand years and my spirit terribly wounded, how could a *jindan* trash cut me?’ He was extremely disgruntled.

Zuo Mo followed with an icy snort, “I finally understand how you became a Sky Yao,”

Pu Yao blanked, “How?”

“You boasted^[1] about it,” Zuo Mo couldn’t resist and roared with laughter, pointing first at Pu Yao and then pointing at the sky, “A *yao*, blowing up into the sky, becomes a Sky Yao! Ha ha ha ha!”

“I’m too lazy to even pay attention to you,” Pu Yao wasn’t angry. He spread his arms, and there wasn’t any movement but the *yin* energy suddenly started to move. He was like the eye of a horrifying whirlpool, the *yin* energy in the surroundings to rushed toward him.

“Are you sure that this thing is really worth money?” Not paying attention to Pu Yao, Zuo Mo started at the *yin* bead on his hand and asked with uncertainty.

Pu Yao, who had been enjoying the experience of absorbing *yin* energy, felt a vein in his forehead start to throb. His movements suddenly stopped and he almost choked in annoyance.

Since Pu Yao said that the *yin* bead was very valuable, Zuo Mo held a trustful attitude. He decided to make a few more, but he found that all the *yin* energy in this area was all pulled towards Pu Yao. He couldn’t manage to form a *yin* bead and had to move to another location further away.

Luckily, there was only one path in the sword cave. Zuo Mo didn’t need to worry about getting lost. After walking for a while, finding that he wasn’t affected by Pu Yao any longer, he started to make *yin* beads. It wasn’t too difficult to make *yin* beads. The finger motions were slightly complicated, but to Zuo Mo it wasn’t a problem. In one go, he made about twenty beads before he stopped.

After making the *yin* beads, Zuo Mo started to examine the surroundings. What aroused his curiosity the most was the blood river not far away. The river seemed to be composed of a sticky blood. There wasn’t any sound of flowing. For some reason, Zuo Mo felt his heart tremble whenever he saw this silent river of blood.

He picked up a rock from the ground and threw it into the blood river. It was as though the rock had landed in quicksand. It did not make a “splash,” it slowly sunk into the river.

“For your sake, don’t touch it. It’s blood fiends,” Pu Yao’s voice suddenly came from behind. He said with some regret, “Pity I’m not a blood *yao*, otherwise this would be very beneficial,”

“What are blood fiends?” Zuo Mo couldn’t help asking.

“You wouldn’t understand even if I told you,” Pu Yao never let a chance to mock Zuo Mo slip by. He scanned the surroundings and made a sound of surprise, “Rationally, such a cruel place, there would be some malicious spirits like devilings. Why is it so clean?”

“What are devilings?” Zuo Mo asked again.

“Delicious things,” Pu Yao’s bright red tongue couldn’t help run across his lips, while an expression of yearning flashed across his face. After searching for a long time, he was slightly dazed and sighed, “Your *shixiong* is really too honest of a person. He actually didn’t even spare one of them. It looks like it needs to a while to recover,”

Refreshed, Pu Yao waved his hand at Zuo Mo, “Let’s go,”

Finishing, he threw out four pieces of *jingshi*!

Zuo Mo’s expression changed dramatically again. This time, he didn’t even need to check his pocket as he wailed grievously, “Pu Yao.....”

The white light rose and his voice stopped.

Returning to the Little West Wind yard, Zuo Mo wanted to cry. Eight pieces of third-grade *jingshi*! Going there and back, so much was gone. Just like that half of all the *jingshi* he had earned by furiously making *dan* was gone.

“Don’t look that sad,” Pu Yao unconcernedly said with a face full of disdain, “When you sell the *yin* beads, you’ll get your costs back with profit. You really are trash. Just eight pieces of *jingshi*, and you are this distraught. You really are making a profit. Entering the sword cave once, it requires two *jindan* trash to both be present. Using eight pieces of third-grade *jingshi* to invite two *jindan* trash, can you get a better bargain than that?”

Zuo Mo could do nothing. He could only pray that the twenty *yin* beads he had made would sell for a good price. He knew that the *yin* beads could not be sold through the sect. The origins of the *yin* beads wasn't clear. If he aroused the suspicions of the *shibo* then no matter how many lives he had, he would still die.

He decided to go sell them himself in Dong Fu.

To not attract attention, he didn't ride the grey beaked goose; rather, he silently left the mountain. As he arrived at the outskirts of the mountain, he darted into the forest. When he came out, he appeared completely different. He had turned into a weak looking man with a waxy complexion. In Elder Wei Nan's jade scrolls, there were endless methods of changing appearances and concealing one's tracks. Zuo Mo had picked a method that wasn't very difficult.

This was the first time Zuo Mo put on a disguise. He was very curious and found it strange.

Right now, he was regretful that the Spirit Traveling seal had been burnt. If he had the Spirit Traveling seal, he could saved some time. His flying paper crane was too eye-catching so he could only walk.

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Even though his cultivation had increased greatly, his body was still very weak. Exhausted, he arrived at Dong Fu, after walking over the mountains and rivers. However, his thirst for *jingshi* and his enthusiasm won over his weariness. Almost crawling, he stumbled into the free market.

With great pain, he rented a mini-room. Zuo Mo set up a shop.

Zuo Mo had been to the Free Market many times but it was the first time that he was selling something. He didn't think about earning a profit, he would be grateful if he could just earn back the eight pieces of third-grade *jingshi*. He put out a price of half a third-grade *jingshi* for each *yin* bead. He was very worried. He thought about how Pu Yao had boasted how good this thing was, at the very least

it must be worth half a third-grade *jingshi*.

Of course, Pu Yao was full of disdain towards Zuo Mo's conduct. He snorted coldly, "The honored *yin* bead....." The meaning was implicit.

After six hours had passed. The last golden rays of sunlight shone on Zuo Mo's face.

"This is the *jingshi* rolling in? This is the thing you said was good? This is getting back profits along with cost? Honored *yin* bead!" Zuo Mo was grieving as he demanded answers from Pu Yao. A whole entire afternoon, no one had even stopped in front of his mini-room. Up until now, Zuo Mo hadn't even sold one *yin* bead. He still had to pay the rent for the mini-room as well.

Pu Yao also stared blanky. He muttered for a while, not knowing what to say.

After a long time, his face was full of disbelief. He suddenly threw his hands up in exasperation, "How is that possible? This is the *yin* bead! *Yin* bead! After three thousand years, how can people not even want a *yin* bead?"

Seeing Pu Yao lose his composure, Zuo Mo didn't feel the heartache as much anymore. He had already started to accept this cruel reality. He snorted coldly, "In the future, stop posturing like a Sky Yao. Look at the era, Sky Yao! Three thousand years, your things, they are relics, they have become obsolete! Understand? You made me excited for nothing. Hmm. After a while, *ge* will give it to the children to use as marbles,"

Pu Yao's expression was subdued. It was clear that this incident had dealt a harsh blow to him.

At this time, a little girl passed by Zuo Mo's mini-room and suddenly stopped. Zuo Mo, who had been preparing to start criticizing Pu Yao again, suddenly stopped talking, and enthusiastically said, "Miss, do you want to buy? This is a good thing, *yin* bead, completely formed from pure *yin* energy. Can be taken anywhere. Cool in the summer, and has the effect of beautifying the complexion....."

The little girl looked like a maid. Hearing this, she laughed lightly, “You really know how to advertise,” Her brow suddenly creased, “But these beads are too ugly. If it was rainbow colored, Miss Huang^[2] would definitely like it,”

“Miss, don’t just look at the outward appearance. The quality is very fine, look how round and heavy it is.....” In order to make his very first transaction, Zuo Mo completely had no shame.

Seeing Zuo Mo actually promoting the *yin* beads like marbles, Pu Yao stared with a wide mouth, his gaze dull.

“Ha, since you’ve said so much. I’ll buy one,” The little girl covered her mouth and laughed. She took out the *jingshi* and bought one. Before she left, she urged him kindly, “I see you are a honest person. In the future, you should sell reliable things. These grey beads, no one would buy them,”

Finishing, she turned and left.

Zuo Mo collapsed to the ground. He had finally sold one, and it wasn’t easy. Compared to him, Pu Yao’s soul had been mortally wounded. His expression was dull, his complexion was grey.

Seeing Pu Yao’s state, Zuo Mo couldn’t help but urge, “It’s nothing. Just business. Next time, we’ll sell something else. At the least, making golden crow pills isn’t bad. Three thousand years have passed, you need to adapt,”

One person and one *yao* snuck back to the mountain.

In a small yard in Dong Fu Hall.

“Miss, I’m back,” A cheerful voice passed out from the door. Yun Xia *xianzi*’s little yellow bird flew up and rushed at the door.

Yun Xia *xianzi* was embroidering a handkerchief and made a sound of acknowledgement, her head not raising from her work, “You brat, we just arrived and you instantly disappeared,”

“Haha,” A figure rushed in. It was the smiling and adorable little girl.

The yellow bird flew around the little girl, chirping. The little girl said with a face full of helplessness to the yellow bird, “Okay okay, Miss Yellow (*Huang*) , I got you something good to eat,”

If Zuo Mo heard this, he would definitely have spat up blood. The “Miss Huang” was really just a bird... ...

Finishing, she took out a large pile of things and narrated, “There is the five flower cake from the Food Pavilion, the lotus and lily crisps, thirteen flavored sweets. This is the famous Old Wang liquor. Don’t drink too much, otherwise Miss will discipline you again.....,”

The yellow bird’s eyes were gleaming. Suddenly, it saw a grey bead. Like an arrow, it rushed into the pile and picked up the grey bead.

“Huh, you like this bead?” The little girl was very surprised.

The yellow bird picked up the bead with its beak and flew to Yun Xia *xianzi*, placing the bead onto her handkerchief.

When Yun Xia *xianzi*’s eyes spotted on the bead, she exclaimed in surprise and she stopped what she was doing. Picking up the bead for a closer inspection, her expression couldn’t help but change slightly, “Xiao Yuan, where did the bead come from?”

Notes

1. 吹: chui is used as boasting, but also means being blown as in blown away by the wind.
2. 黄:huang also means yellow

Chapter Seventy One “A New Experiment”

“Bought bought it,” Yun Xia *xianzi*’s grave tone scared Xiao Huan. She stammered, “I bought it for half a third-grade *jingshi*. At the free market. I felt the seller was very pitiful and bought one.”

“Pitiful?” Yun Xia *xianzi*’s brow furrowed, “Half a third grade *jingshi*?”

“Yes,” Xiao Huan hurriedly nodded her head, “That person was so sad. A whole afternoon and he didn’t even sell one. When he was promoting it to me, he really was so pitiful so I bought one for Miss Yellow to play with. Miss, what is it?”

“This is a *yin* bead.” Yun Xia *xianzi*’s face was grave as she explained, “*Yin* beads are made from *yin* energy and are very rare. The method to form *yin* beads is very unique. It has been lost for a long time. There are many uses for this *yin* bead. I know of one method to forge this into a *yin* thunder bead. It would be very powerful.”

“That strong?” Xiao Huan almost couldn’t believe it, “But I felt that person was very sad. If *yin* beads are that powerful, why couldn’t he sell it for half a third-grade of *jingshi*.”

“Haha. Therefore, you got a bargain,” Yun Xia *xianzi* said, “In this world, there are always some eccentric people that enjoyed tricking the world for amusement,” but her tone was not confident.

“Miss, why don’t you go with me to find the person again? I remember where he was!” Xiao Huan hurriedly said, “This way, Miss might be able to request the method to form the *yin* bead. If not, you could still buy all the *yin* beads!”

“En!” hearing this, Yun Xia *xianzi* quickly stood.

After returning to the mountain, Zuo Mo started his *dan*-making job once again. The *yin* bead was just a little detour. He just mourned the loss of eight pieces of third-grade *jingshi* for a while. But the effect of this incident was even greater to Pu Yao. Pu Yao was silent for quite a few days, but he didn't have a solution. After three thousand years, things would have changed. At least, that was what Zuo Mo thought.

Zuo Mo temporarily didn't have time to investigate the use of the *yin* beads. He had too many things he needed to do. The sales of the Golden Crow pills was very good, but that also meant he needed to spend more time on *dan*-making. Especially in this situation where he needed *jingshi*. Even more, the temptation of the fourth-grade fire seed wasn't just for others. It was a temptation even for him as well.

But after swallowing fifty Golden Crow pills, Zuo Mo didn't form Golden Crow fire. Each time, he could feel a sliver of heat absorbed into his body, and just as quickly, the heat was like melting ice, gone in the blink of an eye.

This made him very suspicious of the effectiveness of the Golden Crow pill. Even though it was a *lingdan* that he made, but about its effectiveness, he wasn't confident at all.

Fifty Golden Crow pills. Converting that to *jingshi*, it wasn't a small amount. His heart hurt slightly and he was puzzled.

Was it that the sun essence inside the Golden Crow pill too little?

The reason that the Golden Crow pill had been judged to be able to form Golden Crow fire was that it contained essence of the sun, but the amount was extremely small. If he wanted to rely on the pill to form Golden Crow fire, he didn't know how many he had to use.

Suddenly, he was reminded of an idea he once had when he had been making the Golden Crow pills.

If he used [Art Of Crimson Flame] as the primary and the *li* fire seal

formation as the auxiliary, what would the *lingdan* he made be like? At the time, he had three different choices. This had been one of them.

At the beginning, he had abandoned this plan of action because it changed the relationship between the primary and auxiliary fires which would affect many other things. But now, he had enough time to think about resolving the problems. Also, after making Golden Crow pills all this while, he had accumulated rich experience. If he used that method to make *lingdan*, the amount of essence of the sun definitely wouldn't be small!

He decided to try even though the chance of failure was very large. The creation of the first Golden Crow pill had been accidental. In the middle, he had experienced numerous failures, but the Golden Crow pill had also given him enormous profits. He had gotten a good taste.

Deciding to move immediately, he went back into his *dan* room.

Without any doubt, his first time was a failure. Zuo Mo once again smelt the familiar burnt smell. He wasn't downcast. Failure was within his expectations. And compared to last time, he was much richer. The ingredients of the fasting pill were all open for him to access.

To use [Art of Crimson Flame] as the primary flame and the *li* fire seal formation as the auxiliary flame. It appeared to be a simple change but it resulted in extremely complicated changes. First, the balance in strength of [Art of Crimson Flame] and *li* fire seal formation had to be adjusted. Also, it was unknown if the ingredients of the original recipe were strong enough to tolerate a larger amount of sun essence.

Of the two, he was more concerned about the second point. How to pair ingredients and the ratios was a field of extremely deep study. Even his master didn't have a good grasp. He was worried that if the ratio had to be changed and it required higher level *ling* grasses, then would he be able to support it. Even with his steadily increasing wealth, if he went to buy the ingredients for *dan*-making, especially those high level ingredients, then he could only be able to window-

shop.

He began his dull experiments. He had a jade scroll by his hands that recorded down the general conditions of each of his attempts. He knew that he didn't have as much knowledge and experiences as his Master. The only thing he could do was advance little by little, trying again and again.

In the eyes of many others, this was certainly the dumbest method, but it was the only choice Zuo Mo had.

Just as Zuo Mo was trying to make a new *lingdan*, Yun Xia *xianzi* and her maid, Xiao Huan were scouring the free market daily, trying to find that waxy-faced man who was selling "marbles."

—

In the following days, Zuo Mo didn't make any progress. Pu Yao suddenly, of his own accord, said to Zuo Mo, "I'll teach you to use the *yin* beads to forge something. Go sell it, it would definitely sell for a good price!"

"What?" Zuo Mo asked inattentively. Right now, his head was entirely filled with how to make a new *lingdan*.

"*Yin* Thunder Bead!" Pu Yao said confidently, "People may not recognize *yin* beads but *yin* thunder beads, people would definitely recognize it."

"Pu!" Zuo Mo decided to communicate with Pu Yao, "Three thousand years. Your things, are the things from three thousand years ago! No one knows of them now! If they don't know then they won't buy it, and no one buying it means no *jingshi*."

Pu Yao said, unsatisfied, "Do you think everyone is as ignorant and shut off as you? And have you not heard of *yin* thunder beads before?"

Looking at the stubborn Pu Yao who still wasn't accepting reality, Zuo Mo shook his head, "Don't waste my time."

Pu Yao raged, "I....."

"Stop!" Zuo Mo turned around, "Don't say you're a Sky Yao!"

Pu Yao almost choked on air.

Looking at Pu Yao's depressed expression, for some reason, Zuo Mo felt good. The tiredness of the last few days seemed to have disappeared. He was smug as he went back into the *dan* room and started a new round of experiments. After going to the sword cave once, Zuo Mo's fear of Pu Yao seemed to have flown away in the span of one night. This kind of joke, he wouldn't have dared to make it before.

After the sect assessment, Zuo Mo seemed to have spent all his time on making Golden Crow pills. This directly caused the skill of his [Art of Crimson Flame] to have increased dramatically. It was a pity that without the jade scrolls of the next level, he still couldn't breakthrough to the next level. Right now, he was able to easily manipulate the strength of the [Art of Crimson Flame].

As the reputation of the Golden Crow pill increased in Dong Fu, it quickly became the trademark *lingdan* of Wu Kong Sword Sect. To help Zuo Mo in making Golden Crow pills, Yan Le *Shibo* had specially bought a second-grade *dan* cauldron for Zuo Mo. He was the envy of many other people.

During the sect assessment, Zuo Mo's reputation had increased with his spectacular performance. His opponent Luo Li, had been wounded too, but he didn't have a master that could make *dan*. Shi Feng Rong was angry at Luo Li for going too far, and she treated him as though he was air. As a result, it took Luo Li's wounds a month to heal.

When the news that Eldest *Shijie* Gong Sun Qing, Xu Yi, and Xu Yi Xia went to see Zuo Mo passed into his ears, Luo Li almost spat blood. The energies became unbalanced and his recovery was delayed for ten days. During the time that Luo Li had been recuperating, other than the first few days, Hao Min didn't visit him or ask about him.

The sect leader had visited him once which had greatly moved Luo Li.

After recovering, Luo Li instantly entered seclusion. He seemed to have suddenly disappeared. Everyone had discussed for a while before getting tired of it. Undoubtedly, other people's impressions of zombie Zuo Mo *Shixiong* improved greatly.

—

In Dong Fu Hall, everyone had gathered together. However, no one's expression was good.

Many days had passed but they still hadn't found anything. There were very few traces left from the Stars in Daytime. They couldn't detect the general location, and as time passed the traces that were left would decrease. Therefore, the chance that they would find the wounded *yaomo* would decrease as well.

"Dong Fu is really too popular. There are too many energies that are moving through. The marks left from the event have dissipated," Yuan Li grimaced.

He was the individual most skilled with detecting energies in this group. Everyone had high hopes pinned on him. But up until now, he wasn't able to even find a trace, and he felt embarrassed.

Yun Xia *xianzi* comforted, "Mister Yuan, don't rush. We are here to do our best and the rest is up to fate,"

"Have you all noticed that, other than us, there seems to be another group that is trying to find the *yaomo*," A silver-coroneted cultivator said.

"Oh, has Wen Tie *sanren* found something?" Yun Xia *xianzi* couldn't help ask.

"I keep on feeling that someone is following us in the dark. Has anyone else felt it?" Wen Tie *sanren* said worriedly.

"I have also had this feeling," Yuan Li nodded.

Yun Xia *xianzi*'s beautiful eyes scanned the surroundings. Seeing the assorted expressions, she couldn't help but sigh inside. If the *Jie* Master was here, would they be like this? Everyone was about equal in their cultivation and they were all proud people. They usually cultivated alone. Coming here this time, most people were doing it out of obligation. Without a strong person to lead, they were like a pile of sand.

"Old He, can you not just stare at the *lingdan*, have you found anything?" Yun Xia *xianzi* said with a smile.

"Found? No," The one called Old He was an old man. His hair and beard were white, his skin wrinkled. He was skilled in the art of *dan*-making. He had been invited to come but he usually didn't speak. However, he was of profound and unknown cultivation and no one dared to underestimate him. He suddenly sighed, "Dong Fu might be a small place but it still has some pearls. This Golden Crow pill, the maker was able to think of adding essence of the sun into the *dan*. This old one admires them,"

"What's the use?" Yun Li's brows furrowed and he asked unconcernedly.

"It may be possible to form fourth-grade Golden Crow fire," Old He slowly drawled.

Hearing this, everyone instantly quieted.

Chapter Seventy Two “Seeing Guests”

“Fourth-grade Golden Crow fire?” Wen Tie *sanren* looked with disbelief at the little *lingdan* in Old He’s hands, “I see that there isn’t much *ling* energy in this *lingdan*. It can’t even enter second-grade. Can this really make Golden Crow fire?”

The other people also had varying levels of disbelief on their faces.

A first or second-grade *lingdan* that was able to create a fourth-grade Golden Crow fire sounded delusional. Fourth-grade Golden Crow fire was a rare fire seed that people dreamed of. Other than a few sects who had the methods of creating and capturing it, there basically was no other method of obtaining it. If a person could obtain fourth-grade Golden Crow fire through consuming just one kind of *lingdan*, even if this *lingdan* was fourth-grade, there would be countless people wanting to buy it.

The people present were all *jindanxiu*. They knew very well that the gap between lower and higher grades wasn’t something overcome through sheer numbers. This was also why the price difference between lower and higher grade items was enormous.

But now they were hearing that a *lingdan* that didn’t surpass second-grade *lingdan*, it could make Golden Crow fire. It was like hearing a joke. If the person who said it wasn’t Old He, the most skilled in *dan*-making among them, everyone would have thought that he was insane.

“This is a first-grade *lingdan*,” Old He wasn’t rushed and slowly said, “It contains a sliver of essence of the sun. This essence of the sun, after the *dan* was made, is warm and easy to manipulate. Theoretically, it has a possibility of forming Golden Crow fire. Of course, only theoretically.”

Only now did everyone release a breath, and they gave “it ought to

be so” expressions.

“This amount, of sun essence, is too little. To form Golden Crow fire, if there wasn’t tens of thousands of pills, it probably wouldn’t happen. But even if this sun essence cannot form Golden Crow fire, but it is extremely *yang* and pure. It is perfect for adding into other fire seeds. Everyone here naturally doesn’t need it, but it is a very good present for the next generation,” Old He said with a smile.

Hearing this, everyone nodded. Without an exception, they were all *jindan*. If this could make Golden Crow fire, they would be interested. But if it was just essence of the sun, it wasn’t very attractive to them. Those seated here were not roaming *xiu* and they had many disciples, even if they were roaming *xiu* they would still have disciples. The grade of Golden Crow pill was low, but that bit of sun essence, it could be added to all kinds of fire seed and elevate the grade of those fires. It is a very useful *lingdan*, and would be perfect to use in rewarding disciples.

“With Old He’s words, this is pretty good. Where can we buy this Golden Crow pill?” Hearing that the *lingdan* contained a sliver of essence of the sun, she couldn’t help but ask. The other people also waited to hear expectantly.

“Ha ha, it’s a little sect called Wu Kong Sword Sect,” Old He turned to ask Tian Song Zi, “Are you familiar with the sect?”

Tian Song Zi was surprised to hear about Wu Kong Sword Sect. Hearing Old He’s question, he hurriedly answered, “Wu Kong Sword Sect is usually low-key. If it wasn’t for a recent incident, I wouldn’t have noticed that there is a local sect this strong.”

“How so?” Yuan Li asked curiously. As a *jindanxiuzhe*, Tian Song Zi’s cultivation wasn’t weaker than them. And his branch had always held power in Dong Fu. To be called a strong sect by him, the sect’s power couldn’t be underestimated.

Seeing everyone show curiosity, Tian Song Zi slowly narrated, “Speaking of Wu Kong Sword Sect, we have to mention the recent apparition. In this generation of Wu Kong Sword Sect, there is an amazing genius called Wei Sheng. This person is of low birth but is

obsessed with the sword. To be able to cultivate the sword, he was willing to be a sword servant. After working and studying hard, he finally reached *zhuji*. In his *zhuji*, the sword essence flew into the heavens and rang into the surroundings. I personally saw it and went to look in the deep of the night. Only then did I discover that this Wu Kong Sword Sect merits great fame. Has anyone heard of [Ice Dragon Sword]?”

Wen Tie *sanren*’s expression changed, “The [Ice Dragon Sword] that shocked all of Yao Hunt in the past?”

The others also gave shocked expressions.

“Just the person,” Tian Song Zi nodded, “I’m ashamed to admit it. If it wasn’t that there had been an apparition when Wei Sheng entered *zhuji*, I wouldn’t have known such an able person was in our Dong Fu. The Golden Crow pill that Old He is speaking about was made by Wu Kong Sword Sect’s Shi Feng Rong. She is of *jindan* cultivation, and the most skilled in *dan*-making of Wu Kong Sword Sects four *jindan* .”

Yu Bai was better informed on the topic than Tian Song Zi, and he immediately followed, “Master might not know, this Golden Crow pill wasn’t made by Elder Shi, but her disciple Zuo Mo. Supposedly, it was an accident when he was just starting to learn.”

“This disciple has pretty good talent in *dan*-making.” Old He couldn’t help but praise.

Tian Song Zi’s expression couldn’t help but change and suddenly blurted, “This Wu Kong Sword Sect is really going to rise!”

Seeing the other people look at him, he explained, “Everyone may not know, this Zuo Mo was unknown before but he managed to achieve a spring sprout jade medal with *lianqi* cultivation, his talent is astounding. And in *lianqi*, he also managed to comprehend sword essence. This talent is exceptionally amazing. I hadn’t thought he would be so talented in *dan*-making. The heavens have really blessed Wu Kong Sword Sect!”

The other people also had expressions of agreement on their face.

Of the three points that Tian Song Zi mentioned, just one was enough for a person to be considered exceptional, but to have all three qualities in one person? That definitely was a once-in-a-hundred-years genius. Wu Kong Sword Sect, with an accomplished master like Ice Dragon Sword and geniuses like Wei Sheng and Zuo Mo in the next generation, it was almost certain to have a hundred years of prosperity.

The people seated thought of their own sects and had different thoughts.

“Since Ice Dragon Sword is actually in Dong Fu, why don’t we pay a him visit and order a batch of Golden Crow pills while we are at it, ha ha. What does everyone think?” Old He said. In this group of people, he had the greatest interest in Wu Kong Sword Sect.

The others all agreed. Everyone seated here was cunning. To build good relations with a sect that was going to prosper, the benefits in the future didn’t need to be stated.

—

Zuo Mo was seated in front of the *dan* cauldron with his two hands on the eight-trigrams plate. His expression was focused. A clear gold colored light came down and landed in his hand before deflecting towards the *dan* cauldron.

He had reached the limits of what he could do with [Art of Crimson Flame], and he reduced the *li* fire seal formation to the smallest it could get. Inside the cauldron, a ball of medicine was enveloped by the golden light, boiling relentlessly as it floated in the air. The *li* fire seal formation below released heat.

Feeling the essence of the sun slowly merge into the liquid, Zuo Mo suddenly increased his awareness. He knew that the most crucial time had come.

The speed that the sun essence merged at was extremely slow at the beginning, but after entering the liquid, it would suddenly

increase. It was important to carefully control the power of [Art of Crimson Flame]. If he wasn't careful, he would lose everything. Zuo Mo had failed many times at this crucial juncture.

Poof!

A grey smoke suddenly appeared out of the boiling liquid.

Zuo Mo mentally thought it was going wrong but before he could react, the liquid turned into a ball of ash.

"Damn it!"

Zuo Mo sat dispiritedly. After continuously making *dan*, his *ling* energy was almost exhausted. His eyes were bloodshot and his expression tired. The *dan* room was filled with the remnants of failed *dan*, the smell was nasty.

Up until now, he hadn't succeeded once.

However, it wasn't as though he hadn't learned anything. Today, just in this last attempt, he finally found the problem.

In the various kinds of materials for the fasting pill, there was one material that couldn't tolerate such a high intensity of sun essence. Sun essence might look light and small, but it was much stronger than the *li* fire seal formation. This *ling* grass called Thousand Jade Grass, it couldn't endure being processed by such a strong flame.

He needed to find a *ling* grass that could endure the increase in the essence of the sun, with similar attributes to Thousand Jade grass. Zuo Mo couldn't help but have a headache. This was the problem that he was most worried about encountering. When it came to the attributes and the theory of the medicine, he was totally blind.

He gave a sigh. It seemed that his idea would have to be realized in the future, but he was still unsatisfied inside. He decided to take a good look in Master's record room to see if he could find a *ling* grass similar in effect as thousand jade grass.

As he pondered, he walked out of the *dan* room.

“*Shixiong*!” Xu Qing saw Zuo Mo walk out of the *dan* room and her eyes brightened. She hurriedly came over, “That big ship has come to our sect!”

“Big ship? What big ship?” Zuo Mo’s mind was scattered and asked instinctively.

“Doesn’t *Shixiong* remember? The big ship that had flew above us before!” Xu Qing reminded.

“The big ship that flew over!” Zuo Mo suddenly shook and was startled away. That extremely intimidating ship had left a big impression on him. He hurriedly asked, “What’s the ship doing here?”

“Don’t know,” Xu Qing shook her head, “They seemed to be conversing very well with the *shibo*, but I heard that they were here investigating the Stars in Daytime.”

“Stars in Daytime?” Zuo Mo felt his throat tighten. He suddenly thought of this term that the pink paper crane had also said to him. For some reason, he seemed to feel that this Stars in Daytime was connected to him.

“Did *Shixiong* forget? Oh, right, I remember! *Shixiong* had been in *zhuji* that day!” In a piteous tone, she said, “Pity that *Shixiong* hadn’t seen it. Stars coming out in daylight, it’s very rare!”

Zuo Mo felt that his body was slightly cold. If before, he had just felt that it was connected to him, then now he was certain that this Stars in Daytime was definitely connected to him! How could there be such a coincidence?

Just him, he definitely wouldn’t connect the apparition with himself.

He couldn’t, but Pu Yao could!

Thinking about it, he left Xu Qing and quickly went back into the *dan* room.

Entering the *dan* room, Zuo Mo entered his sea of consciousness. Pu Yao was idly listening to the sound tablet.

“Pu, that Stars in Daytime, did you cause it?” Zuo Mo felt his voice

was trembling.

“Me?” Pu Yao didn’t even blink and crisply shook his head, “No!”

Zuo Mo instantly released a breath. Pu Yao might have many flaws but he never refused to admit what he did.

But Pu Yao’s following words frightened Zuo Mo half to death, “Not me, it was you!”

“Me?” Zuo Mo pointed at his own nose and asked dumbly.

“Humph, a certain dead ghost needed star energy and borrowed your body,” Pu Yao was clearly laughing at his misfortunes, “At that time, I already said, he went way over.”

Zuo Mo’s head was in the clouds. He stammered, “You mean, there’s someone else here?”

Before Pu Yao could reply, Zuo Mo heard someone knocking on the door, “*Shixiong*, the sect leader is requesting for you to go to Wu Kong Hall, there are guests that want to meet you!”

Chapter Seventy Three

“Inspiration In An Emergency”

Zuo Mo, finding inspiration in an emergency, gave a horrific wail and then collapsed on the ground.

Outside the *dan* room, the disciple heard Zuo Mo's wail and asked panicked: “*Shixiong! Shixiong!* Are you alright?” There wasn't a response. Xu Qing, who had been paying attention to the situation, hurriedly ran over and yelled across the door: “*Shixiong!* What is it? Are you alright?”

There still wasn't a response from inside. Xu Qing instantly became extremely worried and, disregarding that she might be scolded, opened the *dan* room and saw Zuo Mo unconscious on the ground.

Xu Qing was shocked but didn't mess up. She crisply yelled at the disciple who had come to ask for Zuo Mo: “Go tell the sect leader!” That disciple, frightened out of his wits, ran outside.

In Wu Kong Hall, Pei Yuan Ran and the others were attending to Yun Xia *xianzi*'s group. This group coming to visit Wu Kong Sword Sect really was giving face to Pei Yuan Ran and the others. Naturally, Pei Yuan Ran and the others were courteous and warm. Both guest and host were extremely amiable. So many *jindanxiuzhe*, not just in Dong Fu, but even in Sky Moon *Jie*, it was an extremely grand group of people.

For the disciples that were serving at the side, other than staring with wide eyes and a gaping mouth, they felt extremely honored. Before Wei Sheng had *zhuji*, Wu Kong Sword Sect hadn't been known in Dong Fu. Now, even a group of the strong masters of Bright Wave *Jie* had lowered themselves to visit the sect. No other sect had received such honor in Dong Fu.

Maybe, in all of Kun Lun *Jing*, Bright Wave *Jie* wasn't anything. But it governed thirty one small *jie*, including Sky Moon *Jie*. Even the

strong masters from Bright Wave *Jie* were so respectful to Xin Yan *Shishu*. Only now did the disciples know the cold and taciturn Xin Yan *Shishu* was so strong. In their eyes, their sect became even more mysterious.

Conversation flowed across Wu Kong Sword Sect. After confirming Xin Yan's identity, Yun Xia *xianzi* and the others deliberately started to attempt to win him over. They were very disappointed that Wei Sheng was unable to come out of the sword cave. Not being able to meet Wei Sheng, the one rumored to have created an apparition on *zhuji*, it still wasn't a waste of time if they could meet the Zuo Mo who had so many talents. For some people, like Old He, their interest in Zuo Mo far surpassed their interest in Wei Sheng.

At this time, the disciple that had gone to call Zuo Mo scrambled in: "Oh no, oh no....."

Pei Yuan Ran's brows furrowed in dissatisfaction. He asked in a deep voice: "What are you panicked about?"

Seeing the displeasure of the sect leader, the disciple was even more nervous and stammered: "Sect leader! Zuo Mo *Shixiong*.....*Shixiong* fainted!"

Hearing this, Shi Feng Rong suddenly stood up.

"What happened? Say it slowly!" Pei Yuan Ran shouted. His voice carried "Clear Sound Incantation." Everyone felt their minds become clear and couldn't help but mentally compliment Pei Yuan Ran on his cultivation.

Suffering the shout, the mind of the outer sect disciple suddenly cleared up. His voice became clear and words simple: "Zuo Mo *Shixiong* had been *dan*-making for a few days without rest and his mind was fragile. When this disciple was reporting to *Shixiong*, this disciple suddenly heard a shout from the *dan* room. There wasn't a response when this disciple asked the next few times. Xu Qing *Shijie* opened the door and found *Shixiong* unconscious on the ground. When this disciple saw him, *Shixiong's* complexion was terribly unwell. It must have been many days since he came out of the *dan*-

room.”

Hearing this, Shi Feng Rong stood: “Everyone, please excuse me.” Finishing, she started to hurry towards Fragrant Ginger Yard.

At this time, Pei Yuan Ran raised his hands in an apology: “This one’s *shimei* is worried about her disciple and lost her composure. Please, excuse her!”

“Sect Leader Pei is too serious. If our sect had such geniuses, as elders, we would be the same.” Old He said. The others nodded in agreement.

“Yes, your sect really has good fortune! In my sect, the disciples are average and have no great accomplishment. Every time I think of it, I cannot sit still and fears that the fires of the sect will extinguish with my generation. Then it would truly be an unpardonable crime.” Yuan Li couldn’t help but add.

Everyone felt great empathy with Yuan Li’s words. Pei Yuan Ran had a joyful expression. In the beginning, he and the others had felt the same as Yuan Li.

“Sect Leader Pei.” Old He picked his words and said: “To be able to make Golden Crow pills just as he has started to learn *dan*-making, your sect’s disciple has great talent in *dan*-making. This old man has rarely seen anything like it in these many years.” He then sighed: “These many years, this old man has seen many outstanding talents. Growing older, this one has found that all things are the same. With talent, one always tried to extract things from it, and this causes many geniuses to falter and die early, their progress is troubled. Sect Leader Pei needs to take great care. I had to speak my mind. If I have offended, Sect Leader Pei, please bear with me.”

Hearing this, Pei Yuan Ran was shocked. He stood and gave a deep bow to Old He: “The concerned words of Old He, how can this one not know? This one will remember deep in the heart!”

Xin Yan and Yan Le also gravely stood and made a bow towards Old He.

The mood of Wu Kong Hall became tense. Old He’s worlds had

stirred the thoughts of many people. Every sect would have some outstanding disciples, but just like Old He had said, these talented disciples all had troubled fates.

After such an incident had occurred, everyone didn't have the interest in conversing and after ordering a batch of Golden Crow pills, they made their farewells.

When Shi Feng Rong rushed back to Fragrant Ginger Yard and saw Zuo Mo's pitiful state, she forcefully swallowed back the words of rage that had reached her mouth. But there was still barely disguised fury in her voice: "From today, for one month, you are not allowed to enter the *dan* room!"

Zuo Mo grimaced inside. Not being allowed to enter the *dan* room for a month meant that, for a month, he didn't have any source of income. Almost all of his income right now came from making golden crow pills. The *ling* grasses and herbs in the *ling* fields, other than the kind of plants like snowy foxtail grass that could not be used in *dan*-making, he had planned on leaving the rest of the plants for him to use.

But thinking that he had temporarily managed to keep his life, Zuo Mo felt glad inside. Facing the furious master, Zuo Mo was very unconfident and could only mutter in agreement.

Coldly glancing over Zuo Mo, Shi Feng Rong left behind a few restorative *lingdan* before leaving. Zuo Mo was very moved. Master might be of many cold words and faces, but she really was concerned about him. Before, he had felt unfortunate that he had such a foul-tempered master, but he now felt that his luck wasn't so bad.

When Shi Feng Rong rushed back to Wu Kong Hall, the guests had left. Pei Yuan Ran and the other two were sitting silently in Wu Kong Hall.

Having been waiting for Shi Feng Rong, Pei Yuan Ran repeated Old He's words to her. Shi Feng Rong also had a worried expression.

"If it wasn't for Old He's reminder today, we have all missed this

problem.” Pei Yuan Ran said gravely: “Thinking about it now, we were truly too impatient. It was the same for Wei Sheng entering the sword cave. And it happened for Zuo Mo’s *dan*-making.”

“I have already restricted him from *dan*-making for a month.” Shi Feng Rong suddenly said: “This matter, it was my fault for missing it.”

Pei Yuan Ran waved his hand: “We were all at fault.”

“Yes!” Yan Le had a regretful expression: “The sales of golden crow pill were too good. I got impatient because they were urging me and went to rush him. Thinking about it now, earning *jingshi* is for the continued existence of the sect. If something happened to Zuo Mo because of this matter, it really is a loss. We’d have lost a lot!”

“It’s good to restrict him from *dan*-making.” Pei Yuan Ran said solemnly: “*Shidi*, supervise him in this time to practice the sword. We aren’t going to hope that he would make any accomplishment on the sword. His talent isn’t bad in the sword but he has too many likes, and it’s hard for him to be faithful to one. If there aren’t any surprises, his achievements in the sword wouldn’t be as good as Wei Sheng.”

Everyone had achieved *jindan* and could easily see this. Even Shi Feng Rong nodded her head slightly. Zuo Mo started out as a *ling* plant farmer. Then he learned *dan*-making followed by the sword. What he had learned was extremely broad. He wasn’t willing to throw away any of it so his achievements on the sword would most likely be very limited.

“But Zuo Mo’s other talents are truly outstanding. If he isn’t learning *dan*-making with *Shimei*, his talent in *dan*-making would be lost. We won’t hope for him to cultivate the sword. We could nurture his interest in other areas, like Second *Shidi*’s forging, we could try.” Pei Yuan Ran continued: “But Old He’s words reminded me today. Zuo Mo’s body is too weak. We might not put expectations on his sword skills but we could strengthen his body and prevent something like becoming unconscious in the future. Before his body is strong, don’t let him sink back into *dan*-making. Second *Shidi*, this will have to rely

on you.”

“Yes!” Xin Yan spat out a word. In the half-lidded eyes, two dots of cold light flashed.

No one had any opinions about Pei Yuan Ran’s arrangements. Even Shi Feng Rong felt that not letting Zuo Mo sink into *dan*-making temporarily was a correct choice.

After everyone had left, a hint of worry came onto Pei Yuan Ran’s face. Zuo Mo had a problem, then Wei Sheng? He was slightly regretful now of sending Wei Sheng into the sword cave so early.

In the dark and gloomy sword cave, Wei Sheng’s clothes were dyed with blood, blood coming out of the corner of his mouth. His upper half was bare, large and small marks crisscrossing, alarming to see. Opposite to his dim and tired mental state, Splitting Rainbow was glowing and flashing on his hands. It was like the rainbow after the rain, the color vibrant and fresh.

Wei Sheng affectionately caressed the body of the sword. The seven colored sword hummed lightly, as though it was responding to him.

In total, there were eighteen levels in the sword cave. Starting from the first level, he had fought his way down step by step. The devilings along the way, he hadn’t let go of even one. There wasn’t any slacking or tricks. Even though he already knew that [Void Sword Scripture] was on the eighteenth level, if he could reach the eighteenth level, he would be able to see the greatest art the sect founder had left behind, [Void Sword Scripture].

But he controlled the impulse in his heart. Steady step by steady step, one deviling after the next, he forged his sword essence!

He was the very first second generation disciple in Wu Kong Sword Sect to comprehend sword essence, even earlier than Zuo Mo. He had naturally comprehended it at *zhuji*. The sword essence he had comprehended by himself, it wasn’t from any kind of sword scripture, but from his daily continuous fights, his own understandings which formed his own sword essence!

His sword essence, it wasn't an understanding of the sword scriptures, but an understanding of the sword!

This was also why Xin Yan found it troublesome and hard to teach him. This was also why, no matter if it was the stubborn Xin Yan or the steady Pei Yuan Ran, they were all in favor of sending him to the sword cave.

They had high expectations of him!

Wei Sheng, who had his own sword essence, he wasn't just the person in the sect most likely to grasp [Void Sword Scripture], but the only one with hopes of reaching the level that the founder had attained. Even though Zuo Mo had comprehended sword essence, but in the hearts of the elders, Wei Sheng's talents at the sword was much higher than him!

Wei Sheng gently caressed the sword, his eyes resolute. His cultivation had rose furiously and in a short amount of time, reached the eighth level of *zhuji*. But what he didn't know was that, of the past disciples that entered the sword cave, those that could enter the eighth level, none of them were below *ningmai*.

And him, just with his *zhuji* cultivation, fought and killed his way to the sixteenth level!

Starting from the thirteenth level, every step that he took, he needed to pay a price.

But he didn't become afraid and retreat. His sword, there was no retreat, there was no hesitation.

Chapter Seventy Four

“Nightmare”

Zuo Mo wasn't get upset when he was restricted from *dan*-making for a month . To escape from imminent life threatening danger or to make *dan* for a month, it wasn't a difficult choice to make; however, when informed that his ban would be endlessly extended by his Master until he satisfactorily completed Xin Yan *Shibo*'s exercise training, Zuo Mo became dumbstruck.

To meet with the visiting *jindan* masters was a calamity, and to receive Xin Yan *Shibo*'s “torture” was another calamity. If Zuo Mo had a choice, he would unhesitatingly choose the first calamity. He didn't know the strength of those *jindan* masters, but he had directly experienced Xin Yan *Shibo*'s strength.

He now knew what being too smart for your own good was.

Master, who had always pushed him to make *dan*, had suddenly reversed her position and sent down a strict order for him to go to Xin Yan *Shibo* for “special training.” Before she left, she had sternly warned him, if he dishonored her in front of Xin Yan *Shibo*, when she came back, it was “humph humph.”

Master's “Humph humph” was almost as scary as Second *Shibo*'s terrifying stare. Master had never explained what her “humph humph” really was, but the smile that accompanied each “humph humph” caused Zuo Mo to shiver and his hair raise up.

Certain that he was marching into the jaws of death, Zuo Mo went to Xin Yan *Shibo*'s grass hut. On the way there, he warned Pu Yao countless times. Pu Yao definitely was one to hold grudges. Second *Shibo* had attacked him, with this guy's ungenerous attitude, he was definitely thinking of getting revenge. Pu Yao was arrogant and wanted to reclaim his honor, saying that it was because he had been previously wounded that he had been defeated by Second *Shibo*.

Zuo Mo was celebrating the fact that Pu Yao hadn't recovered from his wounds yet, otherwise, he definitely would be making another mess.

Didn't he know that this was a different era?

After the incident with the *yin* bead, Zuo Mo had no fear of Pu Yao anymore. What Sky Yao, it was clearly an old antique that was still living in the time three thousand years ago, and completely cut off from the present!

So pitiful!

Sometimes, Zuo Mo couldn't help but pity Pu Yao. From what he saw, Pu Yao was clearly still living in the illusions of the past, and didn't want to face the cruel reality. Anyone who had been imprisoned for three thousand years, they would probably behave the same way when they came out. Zuo Mo thought that the incident of the *yin* beads had dealt a great blow to Pu Yao. This *renyao* had been dispirited for quite a few days. Afterwards, Pu Yao had offered many other things that could be used to make money, but Zuo Mo had sympathetically yet resolutely rejected them.

Regardless of sympathy, in order to avoid trouble, Zuo Mo sternly warned Pu Yao. Zuo Mo had initially used Second *Shibo* to threaten him, but seeing that there wasn't an effect, he immediately changed to using the threat of *jingshi*. That was instantly effective. Pu Yao was a great consumer of *jingshi*. Zuo Mo didn't know how Pu Yao could use up so much *jingshi*. But clearly, Pu Yao had at least one additional source of consumption – going to the sword cave. Pu Yao was extremely desirous of *yin* energy, and in this area, only the sword cave had it.

Zuo Mo found that he had the feeling that he was raising a pet.

Coming to the Sunset Lookout Peak for the second time, the sword essences in the ground surrounding the grass hut seemed to recognize him and had completely disappeared.

"Second *Shibo*." He shouted.

“Come in.” Second *Shibo*’s icy words came out from behind the wooden door.

Zuo Mo seemed to see, behind the wooden door, Second *Shibo* sitting in the lotus position, his body as large as a mountain, casting a shadow over him. Feeling weak and fragile, he barely raised his head and was only being able to see a pair of indifferent and frigid eyes staring at him.

Zuo Mo couldn’t help but shudder. He forced himself to throw away his delusions and calmed his mind. He pushed open the door and gathered his bravery to walk in.

“Sit.” Second *Shibo* didn’t open his eyes. Just like last time, he was sitting on a meditation mat. The sunlight came in through a hole in the roof and landed on his body.

Zuo Mo saw the meditation mat in front of Second *Shibo* and carefully sat down, lowering his head and listening hard.

“Starting from today, I will teach you.” Xin Yan *Shibo*’s body was thin and withered, but sitting there with closed eyes, he seemed to weigh a thousand catties, suppressing Zuo Mo so much he almost couldn’t breathe. He didn’t speak in a loud voice but when it landed in Zuo Mo’s ears, it was like thunder.

“Yes.” Zuo Mo weakly responded. Even now, he didn’t understand why Master and the sect leader suddenly thought of throwing him to Second *Shibo*.

“Our sect cultivates the sword, and doesn’t put importance on the body. But your natural body is weak and lacking. So you must start from the physical body.” Xin Yan *Shibo* didn’t open his eyes yet a strong presence was carried with his light words. It announced the beginning of Zuo Mo’s tragic life.

—

The mountain slopes of Wu Kong Mountain wasn’t steep but because of the winding mountain path, it took almost six hours to

climb up on foot.

The outer sect disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect had suddenly found that Zuo Mo *Shixiong* would walk on the mountain path, panting heavily, sweat running down his back, as he went up and down. A few days later, a backpack appeared on Zuo Mo *Shixiong*'s back. It was still up and down. Looking at *Shixiong* struggling up the mountain path, some outer sect disciples wanted to help but were sworn at by Zuo Mo *Shixiong*. All the outer sect disciples were puzzled. Was *Shixiong* masochistic?

Each day, Zuo Mo wanted to cry. He didn't have the patience to treat others politely.

Far away standing at the highest point on the mountain, Xin Yan *Shixiong* was supervising him. Zuo Mo didn't dare to slack off even the slightest bit.

"Such a stupid method, your trash of a *shibo* is actually using such a dumb method." Pu Yao laughed continuously at his misfortunes.

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and raised his legs. His entire body was covered in sweat. Every time his bare foot touched the stone stairs, it would leave behind a wet footprint. He didn't pay attention to Pu Yao. He wasn't afraid that Second *Shibo* would find out but because he didn't have the energy to talk. Now that he was thinking of those body cultivators, he asked himself, why didn't he think of cultivating the body? Each step he took, he could barely make it. If he stopped to rested at all it meant that this round was wasted, and that he would face a multiplied punishment.

Second *Shibo*'s eyes were really terrifying, to be able to see so clearly from that far away. Every time he thought about it, he would wail inside. Second *Shibo*, do you really have the free time to guarding a little character like me every day, isn't it unprofitable?

Don't you need to meditate... .. cultivate the sword... .. forge something.....

"Do you want me to teach you a body cultivation art?" Pu Yao snickered, "Speaking of body cultivation, *mo* are the true masters.

Those in your *xiuzhe* that cultivate the body, you all learned it completely from the *mo*, but you really didn't copy it well. Haha, as the true allies of the *mo*, I have a profound inheritance of body cultivation. Includes teaching and learning, would be beneficial for a lifetime, definitely without side effects.....”

Zuo Mo was too lazy to respond to him. He bared his teeth, used all the energy in his body to move upwards step by step.

Pu Yao laughed even more merrily.

At the top of the Eastern Peak, Xiao Guo watched Zuo Mo *Shixiong* struggle up the winding mountain path. Her heart was deeply moved. She tightened her pink fists, determination written on her apple face.

Shixiong is so strong yet so hardworking, Xiao Guo needs to work harder!

She turned and left, deciding to multiply her practice time today!

If Zuo Mo knew of Xiao Guo's thoughts, he would definitely wail to the heavens, “Ge is being forced!”

In reality, his mind was entirely blank. After the energy was used up, a person's reaction times and thoughts would become slower. The second half of the ascent, it was completely instinctive. Zuo Mo couldn't even distinguish what Pu Yao was saying.

When he finally reached the mountaintop, without a word, Second *Shibo* picked him up and flew to Fragrant Ginger Yard.

In the yard, a large wooden tub had been set up over a large metal pot. The wooden tub was filled with a black liquid, the smell of herbs could be detected a long way off. Xu Qing was standing next to the wooden tub. Seeing Second *Shibo* holding Zuo Mo, she hurriedly lit the fire.

Without a word, Xin Yan *Shibo* threw Zuo Mo carelessly into the wooden tub before floating away.

Splash. Like a ball of mud, Zuo Mo accurately landed in the wooden

tub. The hot medicine bath made his pupils shrink and he inhaled sharply. At the side, Xu Qing's face reddened slightly and then she said sympathetically to Zuo Mo, "*Shixiong*, today's medicine bath costs one piece of third grade *jingshi*. The master said that it will be put on the accounts and for you to pay back in time."

Zuo Mo's expression was fierce and twisted as he nodded – it really was too hot!

He needed to pay for the medicine bath each day. They were really too miserly. Wasn't this forcing him to owe debts? But after the last few days, Zuo Mo knew it was useless to rebel and could only grit his teeth and accept it. Additionally, the effect of these medicine baths were extremely evident. If he didn't have it, Zuo Mo certainly couldn't finish the amount of training that Second *Shibo* assigned. Then he would have to face a even more terrifying punishment.

Sometimes, Zuo Mo had the feeling that Second *Shibo* and Master were in cahoots.....

Xu Qing was even more sympathetic as she reminded Zuo Mo, "*Shixiong*, I need to increase the fire!"

A short while later, wails like pigs being slaughtered echoed through Fragrant Ginger Yard. The female disciples that were working at the front of the yard all sympathetically turned to look and exchanged glances before sighing, "Really pitiful!" Then they buried their heads to continue their own work.

After the medicine bath, Zuo Mo seemed to sleep-walk back to the Little West Wind Yard. The nightmare of the day finally ended.

He wanted to drop and sleep. The bones in his body seemed to want to collapse but he still forced himself to meditate in the rock room. [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] didn't do anything special for the recovery of his body, but for nurturing the mind, it was very effective.

Zuo Mo was suspicious, if he didn't have [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], he might not die from exhaustion, but he would first go insane from exhaustion.

He entered meditation extremely quickly. Time also flew quickly. When he opened his eyes, his body was still sore, but the feeling that his mind was blank had disappeared. It felt that he could control his body again. The medicine bath had been prepared by Master. Supposedly, the more exhausted he was, the more effectively the medicine would nurture the muscles.

With a hint of reluctance and helplessness, he stood. What he needed to do now was get to Sunset Lookout peak before sunrise. If he was late, it would be very bad. At this time, the sky hadn't lightened, and was a patch of black. The mountain paths were still cold.

The night sky above his head, Zuo Mo flew towards Sunset Lookout Peak, the stars above him mischievously shining.

Sprinting in the wind, Zuo Mo only had one thought, this nightmare, please end quickly! He wanted to go back to his previous life of farming and *dan*-making. Even practicing the sword in the river was much better than this. Right now, he was counting the days on his hand. And what made him despair the most was what Master had said before leaving, only when Second *Shibo* was satisfied.....

Second *Shibo* satisfied.....

He had countless reasons to believe, in the eyes of the terrifying Second *Shibo*, this was just the beginning.

Just as Zuo Mo was living through a tragic life, a shocking incident happened in Dong Fu and Dong Fu shook!

Chapter Seventy Five “Haze”

The atmosphere was tense and heavy in Dong Fu Hall, each person's face black. Wounds could be seen on some people.

In front of them silently laid the corpse of Yuan Li. It was a strange gray-green color.

Yun Xia *xianzi*'s eyes showed extreme sorrow. She, who was usually steady, couldn't help but feel trepidation. To search for the traces of the *yaomo* who could force the Stars in Daytime, they had taken turns searching in Dong Fu. Yet no one could have thought that they would encounter an ambush today.

This definitely had been an extremely well-planned ambush. The enemy's target was Yuan Li. There were many of them, all of them masked, and with astounding cultivation. Their cooperation was also extremely tight. Yun Li was almost killed instantly. At that time, Yun Xia *xianzi* had been extremely close to Yun Li. If she had hesitated in throwing out the *yin* thunder bead that she had just forged, she would also have been affected by the other's attack. It was only by relying on the *yin* thunder bead, that she had barely avoided an ordeal.

“Who were those people?” Tian Song Zi's face was black. As the true ruler of Dong Fu, to have someone publicly attack his allies in his lands was undoubtedly a provocation to him.

Yun Xia *xianzi* calmed down her mind and said, with lingering fears, “I don't know. They didn't use flying swords. All they used was five elemental smoke. In combination with their formations, it was extremely powerful.”

“Five Element smoke?” Old He raised his head in slight shock. He hadn't gone today. He said gravely, “Most of the people who use Five Elemental smoke are roaming *xiu*, and it's not easy to collect such a thing.....”

“That might not be true.” At this time, Wen Tie *sanren* said heavily, “It might be that they are trying to misleading us. It might not be easy to collect Five Elemental smoke but it can occasionally be bought on the market. If someone really tried, it’s not impossible. Their target was Mister Yuan! So we have to determine their motives. Why would they target Mister Yuan!”

Everyone who sat here was a veteran and their thoughts fell along the same lines. Tian Song Zi instantly realized and followed up, “They don’t want us to keep investigating the Stars in Daytime!”

“Yes. This point needs to be pondered.” Old He opened, “If they were here to pick up some benefits, stir the waters up, and then steal it away, then they would hope that we could find that *yaomo*. Who wouldn’t want us to find that *yaomo*?”

“That *yaomo*?” Yun Xia *xianzi* suddenly became alert, “Or the associates of the *yaomo*!”

The others stared at one another, their faces instantly dark. The people that had attacked them had clearly been part of the same group and clearly couldn’t be that wounded *yaomo*. It was very likely that they were associates of the *yaomo*. Before, they had assumed that it was only one wounded *yaomo* so no one had treated it seriously. With the power of so many *jindan* masters, wouldn’t it have been easy to exterminate one injured *yaomo*?

No one could have predicted that the situation would have changed so quickly. It was basically impossible to conceal the matter of the Stars in Daytime. Large numbers of *xiuzhe* had hoped to hunt and kill the *yaomo* and had furiously gathered in Sky Moon *Jie*.

A wounded high-grade *yaomo* meant countless *jingshi* and countless talismans!

“There are actually *xiuzhe* that have allied with the *yaomo*!” Wen Tie *sanren* was furious.

Old He raised his head and said, “Why couldn’t it be a group of *yaomo*?”

Once the words came out, the enormous Dong Fu hall fell silent.

Yun Xia *xianzi* tiredly went back to her residence. Xiao Huan, seeing her mistress' expression, said with concern and terror, "Miss, why don't we leave? The matters here are very frightening!"

Yun Xia grimaced, "How can we leave now? If we don't conclude this matter, we will let down the deceased Mister Yuan."

Xiao Huan bit her lips and said resolutely, "Then I will go find *yin* beads for Miss! If Miss has a few more *yin* thunder beads, then there's no need to fear them!"

"Silly girl!" Yun Xia patted Xiao Hun's head and said affectionately, "Getting a bargain the first one, how can you think you will get the bargain every time?"

"In any case, I can't help Miss otherwise!" Xiao Huan's eyes became misty. The two might formally be master and servant, but in reality they were like sisters.

"Your Miss isn't that weak. At the least, I'm a *jindan*!" Yun Xia hurriedly comforted Xiao Huan but she was unconfident inside. Old He's words circled in her heart. She knew that the situation in Blood Sky Metropolis *Jie* was worsening, but didn't know how bad it actually was. If the *yaomo* had really infiltrated Sky Moon *Jie*, then how bad was the situation in Blood Sky Metropolis *Jie*?

At some unknown time, a drizzle of rain had started falling outside the room. Looking at the far-away mountains enveloped in the rain, the haze in Yun Xia *xianzi*'s heart was just as heavy.

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Zuo Mo had been correct. His tragic life had just started. Old He's good-intentioned reminder combined with Zuo Mo's clever fainting, it had alarmed Pei Yuan Ran and the others. Only geniuses who were alive were able to become true masters. In the eyes of Pei Yuan, Shi Feng Rong and the others, Zuo Mo didn't lack for talent. More so, they thought that Zuo Mo still had hidden talents that were

waiting to be discovered. However, his fragile body limited his development. Dying prematurely was something that was likely to befall him.

In comparison, Wei Sheng was almost too strong in this area and didn't need their concern at all.

Pei Yuan Ran and the others, after being advised, found that their initial thoughts were incorrect. For someone as multi-talented as Zuo Mo, it wasn't important to cultivate the sword, it was important for him to keep his life. Rather than nurture him into an average sword cultivator, it was much better to make him an extremely healthy turtle. The upper levels of Wu Kong Sword Sect sank into simultaneous reflection. Consequently, Xin Yan personally stepped forward.

From this, it was possible to see how important Wu Kong Sword Sect thought Zuo Mo was!

After the nightmarish cultivation, Zuo Mo's body had improved. Even though it still appeared thin, but there was some more muscles on his bones. Under the double influence of intense training and the medicinal liquid, he had gradually gotten used to the body cultivation.

It was a pity that Zuo Mo didn't understand what his Master and the other *shibo* were thinking. Xin Yan *Shibo* personally teaching him, shocked and pained him at the same time! In all the elders, Xin Yan was the strictest and the one Zuo Mo was afraid of the most.

How good would it be if it had been Yan Le *Shibo*? Zuo Mo couldn't help but fantasize sometimes.

In the grass hut, Xin Yan threw a jade scroll at Zuo Mo and led him to a valley in the back of the mountain. Zuo Mo had come to this valley before. It evidently had just been flattened and there was an eye-catching seal formation at the bottom of the valley. Without a second word, he threw Zuo Mo into the seal formation.

"*Shibo*, what... .. what is this?" Zuo Mo asked, slightly panicked.

Xin Yan *Shibo* didn't pay attention to him and floated away.

Zuo Mo looked in alarm at the surroundings. However, as nothing happened, his heart slowly calmed. Was this some body strengthening seal formation? Such a good thing, why didn't they take it out earlier?

For a while, nothing happened. However, Zuo Mo didn't dare to run out of the seal formation of his own accord. *Shibo* had thrown him in, if he ran out, the outcome would be bad. So he started to look at the jade scroll that *Shibo* gave him.

There was a body-cultivation scripture in the jade scroll. It was called [Vajra Profound Sutra]. Zuo Mo was slightly shocked. From the name, it didn't look like one of the sect's scriptures, but more like the scriptures of Dhyana cultivators. Where did *Shibo* get this? During his two years in the outer sect, he suffered through hardships trying to gather jade scrolls. Zuo mo held a special fondness for jade schools that recorded new things. This time he didn't need to spend contribution points to get this scroll. Zuo Mo finally felt that he hadn't suffered for nothing.

Curious, he kept on reading.

As expected, it was a Dhyana *xiu* scripture. The scriptures of *Dhyana xiu* were mostly simple and their demands on personal talent were the lowest. However, what they demanded of determination and personality was much higher. This scripture was the same. There wasn't many complex parts but what it needed was constancy. If this would be constantly cultivated, the body would be like gold metal, and if one could comprehend, the final level would be forming the Vajrapani's indestructible body.

Of course, Zuo Mo snorted at that. These days, no matter what jade scroll, they would always talk about how strong they were. It was the same as Pu Yao always labeling himself a Sky *Yao*.

However, what Zuo Mo found interesting was [Vajra Profound Sutra] mentioned that the body would not be easily wounded. No matter what the circumstances, the most important was to stay alive. If it would be somewhat mastered *yaomo* would be unable to approach near him, and nothing evil would be able to infiltrate. Zuo Mo

suddenly found, what he was learning was more and more varied.

“This kind of second-hand item, he’s not ashamed to take it out.” Pu Yao somehow came out and said with a face full of disdain.

“Second-hand?” Zuo Mo raised the jade scroll in his hand, “Do you have it?”

“I only keep the finest!” Pu Yao said proudly.

“Like the *yin* bead?” Zuo Mo smirked.

Pu Yao was like a deflated balloon. The incident of the *yin* beads had become Zuo Mo’s most effective weapon. Pu Yao didn’t have any room to argue. But when he looked at the seal formation surrounding them, he started to snicker.

Zuo Mo’s heart started to feel unconfident and couldn’t resist asking, “What are you laughing about?”

Pu Yao’s crimson red eye held a strange laughter at Zuo Mo’s misfortunes. Zuo Mo was very familiar with this expression. He had seen this expression too many times recently. Zuo Mo couldn’t help but feel something was wrong.

“Have a good time.” Pu Yao was full of smugness as he went back into Zuo Mo’s consciousness.

Zuo Mo felt even more unconfident. Looking at the seals surrounding him, his heart trembled. Maybe this seal formation wasn’t a body strengthening seal formation?

At this time, suddenly a faint mist formed in the surroundings. Zuo Mo saw it clearly. The mist had been created by the seal formation. He instantly became nervous. Was it about to begin?

The mist quickly spread. He couldn’t see in front of him and became even more cautious.

Hiss!

A sword energy suddenly came out of the mist and shot at him.

Zuo Mo, already on the defense, sliced out with his hand, a sword energy leaving and accurately hitting the sword energy that was flying at him.

Ping!

A light flashed and the two sword energies destroyed each other.

Before Zuo Mo could react, hiss hiss, two other sword energies came out of the mist!

Zuo Mo didn't dare to drop his defenses and flung out two sword energies.

Hiss hiss hiss hiss!

Four sword energies came at him from different directions.

He dodged left and weaved right, an extremely sorry figure.

The sword energies increased in number at an astounding speed, so fast that Zuo Mo couldn't react.

When the sword energy entered his body, the needling pain caused Zuo Mo to howl. Zuo Mo finally understood what this damned seal formation was!

Chapter Seventy Six “Body Cultivating Sword Formation”

A sword formation!

This was actually a sword formation! Damn it, why did *Shibo* throw him into a sword formation? Zuo Mo suddenly thought of the jade scroll in his hand. If the muscles on his face weren't paralyzed, his expression right now would be deathly pale!

Body cultivation!

To use a sword formation to cultivate the body, which bastard thought of this idea? Zuo Mo wanted to kill them. He wasn't dumb. Actually, when he had thought of the [Vajra Profound Sutra] on his hands, he instantly understood. These sword energies were extremely small and non-fatal, but they were exceptionally painful when they hit him.

Hard for a normal flying sword to wound... ...

Zuo Mo suddenly thought of the phrase and his little heart shook. Was it necessary to first be pierced by countless flying swords to create a thick skin and then cultivate the “hard to be wounded by flying swords”? He almost fainted at the idea. However, he felt that this idea was probably the truth.

In the first wave of swords, Zuo Mo had been struck seven times. It was so painful he howled.

Thankfully, the sword formation gave him time to breathe. The mist gradually dissipated yet Zuo Mo didn't relax at all. He quickly took out [Vajra Profound Sutra]. If he didn't guess wrong, the next storm of swords would be coming in a short while. Xin Yan *Shibo's* habits were like his sword, he wouldn't give people time to rest.

Unfortunately, Zuo Mo had guessed right!

Just as he read a bit of the contents, the second storm of swords started.

With no attention to spare for anything else, he suddenly jumped up and the sword energies left continuously from his hand.

Even though he had comprehended sword essence, he was still struck twelve times during the second wave.

This time, he didn't make a sound. Inside, he repeatedly cursed *Shibo* and unhesitatingly started [Vajra Profound Sutra]. If he didn't successfully do one round of [Vajra Profound Sutra] before the third sword storm came, he would just be ripe pickings. He almost couldn't deal with the second wave of swords. Twelve strikes. The pain reached his bones.

Thankfully, the language of [Vajra Profound Sutra] was straightforward and simple to practice. Before the third wave arrived, Zuo Mo finally completed one round of the [Vajra Profound Sutra]. A faint gold color appeared on his skin. Before he could admire himself, the third wave of swords silently arrived.

Like the rain hitting the leaves, the "pia-pia" rang out in his ears. As expected, the pain lessened. However, this wave of swords were much denser than the last two waves. Zuo Mo might have the vajra scripture but was still dumbstruck.

He didn't know how many times he was hit. In a daze, he could only hear Pu Yao's extremely happy roars of laughter.

When Xin Yan *Shibo* carried a swollen Zuo Mo back to the Little West Wind Yard, the outer sect disciples along the way that saw the scene all had the same expression — Zuo Mo *Shixiong* is very pitiful! After they had seen Zuo Mo abuse himself on the mountain roads every day, they didn't find it strange anymore.

Of course, there were still rumors. Like Zuo Mo *Shixiong* had offended Xin Yan *Shishu* so Xin Yan *Shishu* was exceptionally angry and was personally administering punishment. Or that Zuo Mo *Shixiong* was practicing a kind of legendary art. This legendary art was exceptionally cruel and that the female disciples in Fragrant

Ginger Yard could prove it.

When Zuo Mo had finally recovered in his own little yard, what welcomed him was the sympathetic gaze of the Grey Beaked goose on the rooftop. Zuo Mo climbed up self-mockingly. He finally could rest for a few days. Before leaving, *Shibo* had said that he would come back in five days. Clearly, the sword formation was not suited to being used every day. He also needed time to practice [Vajra Profound Sutra]. If he didn't improve before next time, he would die a terrible death.

[Vajra Profound Sutra] had a slight healing effect. After practicing it for a little while, Zuo Mo felt his entire body had become warm. This shocked him slightly. In the scriptures he had practiced before, the most comfortable was [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. It was hard to describe the feeling of void. The feelings this time wasn't as enchanting as cultivating [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], but for Zuo Mo who was presently wounded, the warm feeling was actually more appropriate.

Also, because it was easier to learn, there were no bottlenecks in [Vajra Profound Sutra]. It wasn't like [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] which always made him spit blood.

After practicing for four hours, Zuo Mo's entire body was amazingly relaxed, the marks on his body had also faded. Zuo Mo was overjoyed.

He went to the *ling* fields inside the valley and felt heartache as he looked at the *ling* grasses in the fields. He hadn't taken care of the fields for quite a few days. Some of the more sensitive plants seemed slightly wilted. Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and harvested all those *ling* grasses that were sensitive and near maturity. He decided to sell all of them. The remaining *ling* grasses were hardier plants.

It was rare for *Shibo* to have mercy. With a vacation of five days, Zuo Mo could finally take a breath. Even though he knew that the reprieve was temporary and he would once again enter the nightmare after five days, he still planned on enjoying these five days.

Listening to the sound tablet, Zuo Mo hummed a little tune, his head on his arms as he looked at the jade scrolls that Elder Wei Nan had left.

As soon as he relaxed, he couldn't help but think of making *jingshi*! There was no way around it. After soaking in the medicine baths every day, he was in the midst of a great amount of debt and owed Master a lot of *jingshi*. And now that he was restricted from the *dan* room, he couldn't make the Golden Crow pill and had no income. Not only that, he also couldn't make any progress on the new *lingdan*.

He suddenly thought of the water method that had been mentioned in Elder Wei Nan's jade scrolls.

The number of ways to make *dan* in the world could not be counted. The fire method was the most widespread, and methods involving water and wood were more esoteric. Elder Wei Nan's knowledge was broad and he was extremely skilled at using whatever was available in the environment to create the greatest value. Zuo Mo admired this very much. In many cases, a person's circumstances would have all kinds of limitations, and those limits could not be changed. To use disadvantageous circumstances to create good results was undoubtedly an area worthy of deep study.

There was a cold spring in the rock room. It was acceptable for the water method. Most of the *dan* that could be made by the water method leaned towards the *yin* and the cold. This was a limit of the water method. But for Zuo Mo, he didn't have any other choice.

There were many *dan* recipes involving the water method in the scrolls of Elder Wei Nan. Zuo Mo scanned through and picked a few *dan* that he could make now, noting down what was needed.

It seemed that he needed to go to Dong Fu.

Even though he had heavy debts, but he didn't need to pay them off immediately so Zuo Mo still had some *jingshi* in his pocket. If he sold the *ling* grasses, which he wasn't planning on letting the sect sell for him, he would get some more *jingshi*. He only had five days of vacation. It would take too long if the sect sold it, and no one could

know that he had gone to Dong Fu to buy materials. If Master knew he was secretly making *dan*, Master's "humph humph" would probably start taking effect. As to the outcome, he didn't need to even think about it.

Disguising his appearance and concealing his tracks, Zuo Mo had become familiar with doing both.

The effects of the recent training were extremely evident. Zuo Mo flew as he walked, and no longer resembled the weak zombie of the past. He changed his appearance this time to a mundane looking man.

He was very familiar with Dong Fu. The quality of the *ling* grasses he had wasn't the best but since he was a *ling* plant farmer, it was still much better than what normal cultivators could grow so they sold very quickly. He then brought some of the raw materials for the water method.

After finishing what he needed to do, his mind relaxed as he started to wander around.

—

Xiao Huan's expression was panicked. She spent everyday guarding the Free Market, waiting for the person that had sold her the *yin* beads. After some time, she rented a stall and after paying a high price, she hung up a sign "Purchasing *yin* beads at high prices". She believed, if that waxy-looking man saw the sign, he would come find her.

She had been frightened by Miss encountering dangers. When she found out that Miss had only survived due to the *yin* bead that she had brought the last time, she knew how to help Miss. If she could buy a few more *yin* beads, and Miss could forge more *yin* thunder beads, then she wouldn't have to worry so much. She regretted very much that she hadn't brought more the first time.

She stood guard everyday but she never encountered the yellow-

skinned man.

She couldn't help but look at a nearby stall. The stall owner was a youth. His sign was also "Buying *yin* beads at high price". Xiao Huan was irritated. She recognized the youth. He was a disciple of Wen Tie *sanren*.

Many people had seen Miss use the *yin* thunder bead, and the origins of the *yin* bead wasn't a secret.

It wasn't just Yun Xia that knew how to make *yin* thunder beads. The method of making *yin* beads had been lost long ago but the method of making *yin* thunder beads wasn't hard to find. Additionally, *yin* beads wasn't just limited to making *yin* thunder beads.

Three thousand years ago, there had been a sect called Devilings Sect which had specialized in making *yin* beads. Of the various beads that could be made from *yin* beads, there were also *yin* thunder beads and *yin* fire beads as well as others. But the most famous of the Devilings Sect was the Nine Heaven Devilings Formation. The Nine Heaven Devilings Formation, it was formed using three thousand and six hundred beads of various kinds to form the formation. This was a terrifying formation that could even kill *fanxu* cultivators.

In the past, other than selling *yin* beads, the Devilings Sect would also sell already made beads as well as simple spells to make them. So things like the *yin* thunder bead had spread out. Due to the power of the *yin* thunder bead, and the ease of making them, many *xiuzhe* would always have some.

In the great battle three thousand years ago, the entire Devilings Sect had nearly been exterminated. The method of making the *yin* beads had been lost, but the method of making the *yin* thunder bead had been passed on.

In reality, other than Wen Tei *sanren*, the others were also trying to buy *yin* beads. But the others were not as straightforward as Wen Tie *sanren*. They hired locals to buy *yin* beads.

Xiao Huan was especially irritated when she saw Wen Tie *sanren*'s disciple's disdainful attitude towards her.

"Shameless!" She cursed for the n-th time, but because the other's cultivation was higher than her, she couldn't do anything.

It naturally aroused the attentions of all the powers in the free market when a large group of people who wanted to buy *yin* beads appeared. No matter how much they asked, they still didn't know what *yin* beads were. Some brave fellows took some beads to make forgeries of *yin* beads. The result was they were beaten until they were crippled.

After a few days, the local snakeheads knew that this group wasn't easy to deal with and so no one tried again.

So when Zuo Mo wandered to the free market, and saw a continuous forest of signs saying "Buying *yin* beads at high prices", he was instantly dumbstruck.

Chapter Seventy Seven “Plot”

Zuo Mo stared dazedly at the patches of signs in the free market.

Pu Yao's countenance was extremely smug and arrogant. The depression over the recent failure sweeping away as he said, “See, I said so. *Yin* beads are very valuable!”

Zuo Mo gradually regained his focus. As he swept his gaze across the market, he saw the little girl that had brought *yin* beads from him the previously. The little girl seemed quite panicked. Did she need the *yin* beads desperately? Zuo Mo couldn't help but speculate inside. The little girl had been very kind so Zuo Mo had a good impression of her.

It appeared that the *yin* beads were useful. Last time, when the little girl had come, she had only brought one out of kindness. At that time, she probably didn't recognize *yin* beads. Zuo Mo ruminated about selling them.

Zuo Mo didn't pay attention to Pu Yao. Walking in front of the little girl, he said, “You're buying *yin* beads? How many?”

Just at this time, Pu Yao suddenly said in a grave tone, “Run!”

Zuo Mo paused.

“Who would have thought that this little town of Dong Fu was concealing so much. Even something that has been lost for so long, like *yin* beads, also appeared,” A slightly piercing voice said reflectively. The person who spoke was the yellow robed Taoist.

“Yes. I was also very surprised when I learned about it,” The silver clad man said, a flash of puzzlement running through his eyes, “The Devilings Sect has been dead for so many years, how can a successor have appeared?”

“It's not easy guessing about a sect's succession,” The yellow robed Taoist's eyes followed the silver-clad male closely, “Why do you not

find someone else?”

The silver-clad male's expression was normal, “The others? They can't do it,”

The yellow robed Taoist smiled smugly, “Exactly. Except for you and I, the others are only average. They cannot do anything and will ruin things! Are you sure that the person who is selling the *yin* beads will definitely appear?”

“I am not sure,” The silver-clad male shook his head.

The yellow robed Taoist's expression changed, his pupils suddenly shrank, “You are making fun of me?”

The silver-clad male was not affected, “I've shared the information with you. If you do not find it useful, you can leave. The method of making the *yin* beads, it is worthy of you waiting a while,”

The yellow robed Taoist stared at the silver clad male for a long while before suddenly laughing, “You're right! The Devilings Sect was so famous in the past, what they relied on wasn't just the way to make *yin* beads. Ha ha, if I can find this person, all of the techniques of the Devilings Sect would land in our hands,”

“Don't be happy this early,” The silver clad male said, “There are probably many that have the same idea as us.”

“Humph. They dare to steal from me, they are courting death!” The yellow robed Taoist icily said.

“It's best to be careful. Even those people from Bright Wave *Jie* were ambushed and one was killed,” The brow of the silver clad male furrowed. He felt extremely puzzled by that incident. Even though he had said clever words, but he was still extremely wary of the group from Bright Wave *Jie*. Additionally, he had needed Yuan Li to find the *yaomo*. He was very clear about Yuan Li's abilities but no one could have thought that Yuan Li would die in an ambush!

That had ruined his arrangements.

Who was it that had killed Yuan Li?

This ambush which had a clearly targeted Yuan Li, had instantly turned everything into a mess. Now that Yuan Li had been killed, his sect definitely would be angry. The branch of the Master of Bright Wave *Jie* would not tolerate this kind of action. If this situation dragged on, there would definitely be large numbers of high level *xiuzhe* that would arrive and complicate the situation.

If that happened, then he would lose the chance to benefit from this incident.

He had reacted extremely quickly and changed direction when he had seen a shift. The news that Yun Xia *xianzi* had relied on a *yin* thunder bead to escape the ambush had spread through Dong Fu. The attentions of many people had been aroused, including himself.

Just at this time, he made a sound, and his eyes were looking at a male standing in front of a stall.

“What?” The yellow robed Taoist became alert, “Did you find something?”

“He seems to have arrived,” The silver clad male stared at the average-looking man.

“Him?” Following the eyes of the silver clad male, the yellow robed Taoist also looked at Zuo Mo that was in front of Xiao Huan’s stall, “A little guy with a cultivation of *zhuji*, that’s not likely,”

The gaze of the silver clad male didn’t move, as he informed, “That little girl is the maid of Yun Xia *xianzi*. Last time, it was her that bought the *yin* beads. There are so many stalls in the market but that person didn’t go to any one else but straight to her’s. It’s suspicious,”

“It really is suspicious,” By this time, the yellow robed Taoist also understood and the glimmer of greed flashed in his eyes.

It wasn’t just the two of them that had noticed this.

Just as Zuo Mo went to leave, a young person appeared behind him, “Do you want to sell *yin* beads? Why don’t you sell to me and we can negotiate the price,”

Zuo Mo, who had received Pu Yao's warning, instantly noticed the many gazes that had gathered on his person. He became alarmed and knew that the situation was dangerous. It was a good thing that the *yin* beads could be sold for a good price, but if he had to pay with his life in the process, then he wasn't willing.

"I don't have *yin* beads," Seeing the situation, Zuo Mo quickly pretended to be ignorant, "I just noticed that you guys have been putting up stalls here for many days and was curious. What sort of treasure is this *yin* bead? How much is it worth? Do you have an example? Can you let me take a look? If I encounter it, I wouldn't pass on a chance to get rich,"

"Really?" The young person smiled coldly, "Then why didn't you come ask me, but went straight to her?"

Xiao Huan couldn't resist anymore. Her brows raising, she said angrily, "The one named Xue, what do you mean? Why can't he come to this lady's stall?" This youth was Wen Tie *sanren*'s disciple. He was called Xue Yun. Xiao Huan always found him to be an eyesore.

"This one doesn't mean to suggest anything," Xue Yun smirked icily, "This one is only working on behalf of my Master. Something as good as *yin* beads, they can't all go to one person,"

Zuo Mo gave a smile, "You must have misunderstood. I don't have *yin* beads," The young man had a cultivation of *ningmai* and wasn't someone that a little *zhuji* cultivator could battle against. Zuo Mo wasn't dumb. He understood that, if he really took out the *yin* beads right now then he really would die. He definitely wouldn't get *yin* beads, and the other certainly would try to force out the spell to form *yin* beads. Otherwise, he wouldn't be let go.

"Don't have *yin* beads?" Xue Yun snorted, "That will have to be determined after I search you,"

Xiao Huan stood resolutely in front of Zuo Mo and said angrily, "You dare!" She wasn't stupid. If Xue Yun hadn't come, she might not have recognized Zuo Mo, but Xue Yun's behaviour made her look

closely. She found that, while this person's appearance was different, but his figure was similar to the person from last time.

Xue Yun looked disdainfully at Xiao Huan, "You're just a maid. Do you think yourself important!"

Finishing, he didn't look at Xiao Huan and strode towards Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo saw that the situation could not be resolved, and thought that with his pitiful and weak speed even if he were to run he would most likely be unsuccessful. He really had bad luck today! Zuo Mo grimaced inside. As expected, it was risky trying to make *jingshi* like this and he needed to be cautious! Looking at Xue Yun who seemed extremely certain, Zuo Mo's eyes darkened, murderous intent was rising inside. The other's cultivation far surpassed his and he didn't think he could win even with trickery. Noticing the confidence on the young man's face, he decided to give the other a little surprise.

His eyes staring fixedly at Xue Yun, the *ling* energy in his body moved furiously. He was waiting for Xue Yun to come near and what would welcome Xu Yue would be Zuo Mo's strongest sword attack – [Li Water Burning Heavens]!

Just at this time, suddenly someone interrupted, "Ha ha, no wonder Wen Tie *sanren* isn't respected. It can be understood from seeing his disciple,"

Xue Yun's expression instantly changed. His eyes darkened, he stopped in his steps and shouted loudly, 'Who is this? Your word are really frightening! Why do you hide? Do you not dare to come out?'

"Just someone like you, are you enough for Ye to come out?"

The voice was faint and one could not locate the source. Xue Yun's expression finally changed, and there was shock in his eyes. He had focused on listening just now but still couldn't find where the voice came from. This meant that the other's cultivation was much higher than his.

While Xue Yun was in shock, a figure suddenly leapt at Zuo Mo.

"You dare!" Several shouts sounded out simultaneously.

Swords flashed and several bright lights could be seen as flying swords flew at the figure!

All of these people were all highly skilled. Although their target wasn't him, the sharp sword essence inside the sword energy was enough to make Zuo Mo's skin hurt. He was extremely shocked inside. Only now did he realize that the non-descript *yin* bead had such a shockingly high value!

Pu Yao did have something valuable in his possession. At such a dangerous time, such a nonsensical thought had floated through Zuo Mo's mind.

There were thousands of sword energies that formed a net but they didn't harm Zuo Mo one bit.

The cultivation of the figure wasn't normal either. A faint green flying sword flashed and formed a net of light in front of him, barely stopping the other flying swords. The figure suddenly disappeared from his spot. Being alone, he naturally wasn't a match for the group.

Just as everyone was attacking this person, a dark red rope was silently nearing Zuo Mo.

The silver clad male was the first to find it. He snorted icily, "Wanting to take advantage of the fight, it won't be that easy!" He pointed with a hand and a silver light struck the dark red rope. The dark red rope wasn't an average grade talisman. Like a wave, the dark red rope fluttered and then dissipated the silver light.

The silver clad male didn't waste words. His silver hooked sword turned into an extremely thin silver light, and like a snake climbing a tree, circled and constricted around the dark red rope.

The yellow robed Taoist and the figure who had leapt at Zuo Mo were engaged in battle with each other. The figure seemed to be shrouded in a ball of smoke. No one could clearly see his appearance. The shape of his body changed rapidly. The yellow robed Taoist evidently was taking the fight seriously. The yellow gold flying sword was like a sun streaking in the sky, the light radiating

from it was blinding. Each move was large and vast, extremely powerful!

No one was able to approach near Zuo Mo and Xiao Huan. The pitiful Xue Yun had, instantly been sliced by these swords into minced meat.

Xiao Huan's face was pale and she was dazed as she looked at the sky. Those sword energies and talismans, she almost couldn't stand under their presence.

At this time, she suddenly thought that the person who was standing beside her had a lower cultivation than her. Even she was having a hard time, would he be able to bear it? Xiao Huan was certain that this was the person who had sold her the *yin* beads the last time. Thinking that she had pulled someone else into this terrible situation, she couldn't help but feel guilty.

As her pale face turned back she saw the person behind her standing with a bowed head with his hands covered by his sleeves.

Seemingly having noticed her gaze, the other suddenly raised his head and smiled at her.

A smile that was as cold as the edge of a blade appeared strangely. Xiao Huan felt a gust of cold air suddenly rise from the bottom of her feet.

Just at this time, a hand appeared without warning on Zuo Mo's shoulder.

Chapter Seventy Eight “Making A Move”

The mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind.

Wen Tie *sanren* had his disciple in the light purchasing the *yin* beads, while he himself was concealed in the darkness.

When he saw that Yun Xia *xianzi* had *yin* thunder beads, it was like he was struck by lightning.

The many uses of *yin* beads were known to all the sects. Many people know, but there were not many people that would know more than Wen Tie *sanren*. In the eyes of the world, Wen Tie *sanren*'s origins were very mysterious. Everyone knew that he came from a small sect called Sky Fiend Sect, but it was not known that the little minor sect of Sky Fiend Sect was a branch sect which had survived the collapse of the Devilings Sect.

The Devilings Sect was a famous sect three thousand years ago. There had been many disciples and many branch sects. The Devilings Sect had all died in the great battle against the *yaomo* three thousand years ago but many of these branch sects had luckily survived; however, without the *yin* beads, the various spells they had learned from the Devilings Sect were useless. This caused some branches to decline and eventually die out. Some branches, of their own initiative, learned spells from other sects and managed to survive.

The Sky Fiend Sect that Wen Tie *sanren* came from was one of the surviving branch sects.

Sky Fiend Sect was a very small sect. As it passed down to his generation, only he was left. However, Wen Tie *sanren* was exceptionally talented. Even though the scriptures of the Sky Fiend sect weren't anything special, he had managed to cultivate to *jindan*; however, he had reached a dead end in his cultivation and it would

be hard to make progress relying on these scriptures.

So, it could be understood just how joyful he was when he saw the *yin* thunder bead in Yun Xia *xianzi*'s hands. He knew where his sect's scriptures had originated from, the sect records had many spells relating to the *yin* beads. Those strange scriptures and spells, they were hundreds of times better than the scriptures was currently using. If he could find the method to make *yin* beads, he had hopes that he could breakthrough to *yuanying*.

For *xiuzhe*, the strength of cultivation directly determined their lifespan. *Jindan* was the first division. Before reaching *jindan* their lifespan wouldn't surpass one hundred and fifty years, but once they broke into *jindan* they would have a lifespan of three hundred years. *Yuanyingxiuzhe* would have a lifespan of five hundred years. The lifespan of a *fanxuxiuzhe* could reach seven hundred years, and the life span of a *dachengxiuzhe* was a thousand years.

On the surface, Wen Tie *sanren* didn't seem any different than any other middle-aged person, but he was already two hundred and thirty two years old. He didn't have much time left. So when he learned that someone knew how to make *yin* beads, how could he not be excited?

He quickly found out the history of the *yin* thunder bead that Yun Xia *xianzi* had, and he had sent Xue Yun to bravely go to the free market to search for the *yin* beads, while he would hide in the shadows.

For the temptation of the *yin* beads, he was willing to not just cut ties with Yun Xia's group, but if he had to pay with his life, he had to grab it.

When Zuo Mo had appeared, he was excited but kept his composure. He was clear that the news of the *yin* beads had spread out long ago. There were many people who wanted it. He was like an experienced hunter, patiently waiting. To be able to use a normal scripture to break into *jindan*, Wen Tie *sanren* wasn't the average cultivator.

The situation quickly progressed according to his plans, everyone attacking in a melee battle.

As the heated battle reached its climax, he finally made a move!

Using his most skilled and hidden movement method, he silently appeared behind Zuo Mo. When his hand touched Zuo Mo's shoulder, even if he was an experienced hunter, he couldn't help but be excited!

Wen Tie *sanren* had fortuitous encounters before. When he had been a *ningmai*, he had discovered an earth based concealment method that was extremely unique. Relying on this, he had escaped life threatening situations multiple times.

He knew he had succeeded!

"Damn you!" The yellow robed Taoist was the first person to detect Wen Tie *sanren* and instantly yelled. He didn't attend to his fight with the other *xiuzhe* and threw out a round gold shuttle. Once the round gold shuttle left his hand, it turned into a streak of gold light and hummed as it moved.

The silver clad male snorted and tossed a handful of silver sand, which shone like the stars, towards Wen Tie *sanren*.

The dark red rope moved like it was alive. A nimble turn and then it streaked towards Wen Tie *sanren*, shooting like a sharp arrow, howling through the air!

The other person also seemed rushed. The pale green flying sword brightened and with a clear hum, sliced at Wen Tie *sanren*!

Four *jindan* masters attacking at the same time, the resulting commotion was enough to make the sky turn dark.

Wen Tie *sanren* wasn't panicked. A smug smile appeared at the corners of his lips. Grabbing Zuo Mo's shoulder he was going to cast his greatest escape spell, an earth concealment spell, when his face suddenly changed. With a painful shout, he suddenly tore his body away and retreated!

On his palm, at some unknown time, a dark red flame had appeared.

The flame wasn't large as it burned silently, but just in an instant, Wen Tie *sanren*'s right hand had turned to white bone.

Ah ah ah!

Sharp yells rang over Dong Fu. Wen Tie *sanren*'s pupils were dilated, his features horrific and twisted as he curled into a ball, continuously rolling on the ground.

This sudden change also shocked everyone else.

Zuo Mo raised his head and reached out with his right hand, a finger gently pointing into the empty air. A strand of crimson flame silently floated in front of him.

The round gold shuttle of the yellow robed Taoist, the silver sand of the silver clad male, the dark red rope, and the pale green flying sword all headed towards the dark red flame, like moths attracted to a flame.

The expressions of the four people changed drastically!

Just now, they had felt their talismans and flying sword had suddenly been affected by the pull of a very strong power and headed towards the silently burning crimson flame.

The state of Wen Tie *sanren* who was rolling on the ground as he wailed piteously also shocked everyone. The expression of the yellow robed Taoist changed as he rapidly cast a spell, wanting to retrieve the round gold shuttle, but the gold shuttle only wavered slightly but still flew towards the flame. The silver clad male was much smarter. Without another word, he retreated out of the battle. The mysterious master who had been using the dark red rope also had a good response. The rope, which had been like an arrow, suddenly slowed.

Only the flying sword glowing with green light increased its presence as it sped up rather than slow down. The sword essence was thick, full of the resolution to not return.

The gold shuttle and the silver sand, when they came into contact with the flame, was like mud entering the ocean, and disappeared without a sound in the fire.

The cultivator who had been controlling the dark red robe tried with all his power and finally stopped the rope from moving forward, yet the tip of the rope still came into contact with the flame.

Snap-hiss!

A string of sparks, with astounding speed, leapt on the rope and headed to the other end!

The cultivator who had been hiding in the shadows was alarmed. Abandoning his rope talisman, he released it and retreated. Turning into a streak of light, he fled away!

When the sparks lit up the other end of the rope, bang, the dark red rope turned to ash, scattering in the wind.

The green flying sword, with its murderous sword essence, accurately struck the flame in front of Zuo Mo's chest. There wasn't any resistance. The flying sword split the flame into two! But at the same moment, the *xiuzhe* who had been glaring angrily in the sky suddenly spat out a ball of fresh blood, and in alarm, turned and retreated!

The sword essence on the green flying sword had completely disappeared. The body of the sword had broken into tiny segments and turned to countless fragments!

The yellow robed Taoist finally lost his composure. Without being able to care for anything else, he fled in a panic.

The sudden change in the situation caused all the *xiuzhe* in the free market, visible or hidden, to gape in shock. Wen Tie *sanren*, who had been rolling on the ground, had turned into a pile of dust with nothing remaining. In a short encounter, five *jindan* masters, one dead, one wounded, three fleeing, how much power would this take?

Everyone's eyes as they looked at Zuo Mo all changed. The people who had been tempted by the *yin* beads all felt relieved that they

hadn't also attacked.

The enormous free market was completely silent. There was only a crimson flame burning in front of Zuo Mo's chest.

Zuo Mo reached out with a finger. The flame turned into a string and burrowed into his finger.

Xiao Huan's complexion was deathly pale, her mind dazed as she stood. Her mind was completely blank. She didn't even register Zuo Mo's departure. Only after a long time, when her mind finally refocused, she saw Miss' pale face, and couldn't resist anymore but fall into Miss' embrace and started crying.

Just at this time, two *yin* beads dropped to the ground.

Mistress and servant couldn't help but be shocked.

Zuo Mo flew forward quickly. His eyes were dark, even the blade-like smile on his face seemed to have become weak. He had leapt and flew away without anyone daring to stop him. Not one person dared to pursue him... .. hm, that wasn't right... ..

He suddenly stopped.

A white-clothed Lin Qian appeared behind him. At this time, Lin Qian didn't seem as casual and harmless as when Zuo Mo had first encountered him. All the *ling* energy in his body was moving. He was like an unsheathed sword, the sword essence spreading out! His expression was grave. He didn't dare to relax as he stared fixedly at the figure that he couldn't really make out.

Zuo Mo gave a light laugh, "Ha ha, you're pretty brave."

The voice was icy. Even though it was a laugh, it didn't have a hint of emotion. If Zuo Mo was conscious, he definitely would identify it as Pu Yao's voice. Pitiful Zuo Mo. In the near-death situation just now, Pu Yao finally couldn't help but interfere.

Lin Qian's position didn't change. His expression was defensive, positioned so he could release his strongest attack at any time. In a deep voice, he asked, "Elder's cultivation is astounding. But why

would you not let others see your true face?”

Pu Yao stared at Lin Qian, the mirth on his face even thicker, “Little friend, I don’t have time to play with you today. But don’t worry, we will meet if there is a chance in the future.” Nonsensically, he threw down, “So interesting! Ha ha!”

Before the words landed, a ball of flame rose from his feet.

Lin Qian was first taken back and then shouted, “Elder, wait!”

Disdain appeared in Pu Yao’s eyes. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared in the air.

It was like Lin Qian was released from a heavy weight. He stood in his original spot. Only now did he realize, that without noticing, his back was wet with sweat. How long has it been since he had been as nervous as this?

Suddenly, his expression flickered and he disappeared in the wind.

Just after Lin Qian disappeared, a group of people arrived at the location. It was a group clothed in black wearing masks. The person at the front suddenly came to the spot that Pu Yao had been standing and touched the ground with his hand, the patch of ground didn’t seem different at all, “We’re not wrong!”

The short words were filled with joy. But then he said in irritation, “It is a pity we’re late!”

The crowd of black clothed people shifted in response but no one spoke.

“This one has always been curious. What are you searching for?”

A light voice landed in the ears of this crowd of black clothed people like lightning on a clear day. The expression of all those people changed as they turned quickly.

A white clothed Lin Qian raised his feet and, step by step, neared them, “Can you tell me, who the elder that was just here really is?”

His expression was indifferent, but between his brows, the sword

essence was thick.

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